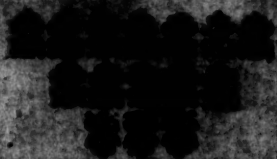


THE
High-German Doctor,
With many
Additions and Alterations.
To which is added, a large
Explanatory INDEX.

In Two Volumes.

V O L. I.

— *Ridentem dicere Verum*
Quid vetat? *Hor.*



LONDON Printed, and Sold by J. Roberts, near
the Oxford-Arms in Warwick-Lane, 1719.

THE
HISTORICAL DOCTOR

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN WHICH
EXPLANATORY



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THE
High-German Doctor.

BY

HermodaEyl, Nephew to Alexander Bendo.

*See Sirs, see here,
A Doctor Says!*

Tuesday, May 4. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,



THE Eminence of my former Practice, and long Familiarity with the most Intricate CASES which can possibly happen, have, I presume, so well establish'd my Character, (especially the wonderful Cures I have perform'd the Four Years past) that I need not Address you in a suppliant Way to become my Patients.

MEN of narrow Spirits, and cool Hearts, set forth with too humble Thoughts of themselves; continue wary in their Progress, and ingratiate themselves with Mankind to maintain their Character: But to *Men of Fire,*

Fire, warm Imagination, and uncontested Skill, all this
 I have in me, and I am not ashamed to say, that I am
 the only one of my kind, who have been able to appear in the
 Stage of Great Britain, and more particularly in this
 Famous Metropolis.

THE stinging Reproaches I underwent from the
 Populace, about Seven Years ago, for a small Error in
 Practice, might, I confess, have discourag'd a less san-
 guine Man than my self; and tempted him to renounce
 all Compassion toward such virulent Natures; but my
 strong Propension to the Good of the Publick, lifts me
 above those mean Considerations, and stifles all the
 Resentments which are apt to rise in the Breasts of
 great Genius's. Ye Britons are the most fickle
 People of the Universe, and therefore no Practitioner
 ought to be discourag'd at any Errors he commits in
 his Art, it being your Custom to run down the most
 Deserving with Vehemence, and restore them to Fa-
 vour in a Fit of Passion.

WHEN I seriously reflect upon what slender
 Grounds so many popular Clamours were rais'd against
 me, a few Years since, for hindring (as it was said)
 the Operation of a certain Purge upon a vigorous old
 French-Man, by mixing *astringent Medicines* with
 the Dose; I pity the Ignorance of Mankind in gene-
 ral, and appeal to the Judicious, Whether it was not
 possible for my Servant, who always attended in the
Elaboratory, to dispense those Ingredients without my
 Privy, or involving his Master in the Scandal;
 especially since he was so much miscarriage upon himself
 to the last, and I was so much upon the Charge.

I know it has been a prevailing Objection among
 some:



some People, That I was not bred a *Regular Physician*; or even look'd upon as a Man of Penetration: That I have always busied my self in musty old Records, foreign to my Profession; and, consequently, not capable of forming a right Judgment of Constitutions. Besides, That I was a meer *Quack*, and after my Disgrace, little better than a *Bankrupt*. But I could easily reply to these Calumnies, and let the Detractors know, That our Art, at the best, is but conjectural; and tho' the methodical Systems have obtain'd in the World, to give an Handle to *crude Disputations* in the Schools, and *mechanical Solutions*, yet the *Empirical Practice* is the most Antient, and greatest Cures have been effected that Way, of which I am a living Witness; who, without concerning my self about the Signature of Plants, or considering Diseases, either as *Idiopathick*, or *Symptomatical*, have, by applying Medicines, after the Dictates of my own Fancy, (except that I have consulted my Tumbler *Harry* now and then, in the fatigue of my Practice) puzzled all the Physicians of the present Age, made them begin to despise all former Methodists, and swear in private, That I am the luckiest, of an illiterate Fellow, that ever trod a Stage: Nay, acknowledge that there is not that great Necessity of making such nice Enquiries into the Constitutions of People; but that a Doctor appearing bold and daring, and who can rail fluently at all other Physicians, as *Quacks*, and *Pretenders*, who have been concern'd in the Case before he was call'd in, the *Patient may do well*, and a *Constitution will help it self*.

AS to that ill-bred Cavil at my former Poverty, I

could let the Slanderers know, that I impair'd my Fortune by some religious Acts; and, by too much Credulity, ran out a very fine Estate in endowing a *Meeting-House* for the Edification of the Saints; but it's my Comfort, at the present, that I am at a *Par* with Brother *Rat*—*ff*, and could purchase the rest of the Faculty, out of one Article of my honest Gains, viz. *The Cure of an Epidemical consuming Gleet*, which had weaken'd a great part of the Nation.

I F Boasting was my Talent, I could surprize the World with a Present I receiv'd from a generous Foreigner, for Curing him of a *Cachexy*. His Body was emaciated to the last Degree, his Pulse low, his Blood exhausted, and the Disease preying upon his Vitals: He had made use of a very eminent Doctor for Nine Years; he still kept Bleeding him; a Method no Man would have prescrib'd, but with an Intent to destroy him; and for which no plausible Reason could be assign'd, but that the Gentleman had been formerly esteem'd *Fletborick*, and full of Blood. After many Struggles for this Patient, and some Disappointments, I was call'd in at last. In Three Months Time, I aver it, the old Gentleman recover'd to Admiration; and all his Neighbours were astonish'd; for which miraculous Cures, he gave my Man *Harry*, over and above my Gratitude, a very fine Jewel, as an Acknowledgement of the Service I had done him.

I T would be endless to run over the vulgar Cures I have perform'd in a few Years: I claim your Attention to nothing but what is Stupendous in its kind. I cur'd a great Officer in the Army, about two Years
since,

N^o. I. DOCTOR

since, of a large Swelling in his Head, by a very particular Method: There was a great Consult upon the Case; most Physicians were of Opinion, That the Humour would abate without any Application; that there was no manner of Danger to his Constitution, it being *Cutaneous*. I gain'd two or three Censors of the *College* of my Side, who swore the Matter was lodg'd on the *Pericranium*: Upon this, I took Courage, and declar'd my Opinion was for opening his Head; but that being over-ru'd, as too desperate an Experiment, I forbad him the Use of Superfluities; remov'd him from the Lodgings he was in at St. James's, judging the Air too keen; and after I had reduc'd him to a low Diet, sent him to the *Spaw* for his Recovery; for all which, tho' I received no personal Acknowledgment at his Hands, yet there was a *Noble Present* sent me by an unknown Benefactor, who knew the Value of the Cure.

IT may be objected by some People, who vainly emulate my successful Practice, *That having acquir'd a handsome Competency, it savours strongly of Avarice to covet any more, and that this publick Notice carries an Air of Quackery*. To this I answer, That I am no ways influenc'd by selfish Desires, but only expect prime Cost for my Medicines, having marry'd my Son *Cochin* to a great Heiress, and my Daughter to a Gentleman of equivalent Substance; and this publick Notice is so far from a *Quack Bill*, that nothing but strain'd Malice can give it any other Denomination than *A generous Advertisement to the Distressed*. It is not my Design to appear on the *Publick Stage*, but upon some extraordinary

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nary Call, when some difficult Amputation is to be perform'd, or large Exerescences to be sever'd from the vital Part of the Body.

AND as my Design in view is very extensive, and Capacity great, so I shall not confine my self entirely to the *Physical Part*; but, as Opportunity offers, I shall, at my own Dwelling-House, calculate Nativities; tell Fortunes; point out the Lucky and Unlucky Days of a Man's Life; give shrewd Conjectures who is likely to die an untimely Death, who a natural; read the Soul in the Physiognomy; tell the critical Minute for some People's coming over Seas, others for going over; discover conceal'd Thefts; and read Dissertations monthly on the dismal Effects of *Cold Tea and Syrup*; with great Variety of other Cases which may fall in my Way.

N. B. I Live at a great House, with two Lamps in Front, near the Star and Garter-Tavern; the Fore-Door for Persons of Reputation; the Back-Door for People under suspicious Habits of Body, about Twilight.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 2.

From Tuesday, May 4 to Friday, May 7. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

My Fame enlarging daily with my Practice. Since the first Publication of my Advertisements, and having, for the most faithful Preparation of my Medicines, and careful Inspection into all the Branches of my illustrious Art, erected an *Elaboratory, Dispensary, and Surgery*, within my own Verge, I have found my self oblig'd to take into my Service, various Operators, in different Capacities, all Persons of extraordinary Qualifications, tho' of no great Figure or Eminence before they came acquainted with my Method of Practice: But true Merit is never rightly understood till confirm'd by a Series of happy Events, which I ever they have more Right to boast of already than any of their Predecessors of the Stage.

WITH Submission to the Learned, I think it cannot be expected I should attend every Case, and Cure in Person, having, besides the infinite Demands made upon me Hourly, in the several *Faculties*, so many Experiments of Moment, to the Curious, going on in my private *Elaboratory*, of so nice a Nature, and which require a certain Degree of Heat,

B. 4 that

that I cannot entrust them with any Tyro's in the Science, for fear of breaking my Glasses, and endangering the Operator: Ever since my Man *Charly* lost an Eye in attending a *Sublimation of Mercury*, I have been very tender; but he having arriv'd to a great Exactness in his Operations, I leave the sole Inspection of them to him, who by his working Brain, sometimes improves my Experiment.

MY Talent lying chiefly to the *Diagnostick*, I take some Time to consider the Case; and tho' some have, in ridicule, imputed my down-cast Look to a want of *Presence of Mind*, and *Sufficiency*, yet, be it known to all Men, that I am, at the same Time, examining the Beat of the Pulse; and when I meet with a proper Vibration, I cure him as expeditiously as Brother R—ff, with his *Black-Cherry-Water* and *Crabs-Eyes*.

HAVING observ'd for some Years, that the *Hyp*, and *Vapours*, are the reigning Distempers of this Climate, I make it a standing Rule with me to chuse out the merriest Fellows in all the *Faculties* which fall within my Cognizance, to place in the several Classes under me, from my *Ball-Grinders* down to my *Zanies*, and *Stage-Sweepers*. There is somewhat so taking in a Sprightliness and Vivacity, that it carries a Meaning where there is none design'd: This joyn'd to a Dexterity, in asking *out-of-the-way Questions*, which cannot be well answer'd on a sudden, and then taking the Advantage of that Surprise, by a clever Sneer, defeats abundance of Impertinencies in Embryo, which, if indulg'd, would grow up to a troublesome Maturity.

CHARLY

CHARLY is the most insipid of all my Retinue, to outward Appearance, but his Head is turn'd to *Chymistry*, having been busied in Transmutation of Metals ever since he came to Age. As he was never fix'd in Principles, so he is pretty *Chimerical* in his Experiments; and affecting to talk Mysterious in those deep Points of Science, he thereby conceals his Art from the Vulgar. He is very useful to me in his foreign Correspondence, and in frequent Consult with a Priest of a good *magical Head*, who are always hard at Work in the *Elaboratory*, attempting, by certain Glasses, to raise a Bastard Plant out of the Ashes of a Vegetable; and have lately put some Ingredients in Digestion in *Balneo Arena*, which they persuade me will raise a surprizing *Mandrake* in a few Months. I smile to my self, but having a Reverence to all Operations of that kind, I acquiesce, tho' I flatter my self with producing a nobler Experiment out of the *Caput Mortuum* of a certain infirm *Animal*. I have every Day under my Hand.

BUT *Harry Gambol* is the smartest Fellow which belongs to my Stage. He was the prettiest Tumbler that ever rol'd over a Carpet; and for a Rope, the young Dog had always a Genius, I believe he will never leave the Smell of it: His Sister *Nanny*, at *Sidlers-Wells*, has been distanc'd a Leap and a Caper. I repent the Time that ever I put a *Launcet* into his Hands, and forc'd him out of his proper Way, he having taken upon him a more arrogant Air alate? He had the Assurance to affirm the other Day (upon a Clamour that was rais'd by some of the *Censors* of the College) about a Case in which we were jointly

concern'd, That he had not been consult'd, and that it was *Mala Praxis*. I askt him, in a merry Vein, *How he came by that wonderful Skill?* He answer'd me roundly, *As you came by yours*, Dignissime Doctor. However, I like him much for his *Solutions* of any difficult Case before him, and his bold *Amputations*; tho' I must confess I am for leaving on even a Stump, if it can be of any manner of use to the Body; but these different Methods are serviceable. I confine him chiefly to *Surgery*, but have entrusted two *Specificks* with him, which he has made use of with wonderful Success in some *Chronical Cases*. To Persons of Figure, he always gives the *Aurum Potabile pro re nata*. To those of lower Consideration, a Decoction of *Agrientina*, *Anglice*, *Silver-Weed*, proves as effectual; and if he does not expel the Malignity, at least he makes a *palliative Cure* for the present, and makes them easy. He is very Captious if I do not communicate all my *Nostrums* to him; but then I have a certain Method of taking him into the *Elaboratory*, and putting some Ingredients into the *Crucible*, and averring, that's the Experiment he long'd for, and he grows tractable: He is a lusty young Rogue, pamper'd with four Bottles at Night, and clean Diet, which makes him prone to Carnality. This, to my Grief, I see every Day demonstrated, by the young Wenches handing up *Billet-Deux* in their Gloves and Handkerchiefs, under Colour of buying Packets. The Arch Knave costs me a vast Sum every Year for his Frolicks. He rambles sometimes in his *Fool's-Coat*, by way of Disguise, and falls in *Pell-Mell* with the *Stage-Waggons*, at the
Crown

Crown near St. Giles's Pound, where he makes a terrible Slaughter amongst the Country Nymphs, for which I am forc'd to make ample Satisfaction. In his Airs, he threatens to print my *Nostrum* upon me, but having alter'd the Ingredients so often since he grew malepert, I defy his Malice,

TO be plain, the young Rogue, having a good *firm Tread*, and a *tolerable Manner*, he diverts an old Lady in my Family, after the fatigue of the Day, with the stale Jests he has broke to the Mob, and makes her laugh to such an Excess, that if she was any ways *Droptical*, I should fear a Breach in the *Abdomen*.

I shall conclude my Advertisements with a diverting Story of *Harry's Practice*: About Two Years since, Seven or Eight Foreigners, of different Nations, came to his *Surgery*, complaining of some ill Symptoms they had receiv'd from an *English Lady*. *Harry* told them, the Symptoms portended no Danger, and advis'd them to submit to a gentle Flux: The Majority agreed, upon Condition I would be reasonable in my Demands; but an *High-German*, and *Dutchman*, could by no means digest the Propositions. *Harry*, by my Advice, proceeded to Flux the rest gently: The *Dutchman* finding the rest laid down, prevail'd upon by my Importunity, came in the same Day, and submitted, begging *Harry* not to raise the Flux too high, for fear of Suffocation. *Harry*, you may be sure, promis'd fair. All being under the same Circumstance, were put into one large Apartment, and the Flux rose kindly. The *German* Without-Doors, sending to know the Fate of these

The High-German Doctor. N^o 2.

the Penitents in the Stew-Pan, and receiving a favourable Report, encourag'd by that Advice, joyn'd them the next Day. *Harry* resolv'd to make the *German* and *Dutchman* pay severely for their Stubbornness: He had no sooner put on the *German's* Flannel-Cap, and Chin-Stay, but, by the Advice of *Roselle*, the *French* Surgeon, gives him a treble Dose, and heightens the *Dutchman's*: In a few Days they swell'd prodigiously, and all their Teeth loosen'd; the rest went on prosperously; my *Black*, whom I lent them, giving me an Account of their State, thro' the whole Course of their *Salivation*. During this Pennance, *Harry* and *Roselle* us'd frequently to hide themselves behind the Hangings, and burst with Laughter, to see the *German* screw his Face, and the *Dutchman* sweat. *D--mn this Dr. Hermodactyl!* (says the *German*) *I feel racking Pains all over me, I shall lose half my Limbs in this Hospital.* *Sacrament!* (says the *Dutchman*) *I feel the Bridge of my Nose loose, and a damn'd Pain in my Under-Jaw: — I'll cut Gambol's Throat, when I am well.* To be short, the *German* went off with the Loss of a Limb, vowing to be reveng'd, but underwent a Scarification by *Roselle* for a Year after. The *Dutchman's* Nose was preserv'd; but he lost all his Teeth of his lower Mandible, which he supplies with false ones for the present, how lasting, I know not; but 'twas their Fault in not Submitting.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 3.

From Friday, May 7. to Tuesday, May 11. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THERE are so many intricate Cases, and those Epidemical, continually flowing in upon me, from all Quarters of Great Britain, which require immediate dispatch, that I fear I shall be totally employ'd for the future, in answering the Necessities of distressed People, and be forc'd to refer the Practical Part to my Operators in the several Faculties.

BUT that the Publick may be no loser by this *confus'd Practice*, I shall from Time to Time, commit to Print the History of all remarkable Cases which fall under my View; and, by digesting them into proper Classes, furnish out that so long expected and useful *British Ephemeris of Diseases*.

THE generality of my Patients, alate, complain of a violent Disorder in the Head; great Dimness, attended with Deafness; an Obstruction of the Vessels; a constant throbbing in all the Members of the Body, with a slight Inflammation, a great chillness of the Bowels, and a deadness in the Extremity of all Parts.

THIS I must own a very difficult Case, there being

being a *Contra-Indication*; but I will freely own to the World (as all ingenious and learned in the Faculty ought) That this Obstruction in the Bowels owes it Rise, in a great measure, to that vast Quantity of *Jesuits-Powder* I gave my Patients a few Years since, when they labour'd under an *Intermitting-Fever*. But I promise them, if they will submit, and not ask so many impertinent Questions about the Ingredient I put in each Dose, they shall be reliev'd to their Satisfaction in a little Time. But my Province, sure, is the hardest of all Mankind, to deal with so many *Suspicious People* Without Doors, and some equally *Jealous* Within.

SINCE Business has crowded in upon me so thick late, I have been advis'd, by some Friends, who consult my Grandeur more than Tranquility, to keep a *publick Levee*, which I readily grant would be proper for the dispatch of Business; but then, having so many Species of Disempers falling under my Care, there might, it's possible, be some *tender-fronted Patients*, who could not be brought to a Demonstration: But, above all, not being bless'd with the most Promising Look, I am under some Apprehension it might take off from the Majesty of my Art.

BUT that no Person may be liable to Mistake, in Applying for Advice, I shall name the Practitioners under me, and their respective Provinces, Regularity being the Life of Business.

THE World is satisfy'd by this Time, that *Gambol* has the Direction of the Surgery, *Akren Laudet*, a Pair of *Prabe-Scissars*, and a *Saw*, and all *Salves* and

and Ointments which fall within the Compass of that Art; and whatever *Arteries* and *Tendons* he has prick'd, or *Nerves* he has unskillfully divid'd, I have made more than sufficient Amends for those Mistakes by my *Weapon-Salve*. But since he is an *Operator* of some Standing, I hope there will be fewer Complaints.

RUB Is a Person whom I am oblig'd to set pretty high in my List, not for the great Regard I pay to his Merits, but that he claims a Precedence of others, on the Score of his Seniority, and long Experience; and being cover'd with Years, draws in some Old Matrons and Grey Beards now and then and so helps to support the Stage. He is not the Man I should recommend for a *Modern Practitioner*, he being so obstinately bent to the *Chymical Practice*; and as most People are apt to give into that Advice, which their Necessities have made useful to them, he is continually prescribing *Oleum Guaiaci* and *Sassafras*, and a Mastication of *Elicampang Root*, or *Mastick*, for the Breath.

HE is now grown unfashionable, and indolent, tho' it's necessary for me to keep a fair Hand with him, because his *Diploma* is of an older Date than mine, and some of the weaker Sort love to see him upon the Stage, tho' he is impertinently busy.

He covets to follow the Stage, tho' he has no manner of Business there, but to spread the *Carpet*, dispose the *Boxes*, and put the *Packets* in Order against I mount. Having been a Practitioner of some Note in former Days, he sometimes threatens to make a Figure in Velvet once more, and set up for himself.

If I don't raise his Vail; but I am under very little Apprehension from him, the Method of Practice, at this Time, being very different from his; but he having some Smattering of Poetry, and a great Genius for Motto's, he heads my Bills with such curious Devices, as the *Hand* and *Urinal*, *Apollo* transfixing the *Python* with an Arrow; and with apt Remnants of Poetry, such as — *Principiis obsta*; — *Post est Occasio calvus* —

CODICIL has the chief Management of the *Dispensary*; having formerly been pretty busy with Preparations of *Cinnabar*, his Opticks are extremely weaken'd, tho' his Intellects remain good to this Day. Before he came to my Stage, he was as Indigent as my self, not thro' want of Ability, but he had a Faculty of Gaming away his Patients Fees, without coming to visit them after the first Prescription, which rendered him contemptible; but, having a good keen way of Talking, I took him into my Service to run down a popular Doctor who rivall'd my Practice: He did it so effectually, that, in Reward of his Services, I made him Chief of the *Dispensary*, and gave him the Propriety of my *Electuarium Pacificum*, with the Priviledge of putting his Seal to it; the Credit of which, I solemnly declare, I no ways envy him: A Medicine so admirable in its kind, that I never yet heard any Man complain of it, (except that it was a little overdos'd with *French Tartar*) and so noble an *Opiate*, that it locks up all manner of Pain for the present, which must be a very comfortable Relief to such as have labour'd under *Cbelick Pains* for Eight or Nine Years.

Years together; and whom even Dr. *Mirabel* could not remedy.

HE is well seen in Titles of Glasses and Boxes; and whenever I bring a Row of new Gally-Pots into the *Dispensary*, he Labels them all in capital Letters.

I purpose to leave him in Possession of all my Papers at my Death, (tho' I must do him the Honour to say, He wants no Assistance from my Manuscripts), upon Condition he does not mount a Stage upon *Tower-Hill*, or the Precincts of this populous City, and takes me in for Partnership, which some People, Enemies I believe to us both, would impute he is inclin'd to. But —

SMUT is the Darling, he is the wisest Knave of my whole Family, and is all the Comfort I have in my Hours of Recess: I often take him out with me in my *Chaise* to *Bromford*; where he and I laugh together half a Day at the Stupidity of some topping Doctors, and their deluded Patients. That's the Time I take to give him the History of my Practice, and what Distempers are under Cure, which he faithfully communicates to the Publick in his Weekly Bills. There we railly the frequent Mistakes made by *Regular Practitioners* of this Age, and the imprudent Measures they take to restore themselves to Credit, when they lie under popular Prejudices.

WHEN a Clamour is rais'd against them, they throw the Blame upon the *Apothecaries* and *Nurses*, and offer to expose every distinct Prescription to vulgar Eyes. Alas! our Method is much greater:

First

First we tie ourselves to no Rule, and therefore are at liberty to Prescribe as we please: But if Patients think that too *Arbitrary*, *Smut* contends for the Goodness of the Medicines in general, and lays the Blame on the vicious Humours of the Body, and ill Texture of the Blood. Others let their Patients know what they take; We think it not only *Imprudent*, but *Dangerous*, to inform them, for fear of disordering the Spirits; and then no Physick can work amiss; and a *Vomit* passes for a *Purge*, and a *Purge* for a *Vomit*. In short, *Smut* is the most respectful to me, and his Superiors of the Stage, never Printing a Bill but you shall find *Dr. Hermodactyl*, an *Asculaphus*; *Gambol*, a *Paracelsus*. There are but Two Things in his Character which offend; one reflects upon my Reputation, in taking him out of a Garret in dismal Weeds; the other upon my Conscience, in retaining such an Infidel.

ATTY Brogue is very useful to me in his low Capacity, tho' I can scarce tell in what Class to place him; He is of the same Use to my Stage as a Devil in a Printing-House: He cuts off many Impertinencies in the Course of my Practice. When forward Patients come to the *Dispensary*, complaining of the dearness of my foreign Drugs, *Atty's Speech* is, *Good People, the French Druggist, whom I make use of, has the Best and most Palatable Drugs in the Universe; and tho' you pay double the Price in ready Specie, to what you pay for the same Drugs in another Shop; tho' you could have them by way of Exchange of other Commodities, yet I over them Cheaper* and

and Better. — You are convinc'd; I hope. —
The People, confounded at his Assurance, go off; but
murmur by the Way, *This Hermodactyl has a Set of*
clever Fellows; — *What Mischief might they*
do, if they were Rational?

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From Tuesday, May 11. to Friday, May 14. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THAT the *Fair Sex* may not complain of being
neglected in that generous Provision I have
made for all the Casualties incident to the other Spe-
cies, I have, pursuant to the laudable Method ob-
serv'd by my Brother Sir *William of Dardam-Yard*,
retain'd a *female Practitioner*, that the nicest Cases
may be resolv'd, without Provoking a Blush, so natu-
ral to the Face, in all Questions relating to Love and
its Dependencies.

IT amazes me to see the Petulancy of some
young Wench of this Age: One came from
Hampstead, the other Day, to my House, to have a
Dream expounded of her Sweetheart *Harry's* untie-
ing her Girdle, at so unseasonable an Hour as at Two
in the Morning, (whether she had heard of some of
the

the *Vagaries* of our Family, I know not) but she would not be pacify'd till she had carefully search'd behind the Hangings, for fear of Young *Gambol's* lurking in some Corner.

AS our She-Patients are of different Complexions, and some under too nice a Refrain, even with their own Sex, I always take care to leave the *Sal Volatile* Bottle out, in order to invigorate the Spirits of the Bashful, that we may have the stark-naked Truth without Reserves.

MY Cousin *Poplin* is the Person in whom I chiefly confide; she has certainly the greatest Dexterity, in managing her Patients, of any modest Practitioner, and more useful to me than any of my *Stage-Pensioners*. There are so many Eyes upon her in the Neighbourhood, who come to our House, under Pretence of seeing the *Dispensary*, or, perhaps, for the sake of a rich Cordial, continually putting cramp Questions to her, about our Oeconomy, besides those who come on purpose to banter her Practice, and railly the Meanness of her Education, that it requires great Presence of Mind, and consummate Parts, to Answer or Evade, to satisfaction, all Questions which fall under demand.

SOME People, who never dive beneath the Surface of Things, imagine all Discourses over a Tea-Table, as inspid as the Liquor they drink: My Cousin *Poplin* is always upon the Guard, whilst she acts the *Gossip*, and makes the Advantage of the meanest Thought which drops from the Board, and forms some useful Idea's out of it, to succour our languishing Credit, as I have many a good practical

System.

System out of a Jest, and the *Tale of a Tub*, that has been crack'd over a Bottle.

I am now fully convinc'd, That all great Events are owing to a Force of Genius without Art; and good Conduct, with weak People, surpasses Knowledge. I dare match her in Physick with the best *Maintenon's*; and *Ursini's* in Politicks: They have succeeded in their Way by bold and masterly Strokes; and, I do assure you, her Confidence is no ways inferior.

I bred her a *Monteau-Maker*, not dreaming, at that Juncture, I should ever had Occasion of employing her in this Way; but, upon a due Reflection, I find the Transition so natural, from shaping the Body exactly, to a perfect knowledge of the Constitution, that I shall, for her sake and my own, hereafter have a meaner Opinion of all *Graduates* in the several Faculties.

THE Woman who knows the ornamental Part of Dress, and pins up a Tail to Advantage, must certainly understand the *Mechanism* of the Parts; and she that dresses an *Head* with a good Air, Sizes the Intellects of the Person, and gives a competent Guess at the Texture of the Brain she has under her *Embellishment*.

HER great Industry and Application have very much conduc'd to the Influence she has over a She-Patient of mine; and whenever any severe Courses have been prescrib'd by the more knowing of the Faculty, she has still indulg'd to the *weak Side* of the *Distemper'd*, which has given her all the Opportunities of Ingratiating herself, which arise from
Sympathy

Sympathy, and a tender Regard to the Sufferings of the distressed Person; and tho' some have Faulted that Method of Practice, as feeding the Passions, rather than eradicating the Disease, yet I must, in this Case, appear in her Vindication, and declare, When the Spirits are keen, and the Patients froward, especially when they have a mortal Antipathy to the Medines prescrib'd.

ROUGH Physick has been dispens'd for some Years past, to the great Astonishment of all such wary Practitioners, and tho' it work'd well upon *Strong* and *Athletick* Bodies, I could never be reconcil'd to it, especially that searching Preparation of *Englisch* Steel Tartariz'd, and frequent *Plebotomies* upon the *French*, for tho' they may throw off a great many *vicious Recrements*, yet it being a fatiguing Course, I always find *Laudanum* my safest Refuge; and whilst the Patients slumber, they are easy to all the Spectators, and are seldom so Impertinent to ask what is doing to them: Thus a Doctor keeps his Patients in Suspence for some Months, and if they happen to Die, so there has been no torturing Method used in the Course, he is reckon'd Compassionate, and escapes without much Clamour.

THIS is what I depend upon, in a great Measure, in the Course of my Practice, unless that I give a few *Alteratives* now and then, more for Ostentation than real Use; so that if any ill Symptoms should appear on my Patients hereafter, I flatter my self they will be very much perplex'd, whether to fix the Blame on the Violence of the Distemper, or my Physick.

BUT

BUT now I am upon this Dissertation of gentle Courses, it brings to Mind an Instance of my Cousin Poplin's Practice upon a *She-Patient*, in a late Struggle between her and one *Jenniko*, a Doctress of Eminence in her Way, for a wealthy Lady of the South Country, who abounded with gross Humours, and a deprav'd Stomach. *Jenniko* had been long acquainted with Madam Fontanelle's ill Habit of Body, and a high-spirited Woman withall; upon the score of her successful Practice; so that whenever she had the least Pain at her Stomach; *Jenniko* instantly prescrib'd the *Bitter Decoction cum Triplo Senne*; a Method she often complain'd of to Cousin Poplin in private; *Fontanelle*, it's true, took the Decoction as prescrib'd, but no sooner was *Jenniko*'s back turn'd, but all was thrown up again without any Effect: The Doctress being somewhat Suspicious, kept a Spy in the Family to give her Intelligence of the Operation: Matters were not carry'd so close, but that she came into the Secret, and resenting the Slight which was put upon her Advice, told Madam *Fontanelle*, very roundly one Day, *She apprehended there was not that Regularity observ'd in the Course as she could wish; that tho' the ill Symptoms did not visibly increase, the Vicious Humours kept floating, and those sour Fumes proceeded from an Irregularity in the Course. Fontanelle* complain'd of the Bitterness, and begg'd she would give it her in some pleasanter *Vehicls*. *Madam*, (says *Jenniko*; in some Warmth) *what Quack has persuaded you to this Aversion, or to an Alteration in the Dose? You find, those Days you take it,*

it your Stomach's better, your Eyes look more lively, and your Countenance more radiant, all the Parts of the Body look clearer, and a generous Warmth's diffus'd thro' all the Viscera.

MY Cousin Poplin, at that Time, was not arriv'd to a Size of giving her Advice *ex Professo*, as we Learned term it, but still kept humouring the Lady; and whenever Jenniko took her leave, was ready, with a Feather in her Sleeve, to assist the Discharge. As Pontanelle complain'd, she found opportunity of heightening the Resentment; Lord, Madam, says she, one Day, I cannot imagine what Jenniko means; She finds this Physick goes against you, and what can be her Aim in Torturing you after this manner? Certainly there might be a shorter Method found out to make you easy. I have, in my small Practice, known, that palatable Medicines, and leaving the Patient at discretion, to Eat, and Drink, and Live as he pleases, have conduc'd more to Health, than all the rigorous Methods of Arts. A French Fig, which is sweet and solutive, taken every Morning, will be much gentler Physick, and purge off that Bitterness in your Stomach. My Cousin Hermodactyl gave it me as a Specifick in your Case, and prefers it to all the Bitters of Doctress Jenniko, and other Pretenders in the Faculty.

THE Lady yielded to the Advice beyond expectation, and finding it work so gently, and that she might take it at pleasure, without so many Enquiries, discharg'd Jenniko from her Attendance, and gave my Cousin Poplin a retaining Fee for so cheap

a Cure: She has often thank'd my Cousin for hitting on a Receipt so agreeable to her Palate; and by her good Will, would never have a Fig out of her Mouth.

There is a steady Matron, not a stranger to *Poplin's* Practice, who frequently visits *Fontanelle*, and whenever any ill Symptoms appear, she instantly lays the Blame on the Figs. *You will never be well, Madam*, says she, *unless you fall afresh to the Bitters*. Cousin *Poplin*, with great difficulty, for bears exposing her Quackery; but knowing there is a pretty good Intelligence between them, she only sneers her, by calling for *Sweet-meats*, and after she is gone out of the Room, falls into a downright Laughter; telling *Fontanelle*, There is a Secret in that wise Matron's commending the *Bitters*, for she has a fellow-feeling with the *Druggists* that sell them.

C

The

The High-German Doctor. N. 5.

From Friday, May 14. to Tuesday, May 18. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Had no sooner publish'd the Names of my *Opera-*
tors, and order'd them to their respective Char-
 ges, but an obscure *Animal*, who (as I am since in-
 form'd) is a *Stage-Sweeper* at the *Bridge-Foot*, and
 an occasional *Zany* to one Dr. *Bungey*, who keeps a
 Stage within the Precincts of *Holbourn*, came to
 my House the other Day, disguis'd in a *Band* and
Prunello Vest, in order I presume, to gain the
 greater Confidence and Respect; and told me, with
 a very pert Air, ' That from the first Moment I came
 ' upon the Stage, my Practice had been very myste-
 ' rious; that I had aim'd at a Monopoly of the Bu-
 ' siness; that I had courted every little Pretender of
 ' the Faculty, who would cry up the Goodness of my
 ' Packets with strong Lungs; and Dignify the
 ' most vulgar Medicines I purchas'd at the Hands of
 ' profligate Quacks, with the Title of *Nostrums*;
 ' that I even play'd *Legerdemain* with the People of
 ' my own Stage, prescribing one Thing for a Patient
 ' in the *Dispensary*, and privately recommending a
 ' quite different Medicine: In fine, that I kept up a
 ' secret Correspondence with a *Rival-Stage* in the
 Town,

' Town, whose *Zanier* and *Andrew* are incessantly
' pursuing me with bitter Excretations, all which, in
' effect, was, calling me, *Trickster*, *Impostor*, and *fool*
' *Practitioner*.

YOU will readily grant the Patience of a Philo-
sopher, scarce sufficient to these Reproaches, but I
having, by severe Discipline, reduced my Temper to
a State of *Indolence*, and form'd to my self a dexte-
rous Behaviour, and aptitude of Looks and Eyes,
out of those agreeable Gestures I learn'd from my
Parents, when they pronounc'd the Testimony of a
good Conscience: ——— Thro' much Tribulation;
the Portion of the Elect, &c. I put on a compos'd
Countenance, a little bending to *Severity*, and told
him, ' I had the Authority of many Years Practice,
' to warrant any Liberties I took in the *Physical Ca-*
' *pacety*; and let them know, That whatever Errors
I committed, were not Cognizable by such inconfi-
derable Tools as himself, and his Doctor; that Great
Genius's might err sometimes, thro' an excess of Spi-
rit, and Ambition for Glory; but even those Mistakes
were Beauties, compar'd with the utmost Perfection
of weak Natures; and that, as my Stage was at pre-
sent circumstantiated, it was my undoubted privilege
to be accountable neither to the Censors, or any single
Member of the College.

THE Fellow, shock'd with the contemptuous
Answer, could not proceed further in his Common-
Place Raillery, but threaten'd to acquaint Dr. Run-
gey with the ill-manner'd Treatment he had met at
my Hands, which highly reflected on the Doctor, in
the Person of one of his chief Operators.

THE next Day I receiv'd a Letter from the above-said Doctor, full of bitter Invectives, and all the usual Proprieties of his Style; which, for its matchless Impudence, I shall communicate to the Publick.

For Mr. Hermodactyl.

THE Affront you put on me Yesterday, in the Person of my Ambassador, young *Ferret*, at the *Bridge-Foot*, is insupportable to one who knows what Esteem is due to the Merit of his past Labours; and who, by his fervent Zeal for the Honour and Dignity of the Stage, has not a little contributed to the Figure you make at present, and the Riches you so unworthily possess.

YOU may remember the Time when the Complaints ran so high against you, and me, and other Professors of the Stage, for giving strong *aloetick* Medicines to our Patients, without any manner of Correction, That the *Regular Physicians* combin'd to Censure our Practice, and make severe Examples of some of us.

THE Task I sustain'd, at that difficult Juncture, in mounting the Stage, and appealing to the Populace for the Goodness and kind Operation of my Physick, whilst they were rack'd to Death with griping Pains, and decrying the Practice of the *regular Physicians*; and likewise throwing the Blame on the Poisonous Drugs they had administer'd for some Years, is not to be equall'd in History, if we consider the Authority of the Persons engag'd against

us,

us and the Assurance with which I maintain'd it.

A T that Time you could afford me but a slender Assistance, not being thoroughly clear'd of some Errors in Practice you stood condemn'd for; and, indeed, we had such a Majority of sober and thoughtful People against us, that it was accounted a Contradiction in Terms, for any one to speak in our behalf, and, at the same Time, own himself a Well-Wisher to the Health of the Publick.

THE Confidence maintain'd, during that Ommour, I own, was, in some measure, heighten'd by the Dissentions which reign'd amongst the *Signatur* and *Non-Signatur* Members of the College, and an Assurance, that they would rather prostitute the Honour of the Faculty, than condemn a Man by whose ill Practice they hop'd to reap considerable Fees.

I found a double Advantage by my violent and bold Discourses of the *Procure*, for whilst the Rabbie, who crowded about the *Sledge*, applauded my ill Language, and the opprobrious Terms I gave the Faculty, for a becoming Earnestness and Zeal in defence of my Medicines, some of the *Consorts* were attempting to acquit me as a *Lunatick*.

BUT you are satisfy'd, these Fetches would not have prevail'd, had I not disclaim'd the least Imputation of resisting their Authority, and sworn to the Regularity of my former Practice, how unguarded soever the last Dose might appear, that fell under their Examination, which some had the Weakness to believe, tho' I was preparing Poison under their Nose. But see how Doctors differ—

THAT I came off, beyond your, and my own Expectation, is a Truth not to be deny'd; and that you could never have pretended to mount on a Stage afresh, but under my Protection, is equally manifest, tho' you run away with the Reputation of the Management, and I with the Infamy of being your Tool.

I tell you plainly, you are an *encroaching Monster, a German, an Hypocrite, a Stage-Malignant, and an heterodox Practitioner*; and if you go to provoke me, in assuming so much to your self, and detracting from the Honour of my Stage, I will not only Decline in Person against you, but will my *Zamir* look at a proper Edifice.

I know the slender Stock of Medicines you first set forth with, as well as your self; Natural Parts you have none, the Acquir'd, are all borrow'd from your *Zamir* and *Shell-Grinders*: All your testaceous Medicines are coarse and full of Lumps, whilst your *Hell* fellows swear, they are *impalpable* *Edifice*. The *Yellow Salve*, you make use of in all Green-Wounds, was given you by a French Surgeon. The *Eye-Water*, you boast of so much, was stolen from me. And the Secret of the *Cathartic Pill*, which you cover with Lead-Gold, was communicated to you by a *Captain*. I had, I have, and I will have you fancy your self, at present, so much elevated above your Brothers of the Stage; and having gained a considerable Fortune by Irregular Practice, think to commence *Regular Physician*, by procuring a *Diploma* from the University of *Leiden*, yet I can tell you, to your Mortification, That you will have

none granted from thence: For, tho' they bestow them frequently upon *Empiricks*, yet, being well inform'd how contemptibly you have spoken of *Sylvius*, their great Professor, and his *Alkali's*, they will not dishonour the Faculty by your Admission.

WE plainly preceive every Day, how inclinable you are to fall into the *methodical Practice*, in opposition to your declar'd Principles; but, if you will take my Sentiments, all the *regular Physicians* despise you, and you sink every Day in the Esteem of we *Itinerants* of the Stage. You may do what you please, I have found my Account in Staging It; and since I have trav'd the *Consorts* of the Colledge, I'll stick to my *Packets* and my *Andrew*, till the Stage comes about my Ears, and then I hope to get off by the favour of the Crowd,

Your Offended Friend,

From my Dispensary.

Pontaus, of Holbourn.

THE Impudence of this Fellow, certainly can only be exceeded by the Ingratitude of him: The Stage he now Acts upon was given him by my Interest; he was a common Strowler about the Country three or four Years ago, and had like to have suffer'd the Correction of the Beadle, for coming into Towns on Market-Days, with his *Fidlers*, *Buffoons*, and *Tumblers*, hiring loose People to ring the Bells backwards at Midnight.

HE first found his Interest with the Rabble, by dispensing musty Drugs to them, that had not seen

the Light in twenty Years, which he had the Impudence to call, *The Grand Catholicon*; and, in the height of his Reputation, you could not meet a *Green-Sickness* Wench without the *Doctor's Packet* in her Hand, which he, compassionate Man, sold for a Penny. I shall not enter the List with him about *Graduateship* since a purchas'd *Degree* in one Univerſity is no ways equivalent to the many *Diploma's* I have from *Padua, Montpelier, Paris, &c.* except he values himself for going out *ad eundem* at *St. Omers*.

I would not have that *Medicaſtor* value himself too much upon his acquir'd Credit, lest I publish to the World, how he came by all his *Arcana's*, and that the Basis of all his Compositions is *Roman Treacle*.

The High-German Doctor. N^o 6.

From Tuesday, May 18. to Friday, May 21. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

AS we have generously invited both the *Distress'd* and the *Curious* to communicate their several Exigencies, and promis'd a Dispatch suitable to the *Importance* of each Case, we find our selves under a *Necessity* of publishing two very remarkable, in their Kind, at this Juncture.

TH*E* Preference, I own, ought to be given to the most calamitous Cases, in right of Compassion, but I cannot, with Justice, exclude the *Ludicrous* and *Comical*, because every extraordinary Incident has a Title to a Place in this Paper, of whatsoever *Species* it happens to be.

AN*D* since the *Hyp*, as I observ'd some Time before, is the most Epidemical Distemper now reigning, it seems to be equally useful to rectify the Imaginations of People which are apt to be disorder'd on the slightest Occasions; and correct that Ruffle upon the Spirits, as relieve the *acuteſt Pains*.

TH*E* Patients I am concern'd with at present are *Hans Skipper*, a *Dutch-Man*, and *Lodowick Tondire*, a *Gascon*, two such Patients no Man alive would encounter with but my self: One, by his good Will

would take no Physick at my Hands, without knowing the Ingredients I put in each Dose: The other swears he will be no longer concern'd with me, unless he has an Hand in the Preparation of each Dose. Thus I am half-distracted between the Jealousy of *Hans*, and the Sufficiency of the *Gascoon*.

THE long Correspondence we had together, in some Measure, justifies the Liberties they take with me; but I make a wide Distinction between them, for I am somewhat *Magisterial* in my Way to *Hans*, when he is too busy in his Enquiries, and for *Analysing* each Dose I give him: But *Lodowick* having went a private Course of *Chymistry* with me, exclusive of the *Dutch-Man*, wherein we mutually communicated the *Arcana's* of the Art to each other, his Freedoms are better warranted.

I must describe the Complexions of each, to make you sensible by what Passions they are actuated, to give a better Light to the Infirmities they are subject to, and the different Methods of Practice I am oblig'd to take with them.

HANS, to give him his Due, talks very rationally of his Case in the Intervals; states the Original of his Distemper with great Acuracy; and having been under so many Physicians Hands of his familiar Acquaintance, who were too free in communicating the Secrets of our Art, is become a competent Judge of what is proper for his Distemper.

HE is somewhat corpulent, of a good Habit of Body, a little over-charg'd with Phlegm, but the Texture of his Brain is Faulty; *Roselle*, the *French* Surgeon, some few Years since, gave him a bitter Pill,

and

and something more, which he fancies is still fretting in his Bowels, and flies up into his Head at certain Seasons. Whenever I give him any searching Medicines, he swears, There's the Taste of the *Coloquintida* in them, and I am in league with the *Gastoon* to destroy him.

I sooth him, in my ambiguous Way of Talking, (for I shall never so far depreciate the Art, as to make any Patient acquainted with my *Compositions*) and assure him, they are entirely *English Simples*: *Plague on you*, (says he, in some Heat) *did I not see Lodowick in your Dispensary Yesterday? And I am sure he has an Hand in this Preparation.* His Family, he tells me, has suffer'd extremely under *French Executioners*, as he, in his raving Fits, calls those detestable *Operators*, and if I permit the *Gastoon* to be so busy in the *Dispensary*, he will suffer the Distemper to take its Course, and trust to Providence. I take all this to be owing, in a great measure, to the strong Impressions fix'd on his Brain, from his Friends decrying the *French Method of Practice*: This, join'd to the Dose he took himself, works upon his Imagination, and makes that frequent Disorder in the animal Spirits.

I am not willing to let him go out of my Hand, because he may fall in with some captious Physicians, who, from the little Good I have done upon him, may infer, I treated him wrong; and out of the Knowledge he has of his own Case, and my Medicines, think me no more than a celebrated Quack, or a splendid Trifler. He cannot well leave me till he has taken out his full Doses, and I shall con-

trive

trive to repeat so many in the Interim, that he may think it more expedient to remain under my Care, than call in another, and be forc'd to pay the Charge of my Bill.

When his Brain is in disorder, he fancies every one in my several Offices conspiring against him: If he chances to see any *Blacks* about my House, as I keep a great many in constant Pay, to do the Drudgery in the *Elaboratory*, and *Dispensary*, and carry out the Packets to the Stage, he roars out, *Thunder, and Lightning, they are Devils! — Chain them down, or they will raise a Tempest in the Air.*

IF *Gambol* does but handle a Pen to take a Memorandum of his *Patients*, he swears it's a *Recipe* against him.

IF *Smut*, in his Bills of the Week, cries up the *French Practice* as the neatest, and the most expeditious, he complains of that System as pernicious, and is sure he can receive no Benefit from a Method which is so much his aversion.

I own, where there is such an *Antipathy* fix'd, no great Success can be expected from a *Physician's* Endeavours; but when I have gain'd so great a Reputation by that Method, and found my private Account in it, I am not oblig'd to humour a fanciful Patient, or exchange it for one less beneficial, or less glorious to my Name.

IF I was dispos'd to humour him, and give into the weak Side of his Complaints, I should have so many Cases put to me, that I, with all my deep Study, and long Experience, should not be able to answer;
for

for he often tells me, *He knows his Constitution much better than I do my own*: So that I always take Care to shorten the Discourse, telling him, abruptly, — *These Things must be left to the Doctor.*

It's a Mystery to some, how I gain'd that Confidence with so suspicious a Temper as to let me prescribe for him; but I'll unfold the Secret: Dr-*Bungey* and I contriv'd to run down his *Physicians* in every Quarter of our Acquaintance; and when we had stripp'd them of their popular Character, I mounted the Stage, and being the most famous *Empirick* of the Town, Necessity in a manner, threw him upon me, I still *Protesting* the same Method should be continu'd, but only that my Drugs were a little fresher than theirs; — But *Hans* came to his Taste too soon.

Lodowick Tonaire, the *Gascoon*, is one of a very different Complexion, abounding with Choler, of eager Spirit, subject to Passion, and troubled with a canine Appetite, which prompts him to devour every thing that comes in his Way: He had gorg'd for many Years, even to a Surfeit, and yet his Digestion prov'd as good as his Appetite. There was a very uncommon Method taken, some Time since, to cure him by a Preparation of *Steel*, and a certain *Black Powder*, and, it seems, that Course succeeded to Admiration; but then his *Physician*, having found out the Specifick in that Case, kept Dosing him till he had render'd him perfectly languid: He was dismiss'd, and you may be sure, he thank'd his Stars for such a Deliverance, When I came, I propos'd a *Medium* between the Extremes of indulging his Appetite,

Appetite, and severe Dosing him: The Minute I took him in hand, he insisted not only upon knowing the Ingredients of each Dose, but would be likewise concern'd in the *Preparation* himself; I could not resist him, upon the Score of our former intimacy: The severe Remedies being once abandon'd, his Appetite soon increas'd to a greater Degree than the Vulgar must imagine: I have endeavour'd to bring him to a certain Allowance of Food, which he promis'd to be content with, but I find his Stomach more ravenous every Day, and he begins to tell me he will eat at Discretion.

I am afraid to let *Hans* come near him, when his Appetite is keen, having so often threatned to bite a Piece out of the *Dutchman's* Shoulders. I still interpose to prevent its taking Air, but I find it altogether impracticable.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 7.

From Friday, May 21. to Tuesday, May 25. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

TH^O my Cousin Poplin is entrusted with the nicest and most delicate Cases, which are peculiar to the *Fair Sex*, yet I have not so far laid my self under an *Exemption*, as to resign up my self entirely to her Discretion, but claim a Right of being consulted, whenever there is a complication of *Incidents*, or the Question may be solicited without Offence to the Reserves of the Sex, or my venerable Character.

TH^ER^E is a Gentlewoman, of no vast Capacity, whose Glory it has been to go under several Courses of *Physick*, ever since she came to Years of Maturity: She has, perhaps, swallow'd more than any of her Sex, and, divided between two different Methods of Practice, has been so tortur'd, that she seldom reap'd any Benefit from either. And so long as any Person remains in doubt, either about his Case, or the Ability of his Physicians, I dare affirm, in *Verbo Medici*, he will never receive any Benefit from the *Prescription*.

TH^IS Lady, after many Complaints to my Cousin Poplin, and not being fully satisfy'd with her Answers,

Answers, would needs be introduc'd to my *Dispensary*, to have the *ultimate* Resolve of the Doctor.

In all *fanciful Distresses* relating, to the *Fair Sex*, my Cousin and I consult before-hand, because the Answer I am oblig'd to give, in Right of her Credit and the Female's Necessities, must bear an Analogy and just Correspondence to the leading Questions of my dear Cousin, and the Weakness of the Patient.

As the Lady was usher'd into my Apartment, I observ'd such *social Gestures* between her and my Cousin, arising from a kind Debate about the *Sal Volatile* Bottle, that I was fully perswaded, there remain'd very little upon my Hand to dispatch; and they were well agreed upon the Measures of the Consultation.

However, I was oblig'd to carry it with all the Solemnity of a great *Practitioner*, tho' I cannot help confessing, my Cousin and I have privately Ineer'd all Cases of this Nature: The Generality we have been troubled with alates; relating either to *Insufficiency*, *Forwardness*, or *False Grandeur*. AFTER the necessary Pauses, and giving Time to the Lady to recollect her self, by some loose Questions I let fly, she told me, with a pensive Air, She had, for a long Time, found something lie very much at her Heart; that the Load had been very Oppressive, and, notwithstanding all her Endeavours to relieve it, by gay Company, cheerful Glasses, and all the diverting Stories, her Nurses, and other good officious People, had put in her Head, she found it return.

YOU

YOU must understand, I make large Allowances for the Weakness of my Patients, and dispense with a great many Improprieties they are apt to fall into, in stating their Case. This a Physician must do, in order to gain a Confidence with his Patients, and a Persuasion that he is Interested in their Follies as well as their Distempers.

AFTER having humour'd her Story in the most indulgent Way I could think of, the Lady melted into Tears, and told me, *She had been deluded with vain Hopes by her former Physicians, and I was the Man appointed by Providence to restore her.*

WHEN I saw those comfortable Drops fall from her Eyes, I knew I had more than three Parts of her in my Custody, and flatter'd my self, That nothing more was wanting than good Management to perfect the Cure, or at least afford a satisfactory Relief.

IN this critical Juncture, I frankly told her, *Whatever Delusions might have pass'd upon her for some Years past, it was my Opinion, She had nothing lay at her Heart; but it's possible, upon any violent ruffle of the Spirits, she might find a Palpitation of the Heart, which could be easily accounted for, from some outward Accidents: That most Ladies indulg'd a few Complaints, on purpose to render themselves the Objects of Pity, or to be us'd more tenderly by the other Species, and her's was a modish Distemper.*

I added moreover, *That Palpitation was a Word very agreeable to the Formation of the Mouth, and when a Lady pronounc'd that, it was without any violent*

violent distortion of the Muscles, and the Lips play
with a becoming Grace.

THE Lady finding me somewhat merry with her
Case, reply'd in a warmth divided between Resentment
of my free Usage, and a Consciousness of her own
Weakness, *And have I nothing lies at my Heart?*
The Physicians, I consulted before, agreed that was
my Infirmary; and whenever I talk'd my Case, and
would the same Term, they never faulted the Expressi-
on; but rather encourag'd me in it as a Propriety.

I was instantly upon my Guard, finding she was not
to be trifled with any longer, and snatching the *Sal*
Volatile Bottle out of my Cousin's Hands, told her,
That with a few Specifick Drops under my custody,
would with a few of my Cousin's, I would immedi-
ately sat her at ease.

SHE Drank copiously; and after it had taken
place, found her self reliev'd beyond expectation, cry-
ing out, in some Rapture, *Lord! Doctor, You are*
the most judicious Man of the Universe. — *The*
Drops I had from my late Physicians never work'd
half so kind'y.

THE Opinion of the Physician, you know, is the
better part of the Cure, and therefore I grafted upon
the Consent. I having succeeded according to my wish,
had something more in my Head, than to make a
single Prescription, but kept Dosing her with my
Cousin's *Sal Volatile Bottle*, and my *Specifick Drops*,
till the Oppression was reliev'd.

BEING so lucky in my Advice, I fail'd not to
applaud my own Practice, and deary her former Phy-
sicians as Quacks, and their Ingredients worse than
Arsenick.

Arsenick. Madam, said I, it was their Interest to keep up this Load at your Heart, in order to shew you unto their Prescriptions for Disasters. It is with Horrors I think of their Practice.

My mysterious Way of descanting upon the Case, between serious and comical, gave me the Preference of all the Regular Physicians. The least Relief in Chronical Disorders, giving the Height of Reputation to the Practitioner concern'd.

At this she opened with a French's peculiar to such Complexions in their Intervals, and told me, That Load at her Heart had seiz'd her within these few Years; and ventur'd to say, in my Presence, She knew so much of Physick, that the Pain would have hang'd loose about her thro' the whole course of her Life, but that her Physicians had, by strong Revulsions, drawn the Humour from the extream Parts, and fix'd it upon her Heart.

LORD! says I, Madam, with a Sympathetick Concern, when I consider how long those Pretenders to the Faculty have kept the Humour hovering about your Heart. — It's God's Mercy it has not flown up into your Head, and affected your Brain.

I had no sooner deliver'd my self in this compassionate Manner, but I found a pleasant Emotion in the Eyes of the Lady, and advancing to a stronger Confidence, Doctor, Hermodactyl, says she, I shall for the future, resign my self up entirely to your Conduct; and as I have seen several of your Receipts privately, before I gave you a Fee, so I shall take your Prescription implicitly for the future: You have, in so conspicuous a manner, discover'd the Origin
and

The High-German Doctor. N^o 8.

From Tuesday, May 25. to Friday, May 28. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

Flatter'd my self, at first setting forth, with having brought the Stage under such a Regulation, that should be capable of attending the *Momentous* Concerns of my Patients, without the least Interruption; and being chief *Itenerant Professor*, I thought the Authority of my Name might have silenc'd all the straggling *Pretenders to Physick*, and laid a Check both upon their Tongues and Pens.

BUT I find the nicest Precautions eluded by Spleen, and Jealousy of my Practice, and having been bred a *Galenist*, they will not allow my Operations in *Chymistry* to be so exact as those who have sweated in the Elaboratory for many Years.

I could pardon all the degrading Whispers I hear, concerning my *Aethiops Mineral*, which the World fancies consists but of equal Parts of *Sulpher* and *Mercury*, tho', if I was a Man of Ostentation, I could convince them there is a third Ingredient in that Composition, which is a Secret to these *Pretenders*, and which, perhaps, they may find one Day to their cost.

I pass over other Attempts made to undermine me
in

in my Practice, and unsettle me in the best Family. I am at present concern'd, but I think my *Specific Drops* have obtain'd a Character even beyond the famous *Elixir Stomachicum*; and having the Secret in my own Custody, I desire any one to suspect me by a *spurious Mixture*.

DOCTOR Bungey, who, by an *unprecedented Arragance*, styles himself *Pontaus of Holbourn*, I find amongst the Number of those who emulate my successful Progress in the World, and because I will not let him into the Secret of my Preparations, would render them as vile as his own Practice, which he endeavours to propagate among the Vulgar, by the assistance of one *Wittal*, a Quack in the Hundreds of *White-Chappel*.

THIS *Wittal*, it seems, at first held the Ladder at the Foot of the Stage when *Bungey* mounted, but since has been permitted to set up a *Confederate Stage*, which goes under his Name, with a Proviso he shall vend no *Drugs* but of *Bungey's Examination*. To hear that Fellow harangue the *Marrow-bone Order*, after a plentiful Draught of Sack, and a Yolk of an Egg, and rail by the Hour at all Practitioners, who can either write or read, is the best low Comedy in the World; and yet, to the everlasting Reproach of the Faculty, this Fellow is call'd a Doctor, as well as my self, and tells his Trumpery every Stage-Day, which he buys from the Rails in *Moor-Fields*, made up in Penny Packets to his Hands, which he calls *Orvietans*, to expel Poyson, which has mix'd with the Blood for Ten Years; and to resist encroaching Consumptions.

THE

THE poor innocent Rabble hearing the terrible Names of Consumption, and a Ferment in the Bowels; swallow his Packets, without considering he is dispensing Poison at the same time, but then the subtle Knave makes them some Allowance for taking them off by Wholesale, and stays from Quarter to Quarter for the Payment.

THESE indirect Practices I just hint at, because my tender Concerns for the Publick, will not suffer me to be an idle Spectator of the Miseries People bring themselves under, by their fond Credulity; and let no Man think I am skreening my self, whilst I am condemning my Brethren of the Stage, for I will own ingenuously, I think one Quack is sufficient in this City, and whatever Foundation I began upon, my Medicines having been so often applauded as Salutory, I look upon my self confirm'd Regular by Prescription.

ONE Thing, I confess, makes me very merry when I think on it: To see these young Novices fall into the same Oeconomy with my self; because I keep a Fellow or two to publish my *Weekly Bills*, or any remarkable Case, Foreign or Domestick, they must likewise be Fashionable: This, I must own, is paying a great Deference to my Stage, and makes all their little *Invectives* of no Weight with Mankind, because they are oblig'd to form themselves upon my Model.

BUT the Instruments they employ are very different; *Snut* is a Fellow of the vastest Capacity in Nature: This joyn'd to his long Experience, and close

close Familiarity with all the *Stager-Masters* for many Years, renders him capable of Writing a Case off-hand which never was in Being, and Talking as solemnly to it, with the help of some Figures, as moves Pity and Sympathy in People who never heard of the Patient. Nay, *Smut* is arriv'd to that Dexterity and Presence of Mind, as to tell a Man, with a good firm Air, *He is desperate ill*, and makes him believe it, tho' he Eats, Drinks, and Sleeps well, and performs all the Functions of Life regularly. When the Patient stares, and his Muscles begin to dilate into a broad Laugh, *Smut* chops him short, and tells him, *There is a Fault in the sick Non-Natural*. He can't stand One who is conversant with Forms of Physick, and knows his *Constitution*; but there being so many govern'd entirely by hard Terms, he with a very little Skill, and much Sophistry, has brought most Things to bear which I have entrusted him with. When there is a very puzzling Word, they desire to be explain'd, and *Smut* is at a Loss, he tells them, it is a *Chinese Original*, and refers them to me the Doctor.

THE pleasantest Jest in the whole course of *Smut's* Dispensations, is, That the more unintelligibly he writes, the better he is esteem'd: Some People take him for a *Seventh Son*; some say, *He is a Conjuror*, and others, *That he deals with the Devil*. I smile to my self, knowing where he has his Intelligence, but the Knave having been a little Profane, I give into the popular Notion.

BUT this Creature, whom Bungey, and his Confederate *Quacks*, have lately set up in opposition to my

my laudable Practice, is not to be plac'd on the same Line with my Friend *Scurr*: There is as much difference between them, as a *Terræ Filio* and a *Merry Andrew Bungoy*, on purpose to thwart my Practice, will not let him pass under the obnoxious Term of a Publisher of the *Weekly Bill* of the Stage, but dignifies him with a damn'd magisterial Title, viz. The Monitor of the Week, cleanly writ, and likely to subsist by its peculiar Rhetorick. I'll excuse every thing he says, upon condition he keeps up his Talent, and engage he shall be as Harmless as he is Busy. To give the Fellow his due, he sets out with a good fluent Impudence, and Copies well. I am sorry when he was in the Vein of good Language, he did not spin the Thread of his Compliment somewhat longer, and call me *French Mountebank*: But even these Fools understand the grand Law of Self-Preservation; and, as Stupid as he is in every thing else, spar'd me to conceal himself.

TRANSMIGRATION of hard Names, from the Doctor to his Pupil, is so well adjusted, that I begin to be in pain for *Bungoy*, and think him almost upon the point of Departure, having convey'd all his graceful *Proprieties* over to this Heir apparent of his, but still, I hope, with a power of *Renovation*.

I find this Fellow not much conversant with the World, because he does not conform himself to the Dress of Language now in use: *Rogue*, *Rascal*, and *Quack*, were somewhat fashionable a few Years since, when the Regular Physicians were to be Branded, and the Stage supported; I remember *Bungoy*, in that

Specimen

Specimen which he gave us of his *Grand Catholicon*, crowded it with so many hard Terms, that a Man could not well discern the Prescriptions from the Scurrility, but I think now they are perfectly Foreign, and no Man at present understands any other Meaning by them, but an *Holbourn*, or *High-German* Practitioner.

I cannot, without Indignation, think of Bungs's Sheltering this *obscure Fellow* under my Wing, and tho' I affirm, they are in a separate Interest from my Stage, yet all claim a Dependence upon Dr. *Hermodastyl*.

I have seen so much Folly in retaining Tools, that I shall be very jealous, for the future, of those I take into my Service; a Tool, when he has done his Work, and is paid, should not be impertinent Gambol, and others, are useful to me at present, to make up my Complement, and keep up the Port of a great Practitioner, but I shall thin my Stage as I find Occasion.

I own I employ'd some of these loose Fellows formerly to cry up my Practice, and drop'd a loose Guinea or two to some promising Looks, after having sounded the Tone of their Voice, prov'd the Strength of their Lungs, and a large Chest; but it would eat up all the Profits of the Stage to maintain them any longer in my Service.

I was vex'd at my Soul to think this silly Stage Sweeper set forth with no better Instructions, but charitably place most of this Error to his Ignorance of the *Materia Medica*: This Fellow must need assume a *Nostrum*, and venture to swear, That an

Electuary of *French Lillies* was preferable to our true *English Walden Saffron*, against the receiv'd Opinion of most popular Practitioners.

THIS bold Declaration may affect my Stage, as well as those of the most *abandon'd Empiricks*, and therefore it's Time to draw off my Countenance from them, in order to secure my self: For the Devil is in it, when People once take that pernicious Notion in their Heads, if some Regular Physicians, don't step in, and tell them, the *Lilly* is the most baneful of all *Bulbous Roots* in chronical Cases, and make them sensible that true *English Saffron* revives the Heart, and throws off any Plague or Malignity from the Vitals.

WHATEVER Deference I pay to that Opinion in private, it can never be consistent with my Interest, to countenance such a strange Medicine, especially since I have so many *Arcana's* will answer the Purpose. I should not have wonder'd if *Rosella* had propos'd it, but for an insolent Fellow to prefer a foreign Drug to one Nobler of his own Growth, does not a little perplex me: I do assure this Tribe of Empiricks for the future, that if they make use of my Authority to Countenance this Practice, I'll remove my Stage, or Hire some of my Zanies to pull down theirs, and if I but loosen a Pin, all their Tackle and Packets will come about their Ears.

The High-German Doctor. N^o 9.

From Friday, May 28. to Tuesday, June 1. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

TH^O' it does not reflect much Honour upon a Physician to be making frequent Complainers of his own Indisposition, yet being satisfy'd how willing the Curious are to know how a *Great Practitioner* Governs himself under any Disorder, I shall not scruple communicating my Case to the Publick, and likewise the Method I take with my self.

BECAUSE I look so well in the Face, and wear no visible Symptoms of Decay about me, my Patients conclude all well at Heart; and their Judgment seldom reaching beyond the Surface, it is no hard Matter, with forc'd Airs, and Affecting a briskness of Behaviour, to pass with them for a Man of the soundest Constitution.

BUT I have labour'd under an *Intermitting Fever* for some Time, with a very irregular Pulse, and frequent return of the Fits, and find my self wasted inwardly, as the Vulgar term it, tho' it has been a Secret to all the Persons concern'd with me.

YOU will easily believe I have run thro' the whole Body of Physick, tortur'd the Race of Vegetables with Fire, and let nothing in all the Mineral Kingdom

N^o 9. *The High-German Doctor.* 53

Kingdom escape my Hands, in order to a Cure; and after all the pompous Train of Prescriptions, I am fallen, at last upon a very common Medicine.

I drink a large Glass of *Brunswick Mum* every Morning fasting, obliging my self to take nothing for Two Hours after it: I have oft thought of drinking it with a Toast, but being very lately brought to palate the Liquor, I content my self, at present, with the Simple Draught.

I shall scarce find Credit with my Patients, when I tell them I am in such a Course, because when any of them put the Question to me about Drinking *Mum*, as an indifferent Thing, I have always express'd a particular dislike to it.

MY Aversion to all Liquors of that kind, joyn'd to the Nauseousness of the Draught, had laid me under almost incurable Prejudices; and the first three Mornings I took it, I held my Breath, that I might not perceive the Taste of it, and wash'd it off with something else. I, that had always been us'd to the best of *French Wine*, could not very kindly digest a Liquor so opposite at first; the One giving me a Vivacity beyond expression, and urging me to say a tolerable good Thing now and then; the other clogging my Stomach, and oppressing my Brain to the last Degree of Dullness.

THE first Morning I enter'd upon the *Mum* Course, *Gambol* came into my Room, and, seeing a large Flint-Glass standing full upon the Table, took upon him to be very merry at such an unexpected Scene, *What, Doctor, says he, fallen off from glorious French Wine, to Nauseous Syrups? This, I presume,*

is design'd only to regale Wasps and Flies; What, Sick of Claret? I'll warrant something lies heavy upon your Stomach, and so you are taking a little Solutive Syrup of Roses to carry it off.

I knew the young Rogue's Aversion to the Liquor, and had a great Mind to put his Mouth out of Relish for some Time: *I am in mighty want of a Taster,* says I, *Prithee palate it for me, dear Harry.* The Quickness of his Scent fail'd him, and he took a Mouthful of it.

HE little dreaming to see any *Mum* in my House, could not credit his Taste; *It's a damn'd mawkish Liquor,* says he, *and glues up my Mouth: What the Devil can it be?* *Mum, as I live! Well, Doctor, I perceive you have taken leave of all your Friends, and are hastning to end your Days by a Potion: I thought Dr. Hermodactyl knew a gentler Way of dispatching himself, than by taking a Dose of Mum: How long has this Fit been upon you?*

BUT pray, Doctor, be serious with me: Do you really drink it? No, no; I am sure you can never be reconcil'd to it, and it stands here only for Show, or to amuse some of your Patients. I have heard you railly that Liquor for a whole Night, and now and then say a smart Thing, after four Bottles of French, about the pernicious Consequences of Drinking that foggy Juice: If you drink it, I know you'll throw it up again: I have taken a Mouthful of it, but I would not have let it gone down into my Stomach for the whole Profit of the Stage: Exeat Mum, with a Kick. What, an Old Claret-Drinker, and have such an unfashionable Liquor in his House?

I would not have some of your old Bottle Friends know you drank a Glass of Mum, for I am confident if they did, they would renounce your Society.

THERE are a Thousand good Effects from French Wine, it raises the Spirits, fills the Imagination with sprightly Idea's, dilates the Heart, and what is a main Article, it comes pretty cheap to you Doctor, I never see you extravagantly Merry, but over a Bottle of French Wine. But Mum has all the ill Qualities imaginable; it clogs the Stomach, clouds the Brain, disposes to Melancholly, and causes Palpitation of the Heart. I had a Glass once forc'd down my Throat, by a Company I was cautious of disoblising, but my Antipathy was so strong against it, that I fancy it is always fermenting within me.

HARRY would have went on Declaiming a full Hour, against the pernicious Effects of Mum, if I had not interrupted him in his Course: Well, Gamböl, says I, without half these Invectives, I could have believ'd you: We know you are a Youth of a Belle Air; You are a great admirer of French Wine, and French Practice, and so am I; and you may be sure I never drink Mum but Physically, the French Wine takes me too much, and tho' I look with a good insolent Countenance, yet I find an inward Decay; I have conceal'd it for some time, but I am come to an absolute Necessity of going thro' this heavy Course every Morning, tho' I shall never be brought to abandon my Claret at Night, with a select Company. I must own, that I have found my self easier since I went this small Course, and that's what I chiefly aim at. The Oily Parts of the Mum sheath the pungent

Particles of the French Tartar, and as long as they
 suit so well with the Constitution, I shall pursue the
 Method I am in.

I order'd one of my Men to write for some of the
 choicest *Mum* that could be procur'd; it has been
 coming so long, that I almost despair of seeing it: I
 fancy, by this delay, I am impos'd on, or he thought
 that I order'd him only in Jest, and so never writ
 about it, knowing me to be so great a lover of French
 Wine: If the small quantity I have by me will serve
 my turn, I shall not be in much pain about the arrival
 of the other.

THO' I make use of this Medicine my self, I
 never was so hardy as to Prescribe it to any of my
 Patients; and I reckon my old Friends of the Bottle
 Railly me heartily, for going through so Nauseous a
 Course. If you, honest *Hal*, would take a little with
 me, by way of Countenance, it would go down the
 better; and it must be as Necessary for your Constitu-
 tion to take a Glas now and then, to qualify the Eager-
 ness of the French Wine, as for my own.

YOU are apt to be transported into Passions of
 all kinds, which proceed from the Keeness of your
 Spirits, urg'd on, and stimulated by the sharpness of
 the Wine; and if you would try a Glas of this Bal-
 samick sometimes, it might temper your Blood, and
 make you tolerably Sober.

I might have as well influenc'd Marble, as made
 any Impression upon *Harry*; he plainly saw I had a
 mind to decoy him into the Course purely for Com-
 pany sake, and not from any Opinion I had of the
 Liquor my self.

' None of your Baits, dear Doctor, (says he) you,
' as the chief Proprietor of your own Carcase, may
' do what you please with it, and try as many Con-
' clusions as you think fit; but I shall never stuff up
' my Chinks with your damn'd nauseous *Branswick*:
' *Treacle*: I can't tell what Necessity may compel
' me to, but in the present Frame of Spirit, I fancy
' I should sooner be reconcil'd to a Rope: I have
' been so long accusom'd to *French Wine*, that one
' Glass of *Mum* would swell me up to a Tun, and
' make such a Confusion in my Bowels, that all your
' Carminatives could not expel. All the Eloquence
' your Profundity can display on the Vertues of it,
' will never make it a sociable Liqueur: I will drink
' *French*, in *puris Naturalibus*; you *French Wine*:
' and *Treacle*. Take care to settle your Stomach
' perfectly well, for if the two Liqueurs should jarr;
' and present themselves to View, you would, with
' submission to your Honour and Dignity, pass either
' for a bungling Practitioner, or a confounded Hy-
' pocrite, after you have cry'd up *French Wine* to
' the Skies, to see *Mum* and *Claret* discharg'd in a
' Qualm together:

The High-German Doctor. N^o 10.

From Tuesday, June 1. to Friday, June 4. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

RUNNING over my Correspondence of the last Week, I met with a very remarkable Case in the foreign Packet, which after I had examin'd with due Attention, seem'd to me, for its great Variety, capable of furnishing out more Speculation to the Curious in the Faculty, than any which has fallen under my View for some Time.

MY singular Humanity to Foreigners, intreating them up to their Character, has been acknowledg'd on so many Occasions, that I would not forfeit it by any Mistake: This makes me keep up a nice Punctuality in my Answers, and give so immediate a Dispatch to the Case before me.

THIS Letter comes from a *French Gentleman*, in behalf of a Person he has under his Tuition, who is afflicted with an uncommon Case: He seems so passionately interested in his Welfare, that he ventures to tell me, *He would stake half his Fortune for his Recovery*, and begs immediate Relief at my Hands: The Medicines he has taken hitherto do not reach his Distemper; and therefore conjures me to think

think of a proper Course: Take the Particulars of the Case in his Dialect.

Au Monsieur le Dr. Hermodactyl.

SIEUR,

THE Greatness of your Capacity, and peculiar Way of treating Distempers, encourage me to appeal from all the Practitioners of *Europe* to your Judgment, as the last Resort: Your travelling so much at Home, gives you larger Opportunities of informing your self of the several Constitutions of People, and seeing more Variety of Cases than those who are ty'd down to a particular Spot.

I have a Youth under my Direction, once of vast Hopes, of a promising Aspect, and a pretty enterprising Genius, who, in his general Deportment, behaves himself with great Exactness; but at the Full of the Moon, his Opticks glare, his Eye-Balls roll round in his Head, he stalks cross the Room with a majestick Gate, and affects Privacy at that Season.

At such Times I keep a double Guard upon him, being warn'd of the approaching Fits by these Indications, but order them to pay all possible Respect to him, and humour his romantick Vein of Talking.

HE is no sooner got into a gentle Slumber, but he wakes in all the Confusion imaginable, and starting from the Bed, cries out, ——— *Who waits there?* ——— *Guards, seize the Rebel.* ———

Born of Royal Race. ——— *Chain the Slaves.* ——— Then stretching himself upon the Floor, murmurs

murmurs to himself, *Lye there, thou Shadow of an Emperour.*

DURING the Fit, he will receive nothing from his Attendants but upon the bended Knee : They, according to Directions, keep up the Pageantry ; and after his Spirits are throughly fatigu'd, he grows as Passive as a Lamb.

I have consulted the Colleges of *Montpelier, Padua, &c.* They all agree it's a *Nervous Case* ; but then perplex me so with their Philosophical Cant, of *Images convey'd to the Brain*, and *fixing Impressions* suitable to their several Textures, with a *Train of Globuli* at the End of them, that I take my self to be in a Conjuror's Cell.

THIS, however, has furnish'd me with an Hint, which may be improv'd to my Pupil's Advantage in such distinguishing Hands as yours. I well remember, whilst he was a Boy, he had a very *Theatrical Brain* ; and whenever there were any Plays acted at School, he would contend for the Sublime Part in the Tragedy, still affecting to act the *King, the Hero, or an Usurper.*

I have often heard him damn *Tamerlane* for an Oppressor ; cry up *Bajazet's* Lenity, and swear his Cage was too narrow a Territory for so great a Prince. The greatest of *Alexander's* Acts was his dispatching the faithful *Clitus* in a Debauch. *Julius* was too tame in his Prerogative. *Nero* he has commended for his favourite Hero amongst the Antients ; *Cesar Borgia* amongst the Moderns.

THESE I took for juvenile Sallies, and the Effects of a warm Imagination, fir'd with the Grandeur of

of the several Parts he had acted, but now I am persuaded he thinks himself a Prince in earnest, whilst the Fits are upon him.

I am at a loss to account for these ambitious Thoughts any other way, without some ill Nurses have insinuated a Notion into his Head before he came under my Care. I am sure he could never form this Conceit from his Martial Exploits, for has made but *Half a Campaign* in his whole Life-Time, and that not much to his Honour.

THIS, Sir, you'll grant is an unhappy Circumstance to one of so little Fortune, and who being of an expensive Humour, is oblig'd to me for his Necessaries. The Medicines I have paid for already, swell to an immense Sum, and I cannot strain myself much further, unless you give me Hopes of *Restoring* him.

I have sent him some Leagues from my *own Seat*, to try what Change of Air might do; but I hear from all Hands, the Frenzy encreases, and he Dominates over my Friend's Family where I have plac'd him, when the Fit is upon him.

SOME tell me the Air of *Italy* is proper for him, there being several Infirmities in those Parts, which, with a *spare Diet*, and restraining him from the pompous Show of the World, might be of great Service to him under this Misfortune.

IF you give me any Encouragement to hope for a Cure, I would very willingly be at the Expence of his Voyage, and lodge him in your House. *Roselle*, the Surgeon, is my particular Friend, and will answer for any Charge and Trouble you are at.

I am strongly possess'd it is in your Power to serve him; the successful Boldness of your Practice has reach'd these Parts; and, I assure you, your Name is mention'd with a particular Regard: I question whether you have more Reputation in your own Country: Every one allows your Skill to be Universal, but more particularly happy in the Cure of *Consumptions*; and, to be ingenious with you, all the Complaint I ever heard made use of against you, is, *That you are a little Exorbitant in your Fees.*

I beg this Freedom may not be interpreted as if I had any Intention of lessening your Demands, for I should think the half of my Fortune well laid out in his Recovery.

Yours,

Lie Grand Petit.

I own this to be a very intricate Case, and what has rarely fallen within my Practice: I have three or four Cases in my *Ephemeris* of Diseases, which bear a very near Resemble to it, and I propose to govern myself by the Methods prescrib'd there, *Mutatis Mutandis.* This Frenzy I am persuaded is too violent to last long, and it's much easier to Cure a poor Distemper'd Creature that imagines himself a *Prince*, than one who fancies himself a *Wit*, or a *handsome Fellow*. I have ask'd all the Operators in my Service round, *Whether any such Case has fallen in their Way?*

RUB

RUB says, He would by no means have me take it in Hand, for he judges it *Chronical*, and not to be eradicated; and advises me to sit down easy with the Credit I have gain'd by my Practice without bringing my self under farther Blemishes from the emulous Stage about Town.

CODICIS is of Opinion, That a gentle *Purge*, or *Emetick*, just for Show, may be given, but is positively against Bleeding him in the jugular Vein; for seeing a Launcet advanc'd so near his Neck, he may fancy one is coming to cut his Throat, if he should happen to be in one of his princely Airs.

HARRY, who turns every Distemper of this kind into Ridicule, and has been a *Prince* and a *Small-Coal-Man* by Changes, in Masquerade, bids me indulge the Frenzy, and if the young Fellow has a mind to be a Prince, let him take his Humour, for he is sure nothing in my Dispensary can Cure him; and as to the *bleeding Par*, which is his Province, he will not be concern'd in it.

I'Gad I am under some Apprehensions, if I should send for this *mad Patient* over, *Harry* and he will run a Frolicking together, and play the Counterpart of the King of *Bantam*, demolishing young Wenches, and breaking of Conick Lamps.

YOU must know, I ask'd the Opinion of my several *Operators* meerly out of Formality, and after I had dispatch'd them, I sat down and writ this short Answer.

Au Monsieur Le Grand Petit.

THE Concern you express for the fanciful young Gentleman, affects me in the most sensible Part: You state his Case with great Accuracy, and I take it as rightly as if I saw him: I will send over my Advice and Medicines by the Packet from Time to Time, but cannot think it proper for him to make so sudden a Change of Air; he may depend upon it, when he's in a little cooler Temper, my Apartment shall be at his Service; for if he should assume his Princely Airs, People, that do not know his Distemper, might knock him down. A Man of some Fashion, that wants to know my Courses in the Elaboratory, has given Earnest for an Apartment, but I don't care to be over-look'd: However, Sir, I hear so much of your Generosity, that if he is in my House, I shall privately make Room for your Pupil.

Yours,

Hermodactyl.

The

The High German Doctor. N^o 11.

From Friday, June 4. to Tuesday, June 8. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Once thought of making my Credit *Immortal*, by the Train of Success which constantly attended my Practice, but since my *Pacifick Elestuary*, which had so universally obtain'd, and strengthen'd its Character in most Parts of *Europe*, has fallen under such *Invidious Reflections* at Home, I find there is no trusting to a Current of Reputation, and that the greatest Practitioner, after he has arriv'd to a certain Crisis, must decline in Glory.

I could not imagine so noble a *Specifick*, prepar'd with the utmost Skill, and design'd more for the Good of the Publick, than private Advantage, could ever have lain open to so many jealous and perplexing Queries: That the Goodness of the *Ingredients* could have been censur'd by the Judicious in the Faculty; or, in fine, that a Preparation of such Efficacy (the Secret of which pass'd so few Hands) could be branded with so many popular Reproaches.

IT's some Alleviation that I am not the first Great Genius attack'd in such a defamatory Manner, and that it generally fares thus with Men of
Select

select Capacities, who step out of the beaten Road of Life to render themselves Beneficent to Mankind.

ALL this I could easily place to the common Vein of Detraction which wanders so arbitrarily thro' the World, if I did not perceive my self wounded in so tender a Part as my Sufficiency, and by oblique Stroaks, charg'd with an Incapacity of forming so rich a Composition out of my own Brain.

THOSE who question'd my Knowledge in the Theory of Diseases, would never, I thought, have been so petulant as to arraign my Preparations of any kind, having been so Famous, ever since my first entrance upon the Stage, for Mixtures, or, as my Rivals term it, *Confounding of all* Ingredients.

IT's hard to account for the *Inconsistencies* of some People, who give out boldly, That I was not capable of Preparing such a Medicine, and yet at the same Time villify the Composition; but this, in my Apprehension, carries a double Design with it, not only to damn the Effects of it upon Peoples Constitutions, but to expose my Ignorance.

TO this End I find it insinuated, That *Lovidicus*, a *Parisian Chymist*, gave me the Secret, and that when I propos'd to add some Simples of our own Growth to make it more agreeable to the Complexions of this Climate, he should tell me in a SNEER, *My dear, trusty, and well-beloved Hermodactyl, I know the Size of thy Talents perfectly well: As you set forth a bold Empirick at first, keep to that Character, and don't pretend to commence Doctor by Inspiration: You have always been happy in the Choice of Operators, and gain'd a tolerable Reputation by their Assistance;*

stance; but, alas, how should you, that never understood the Occult Qualities of Minerals, or Plants, know what Analogy they bear to the Diseases of Human Bodies. I remember the time when the People of our Climate confin'd themselves to a plain, simple Diet, and generally knew what they Eat; but now their Juices are vitiated with so many foreign Oglions, with French Ragoufts, and unnatural Mixtures, that you have nothing of your own Growth strong or searching enough to work upon radicated Distempers. With this, they tell you, I acquiesc'd, and took the Composition upon his Single Credit.

SINCE the Enemies of my Stage have fram'd so plausible a Story from the Intimacy between me and the French Chymist, I shall set this popular Rumour in a true Light.

AS I have a Stock of Reputation that can never be exhausted, so I scorn to detract from the meanest Operator about me: There is one Mat. Rummer, an obscure Fellow, belongs to my *Elaboratory*, who tends the Fires, some call him *Lungs*, others the *Stoker*, with whom I conferr'd first about this Preparation. Says I to him, one Day, in a jocular manner, *Honest Mat. thou hast ever had a lucky Hand in Mixing, others say, Dashing, it's hard, if out of so large a Field of Ingredients, You and I cannot make a Composition which shall turn to more Advantage than all the Profits of the Stage Itinerant. Shall I be free with you, Doctor?* says Mat. I granted: Then Mat. laying aside all Restraints, *I Gad*, says he, *I have been upon a Project of this Nature once already, before I enter my self into your Service;*

vice; but the Electuary I prepar'd at that Time, happen'd to be so over-charg'd with Syrups, that it was continually Fermenting, and did not keep Good above Three Years. Now, Doctor, says he, to be frank with you, I am afraid you and I are a going about much such a foolish Preparation again. I have a French Chymist of my Acquaintance, in very low Circumstances at present, whom I am confident you may Chain to your Interest, by the least Countenance you give him. He has almost Ruin'd himself by aiming at they Philosophers Stone, but was once upon the Point of gaining the Secret, when one Doctor John came into the Elaboratory, and broke his Glasses and Crucibles. If you give me any Encouragement, I'll talk to him about it, and engage the Credit shall be yours.

THE Chymist joyfully embrac'd the Proposal, and fell to work; but the *Ingredients*, which were Seven in Number, were so *Ill-mix'd*, so *Nauseous*, and *Unpalatable*, that I could not prevail upon any but my old Patients to take off a single Gally-Pot.

I was almost angry with *Mat* for resigning me up so entirely to his Judgment, and had like to have lost my Credit, even with some who wish'd well to my Stage. In the Second Preparation I corrected the Acids of it in some Measure; put in some Leaf-Gold to make it more specious, and comfortable, and then came forth this famous Specifick.

I must do *Mat* the Justice to say, he had the care of mixing the *Ingredients*, and if the Powders in it happen'd not to be well Grinded, let him answer for that Neglect.

AFTER:

AFTER all this Clamour, I think I may, without Vanity, lay Claim to a Share of the Preparation; for tho' it was not my original Thought, yet, as I have considerably improv'd it, in Consult with the *Chymist*, you must grant, he and I acted in *Alliance*, to bring it to this Perfection.

I am sensible some *Regular Physicians* have been lately *Analyzing* this *Composition*; but I defy them to make any thing of it. Some have Objected, That there are as many *Contrarities* in it as *Venice Treacle*. I shall not inform any one what the *Basis* of the *Composition* is, but I will venture to say, it has this in common with *Venice Treacle*, That no Man yet ever took the Quantity of a *Nutmeg* of it, but it made him *Sweat Profusely*.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 12.

From Tuesday, June 8. to Friday, June 11. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Should never have enter'd the Lists with that notorious Impostor, *Pontaus of Holbourn*, if I had not been assur'd from authentick Hands, That he taking Advantage of a little Mistake in the first Preparation of my *Pacifick Electuary*, committed thro' the Inconsiderateness of *Mat. Rummer*, chim'd in with the Enemies of our Stage, to calumniate my Practice; and after his heavy Way of Bantering, made himself very Merry with my Character.

HERMODACTYL, says he, the other Day, to one of my Retinue, *makes up his Packets of Jalap, and Gambouge neat enough, and tops them upon the Populace with a tolerable good Grace; but for a Specifick, ——— commend me to an experienc'd Farrier, or Corn-Cutter. — All the Regular Physicians of the Town have laugh'd at this Electuary, as if they had been bitten by a Tarantula. He is one of the worst Brewers of Physick that I know of; his Medicines never settle, but are always fretting upon the Stomach.*

AT the same time he is less ening my *Compositions* in the Esteem of the World, he takes care to
Surfeit

Surfait the Audience with a large Encomium on his *Eye-Water*, which he prepar'd four Years since, perplexing that simple Title with a String of such unintelligible Epithets, that some People have judg'd it as proper for the *Corns* as the *Eyes*.

HERE, says he, *is my wonderful Deterfive, Rari-fying and Detecating Ophthalmick, a Bottle of which cures Cataracts without Couching, Gutta Serena's, Specks, Films, or Dimness: Nay, whose Quality is so Searching, and penetrates with such Subtily, that it throws off Scales from the Eyes, as Big as Bar-nacles in a Minute. All this I promise, if you have Faith enough in Verbo Bungey.*

THIS he delivers with an affected Gravity, and a seeming Zeal for the Relief of distressed People, that he has gain'd some Patients of good Rank to a Confidence in the Preparation: Others he has kept in Hand for some Years, and tho' they are as Blind as at the Minute he took them under his Care, yet they will not be prevail'd upon to change this pro-fligate *Quack*.

YOU will readily believe, when *Bungey* first set forth with this wonderful Preparation, and pro-claim'd it openly upon the Stage, all the Judicious in the Faculty were astonish'd; some taking it for a Charm; others, for a down-right Legend; a third, for a Banter of hard Names; and most for the warmest Piece of Stage Impudence: But he, no ways discourag'd at these Censures, applies himself to the Popu-lace, and finding them deeply affected by the Wide-ness of their Mouths, and wonderfully pleas'd with what they knew nothing of, grafts upon their Weakness,

Weakness, telling them, *That he, by his great Sagacity, had perceiv'd thick Films growing upon the People's Eyes for some Time; that Blindness was become, in a manner Epidemical; that there was not one of the Spectators which crowded about the Stage, but had at least a Mist before his Eyes; that this Dimness would come to a total Eclipse: And then privately Ordering some of the Stage-Sweepers to raise a great Dust, Do you see?* says the Doctor. The Rabble not being apprehensive of the Trick confess'd their Eyes were very much out of Order.

A Man of less Penetration than Bungey, could not but see it a proper Opportunity to lay hold on their Passions, and improve their Credulity to his Advantage: And having gain'd their weak Side, told them, *That the Infirmities of the Eye, which so many labour'd under, had put him upon several Experiments, in Order to restore them, and, at last, Providence had thrown this in his Way, tho' it seems he had try'd this very Eye-Water upon several People in other Parts of the Kingdom, as at Derby, Oxford, &c. Where it did not answer his Expectation; but whether the Season was not so favourable, or their Bodies had not been rightly prepar'd, I cannot determine. Headed, That his Compassion would not permit him to sit down tamely under that Blindness of his Fellow-Creatures; that he had Impudence & Improperities enough to defend that Preparation against all Opposers; that he would not have them backward in Asking his Advice, for he was always ready with his*

Eye-Water.

Eye-Water Bottle, and if he neglected them, they should Cry aloud, and spare not.

T H E R E are, says he, many False Brothers of the Stage, who, with their Collyriums, Powder of Tutty, &c. have frequently daub'd your Eyes, fouling the Chrystallin Humour, and damping the Sight; nay, so wretchedly have they impos'd upon that noble Sense, as to persuade you your Eyes were broad open, whilst you were groping your Way in the Dark. — Here, — Take this, cries the Doctor, and sprinkles them all over with his Optbalmick.

T H E Rabble, strongly possess'd, fancy'd they had Scales drop'd from their Eyes, and beg'd some more of the Eye-Water to confirm their Sight.

T H I S Fellow was so much elated with Working upon the Imagination of the Vulgar, that it had been no difficult matter to have persuaded him, That he was well skill'd in Opticks; nay, his Brother, Sir William of Durbam Yard, and the famous Grant, were forc'd to have their Patients come very privately at that Juncture, for fear of offending this great Oculist.

S O M E Things were very pleasant in his Directions; that during the whole Course, they should avoid any strong Light; keep their Eyes fix'd upon Black; and that no Pretender to Opticks, should under Colour of restoring them, tamper with their Eyes; or they suffer any Operation to be made, but in the Doctor's Presence.

S O M E of these Patients strictly follow'd his Orders, expecting every Day to be Second-sighted People; and Bungy feather'd their Eyes once a

Week himself. If they could but see the Doctor, it was a sufficient Proof that their Eyes were mending.

BUT that this insolent Quack may be mortify'd with the rest of his Brothers of the Stage, I am oblig'd to let him know, I have met with Thousands alate with thick Films on their Eyes, and others with scalding Defluxions, all owing to his celebrated *Eye Water*, and sage Directions.

BUT since he has poyson'd and corrupted so many Eyes with his *Water*, I would advise him, for his own sake, to keep them continually Blind, for if ever they should gain the least Beam of Light, I fancy the worshipful Doctor will be seen to a great Disadvantage.

IT was certainly one of the most impudent Titles ever given to a Composition, working just the contrary of what is promis'd; and the Poison in it must needs be of the rankest Sort, to work such terrible Effects upon some of the strongest Opticks in the Kingdom.

I may venture to say, from credible Authority, that no Antidote, ever since the Age of *Hypocrates*, has been sold for half the Profits this poisonous *Eye-Water* has brought into *Bungey's* Coffers; if his *Zanies* don't stretch in their Account, we are told, he receiv'd 500 l. for the first Parcel he prepar'd, besides what he got by the Publication of his Bill.

AS his She-Patients were many, I am often in Dispute with my self, whether they apply'd to him purely for the *Eye Water*, he having often boasted over his Cups, That he has another *Nostrum*, which he calls his *Weapon Salve*, that cures any
Flesh-

Flesh-Wound by the first Intention, tho' I am inform'd he has but little of that left, the Demands for it being so frequent, and he look'd upon prodigal enough in dispensing it.

I can give a near Guess at the Composition, which is more than he can say of my *Pacifick Electuary*, I could almost swear the chief Ingredient in it is the Juice of *Monk's-Hood*, the most baneful of Vegetables, and pernicious to the Constitutions of our Climate.

IF I know any Thing of the Nature of it, the corrosive Parts will very hardly be cleans'd out of the Eyes, tho' I am told, that some *Regular Physicians* about Town have restor'd several of his Patients to their former Sight, and are pretty confident of recovering the rest, unless the poisonous Qualities have insinuated themselves into the Brain.

HE has one particular Honour reserv'd to himself, that no Man ever yet question'd his being the Contriver of it, and only upon the account of its not having one good Quality to recommend it.

HE charg'd me with having made use of his Secret, and building my *Pacifick Electuary* upon the Basis of his *Eye-Water*: I will frankly own that, whilst he was intent upon Blinding the People, I had Leisure to make some useful Experiments for the aggrandizing of my own Stage: And I hope that will not stain my Character, if I took the Advantage of his ill Practice to make my own appear the better.

I cannot deny, but that his confident Way of supporting a Preparation so much decry'd by the College, gave the whole Fraternity of *Empiricks* an Op-

portunity of enlarging their Credit, and put us, in a manner, upon the Level with the *Regular Physicians*: When I found the *Eye-Water*, had pass'd with so slight a Censure, and *Bungey* went on applying it as boldly as ever, I began to think, that one might safely prescribe *Arsenick* to those Constitutions whose Eyes could bear his Water.

THE Temperaments of People are different, in my Opinion, from what they were formerly: The least jarring Quality in a Prescription would offend the Stomach heretofore; now they are able to swallow Poison, with a very little Correction. I find no manner of Distinction in my Practice between Crude and Prepar'd Physick; and it's scarce to be credited, what Quantities of *Bungey's Eye-Water* are bought up Daily both for Land and Sea.

THE kind Digestion of every Thing that is given to our Patients promiscuously in the whole Body of Physick, makes our Practice partake less of Sollicitude. A *squeamish Stomach*, and a *vapoury Brain*, are my Abhorrence: They are so jealous of what they take, so impertinent in their Queries, and, what I mortally hate in nice Cases, so pressing for a Consult, where a Man must account for every bold Step in his Practice, that I am resolv'd hereafter to stand upon my own Bottom, and by that means evade all Enquiries.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 13.

From Friday, June 11. to Tuesday, June 15. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Am fully convinc'd how circumspect a great Practitioner ought to be in delivering his Sentiments upon any Physical Point, or giving into a particular Method of Practice: Every Word which falls from a Publick Man being stamp'd on the Minds of the Audience, and standing upon Record, to be enviously appeal'd to, upon the least Variation from the Rule he has either prescrib'd, or applauded.

I know 'tis a receiv'd Tradition, That I was bred a rigid *Galenist*, and possess'd with such an *Hereditary Aversion* to *Paracelsus's* Method, that I made a Scruple, for some Time, of even setting my Foot within the Door of an *Elaboratory*: Nay, that within these few Years, I could not be prevail'd upon to enter, before my Stoker assur'd me, That the offensive Steam was gone off in the first Digestion, and that I came in when half the Operation was over.

AS it is not in my Power to stem the Torrent of Reports, and, perhaps, might gain but little Credit if I should attempt to purge my self, I shall leave the Matter undecided: But one Thing I will grant, because

cause it has been charged upon me, without much deviation from Truth, that I should, in my unexperienc'd Days, pronounce, with a Degree of Warmth, That *I would inviolably maintain the Galenical Practice.*

THIS, I confess, lies somewhat heavy on my Reputation, tho' I cannot say it burthens my Conscience; for, at that Time, I spoke indiscreetly, not having duly weigh'd of what continuance the Credit of the *Galenists* might be, or the Advantages accruing from the different Methods of Practice, which is of the greatest Importance to us *Latitudinarians* in the Art, and byasses our first Principles.

HOWEVER, from this unguarded Expression of mine, I find the Rivals of my Stage take an Opportunity of examining my Preparations with greater Curiosity, and whenever I give a searching Chymical Medicine, which puts all the Humours of the Body afloat, a *Galenist* instantly cries out, *P— on this Hermodactyl's dodging Practice: Is this a Bona Fide Galenical Preparation?*

IT raises a Smile in me frequently, to see how far weak People may prejudic'd by well-contriv'd Rumours: Whilst I had the Character of being a strict *Galenist*, every one of my Patients took my Preparations without examining the Ingredients, tho' I made use of many Chymical Medicines, thro' the whole Course of my *Galenical Practice*, which I receiv'd privately from *Lovidicus*, the *Parisian Chymist*; but seeing no Retorts or Crucibles about me, they had no Suspicion.

THESE

THESE nice Animadverters upon my Method, never consider the Exigencies a great Practitioner is reduc'd to in his Commerce with the Distemper'd. People are so fanciful, that, within my Knowledge, they have varied in their Opinion of Medicines Six several Times. I have known a *Galenist* laid under an *Incapacity* from the *Colledge*, and the *Paracelsians* triumph in every Quarter of the Town, giving out, *That they were the Elder-Brothers of the Stage*. The *Galenists*, in their turn, have carry'd all the Practice before them, and cry'd down the *Paracelsians*, as a *hot, ungovernable Race of Poyson-Mixers*, and obtain'd amongst the Judicious for some Years.

I T was not altogether for the Gain I propos'd to my self, that I fell off from my *Galenical* Practice; but finding the *Paracelsians* a clamorous Body, and exploding the other Method, even to a Degree of Rancour, after I had once declar'd my self in their Favour, I could not take up my former Practice with safety.

I own the *Galenical* Medicines the most natural, most adapted to the Constitutions of our Climate, preserving all the balsamick Parts, and essential Salts of the Vegetable entire; working with more certainty, both upon the *Fluids* and *S-lids* of the Body, and keeping the whole Mass in a just Temperament, refreshing all the Members, still with a respect to the Head and Brain.

THE Chymical Preparations admit of more Disputes in their Effects: They are generally violent in the first Operation, harsh in their Progress, disordering the Bowels, under a Notion of strengthening

the Head. The Professors that Way, I am sensible, boast much of their *Sublimations*, and raising their Preparations to a great Height, and separating the pure from the drossy and feculent Parts; but then it must be consider'd, they torture every Thing which fall under their Hands with Fire, to such a Degree, that all the Medicinal Part is destroy'd by the Heat.

BUNGET's Operations in this kind are too flagrant to be conceal'd, and his Experiments so fatal to many Constitutions, as not to admit of the least Justification: To these we may add those of Dr. *Bull-Neck*, the *Irish Quack*, *Wittall*, the Corn Cutter of *White-Chappel*, and those of the famous Dr. *Causlick*, an Hedge-Operator in *Hoxton*, with the rest of the Furnace-Breed.

IT was once my Intention to keep up a Mediety between the *Galenical* and *Chymical Practice*, but the *Galenist* having observ'd so many of those Fire-Men about my *Elaboratory*, will not be induc'd to think I can dispense any plain and simple Physick, and are gone into an Opinion, That I have abandon'd my first Principles, and am taking the shortest Way with the *Galenists*.

HAD they approv'd of my *Pacifick Electuary*, I do not know what Terms of *Physical Communion* I might have admitted them to, but now the Breach is so widen'd by their Jealousy of my Practice, that I cannot, with any Honour, fall back into my old Method. Nay, if I should but mention so much as an *Healing Syrup*, a *Vulnerary Decoction*, or *Fomentation* of *Emollient Herbs*, I might be in danger of losing the Preheminence of the Stage. I must not conceal one diverting

diverting Instance of my Management, with respect to the *Galenists*: Finding my self upon the Point of losing their good Opinion, and resolving to gratify my Passion, I contriv'd, by the help of some *Paracelsians*, with whom I had contracted an Intimacy, to loosen the Pins of two or three of their Stages in the Night, and gave *Harry* his Cue to expose them in his *Circumforaneous Oration*, as *Separatists* from the *Primitive Practice* of the Stage. *Harry* signaliz'd himself upon this Occasion, and having artfully mix'd some of the Furnace-Breed with the Rabble, fir'd them to such a Degree, that they crowded in great Numbers about the *Galenical Stage*, and in their violent Motions overset it.

THEIR Rage being pacify'd with a few Bonafires and hard Names, all things return'd to their former Course. It was a difficult Task, I assure you, for me to put on a suitable Disguise in that Conjunction: I had been noted, for some time, as a *Revolver* from the *Galenical Practice*. My Privity to this Outrage was acknowledg'd on all Hands, it not Encouragement; and how to ingratiate my self with the *Galenical Doctors*, was the Point. Well. — Depending upon study'd Looks, and a riggling Behaviour, I begg'd them to give me a Meeting: I accosted them with all the social Airs, and Terms of Endearment; and having, in a true *Galenical* Cant, assur'd them of my deep Resentment of the ill Usage shown them, I added, *As I was a Brother of the Stage, tho' suspected for a Revolver from my first Method of Practice, yet I could not shake off my Regards and Sympathy for the Fellow-Labourers*

in that Way; and offer'd to make them ample Reparation from the Damages sustain'd, out of a Collection I propos'd to raise.

THE Chief of these *Galenists* was a Man of Penetration, and looking stedfastly on me, told me, *Those wry Faces, and moist Eyes, might once have pass'd for Symptoms of Remorse and Compassion, but that I had gain'd such an Habit of Whining alate, that I could out-do any Knave in a Three-Corner'd Cap.* And so quitted me abruptly.

THIS, you must imagine, has sowed me in a great Measure, and made me give way to some severe Invectives against the *Galenists*, but I never yet could be prevail'd on to publish a Bill in Favour of the *Paracelsians*, tho' I keep generally to their Formula's and Prescriptions.

HARRY, knowing of what Authority so great a Practitioner's Judgment as mine would be in the Debate, upon these different Methods of Practice, makes my Cousin *Poplin* solicit me incessantly for an open Protest against the *Galenical* Method; but I keep my self upon the Reserve, and attend how the Majority are inclin'd; for Numbers shall always weigh with me against my Reason.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o. 14.

From Tuesday, June 15. to Friday, June 18. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

TH^O my Physical Talents are chiefly exercis'd on the Constitutions of People, and finding out proper Specificks for every *Symptom* which arises in the *Microcosm*; yet I find my self and Operators loaded with fresh Calumnies, and the *Regular Physicians*, whom I, in the Name and Behalf of all the *Empiricks* of the Stage, declare a very dissatisfy'd Race, are constantly propagating a Belief amongst my unsettled Patients, how improbable it is; that one who never pass'd a Course of *Anatomy*, could be capable of accounting for the Operation of his Physick upon such and such determinate Parts of the Body, and wonder at my Assurance in Prescribing without Controul.

FREQUENT Dissections of Human Bodies, say they, contribute largely to our Knowledge of each minute Part of the Structure, and directs us to make proper Applications. The Vitals may be attack'd in different Shapes and Disguises, and unless a Practitioner knows the Seat and Nature of the offensive Matter, and traces it thro' all its Recesses and Wind.

ings,

ings, he must commit many fatal Errors in his Diffensations.

HARRY, who mixes sometimes with this malignant Tribe, hearing the Credit of the Stage affected by these Insinuations, came to me, the other Day, flush'd with Complaints, telling me, This popular Rumour might have some unlucky Consequences, and beg'd me, for our Honour and Dignity, to erect an Anatomical Theatre, and go some Regular Courses, meerly for Show and Pageantry, and tho' they brought no Profit to the Stage, yet they might serve as a Counter-Project to those who valued themselves so much upon their Penetration, and Knowledge of the distemper'd Parts.

SUCH a Proposal from Gambol, must fill your Imaginations with the same merry Sentiments I entertain'd; I who had been well acquainted with the Capacity of the Man from his first Entrance into my Service; that knew his several Gradations of Skill, from the Agility of a Tumbler to that of a Surgeon extraordinary, could not imagine the Tendency of his Motion; but having recollected how often I had paid for many of his Natural Dissections, could not but think he was proposing to bring a Sett of Good-Natur'd Creatures into my Family, and that I should have the Charge of Maintaining them, and he only have the Trouble of keeping his Instruments clean for Incision.

HOWEVER, to carry on the Solemnity of the Banter, I told him, 'The Project was very happy, and all the Inconvenience I found in it, was, That I should be oblig'd to load my Stage with fresh Numbers,

Numbers, and lessen the respective Profits of it, by
a large Salary to the *Anatomical Operators*.

I was satisfy'd I had pinn'd him fast down on the
Score of his own Insufficiency, and thought the Pro-
ject would have ended in Ridicule, as he generally
carries off the most serious Things with a wanton
Air.

BUT the young *Varlet*, with a true *Stage-Impu-
dence*, turn'd short upon me, telling me, 'He thought
'himself equal to the Work, that he had often been
'*Intus & in Cute*; and tho' most of the Bodies which
'had fallen under his Dissection hitherto, had been
'prepar'd to his Hand, yet he did not question his
'own Ability of going thro' the whole Course, from
'the Scarf Skin to the most remote *Viscera*, without
'Direction.

WELL, Harry, says, I, upon the Confidence you
seem possess'd with, suppose I should permit you to
mangle the Dead as well as the Living, the Course
must be carry'd on very privately; you are sensible
that most of the Galenists are Men of Great Sagacity,
clean Operators; know every minute Gland in the
whole Body. Let us presume you should call an
Artery a Muscle, a Cartilage a Nerve, and swear the
vital Parts are sound, when they are under the most
leathsome Contagion, have you Dexterity enough to
clear your self of these Mistakes, or turn the Tables
upon your Adversaries in the Mechanical Part?

HARRY, at these conscious Queries, discover'd
an unpleasant Emotion; and with a contracted Brow,
told me, I ought to have known long before, that
none of my Retinue wanted that precious Gift of As-
surance.

urance: That he built his Confidence chiefly upon the Run of my Success: That People had been almost Laugh'd out of the proper Names and Signification of Things: That a Man might be cry'd down as a Quack, or a Stage Impostor, by some jealous People; but for all that, he could observe, a PRETENDER was no invidious Name; and he had found so many inclinable to be impos'd on, with their full Senses about them, that he should not despair. Let me suppose, in my turn, says he, That I give any Part an improper Term, I can swear the envious Galenists have so alter'd the Propriety of Anatomical Terms, within these few Years, that they are the very Reverse of what is meant; and if I should be charg'd with pronouncing a Liver sound, that is full of Stains and Specks, I can aver, it's only *Lufus Naturæ*, and that she delights in such frolicksome Impressions. ——— This, you know, will be kindly receiv'd from my Mouth, because every one is prepar'd to hear an Arch Thing from me upon the profoundest Debate.

BUT there is one thing yet remains, my Friend Harry, I reply'd, which I fear will be an unmasterable Difficulty, and that is Reading a Lecture upon the Uses and Aptitudes of each Part. The Oeconomy of the Body, I presume, you design to explain by the Regimen of your own; but that, I fear, will give little Satisfaction to most Constitutions.

HARRY, impatient of hearing so many Difficulties started, conjur'd me to be silent, and acquiesce in his Management; That he would undertake, with the Assistance of Smut, to go thro' the Course with Reputation

Reputation to himself, and rescue my Stage from the Scandal of *Insufficiency*.

YOU will believe, without Constraint, the Solitude of the Town, to hear *Gambol* explain these Parts of the Body he was never acquainted with. He had no sooner taken his *Dissecting-Knife* in his Hand, but after his irregular Way, cuts out a great Lump of Flesh, and holds it up to the Spectators.

I was in sufficient Pain for my Stage, when I found him set out in such a bungling Method, and mangle the Body. But *Harry*, no ways dispirited at the broad Laugh of the Crowd, began thus,

THIS, Most learned Auditors, is a *Muscle*.
 — Here he paus'd a while. — This *Muscle* is one of the pleasantest *Shell-Fish* — 'S Death and Torments, says I, treading on his Toe, what are you doing? You are explaining the Parts of Human Body, and whilst you talk of *Flesh*, you are in the same Breath commending *Shell-Fish*. Is the Devil in you to make such an Onset! I Gad I'll e'en quit the Stage, and leave you to the Mercy of the *Galenist's*: They will pull my Paper-Building about my Ears, for putting a Knife in such a Madman's Hands. Sure they cannot swallow such palpable Absurdities.

SMUT step'd to succour him, and recover his Mistake: *Harry* kept his Temper to an Exactness, which I foolishly imputed to a Thunder-streak: And after I had sweated by the Quart for him, he steps forth, with a well-govern'd Mein, and acquaints the Spectators, There was so great an agreement of Qualities between a *Muscle* of the Body, and

and that of the *Shell-Fish*, so call'd, that he wondred how so strong a Laugh could be rais'd upon so Physical a Discovery. That it might seem a little Mysterious to some People, but he had unquestionable Authority from Doctor *Hermodastyl's* figurative Way of Talking.

CONFOUNDED at the *fresh Impudence* of my new Operator, and transferring his Mistake upon me, I was upon the Point of striking him out of the List of my Attendants, when *Smut*, with equal Front, pull'd me by the Sleeve, and told me, *There was no manner of Exception to what Gambol said, if it had been taken even in a literal Sense, for he had often told the People, in his Weekly-Bills, That Flesh was Fish; and hop'd, in time, he should be able to Graft as absurd a Principle upon them as Transubstantiation.*

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 17.

From Friday, June 18. to Tuesday, June 21. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Had promis'd my self so much Diversion at spare Minutes from *Harry's Anatomical Course*, that I am heartily sorry the Thread of them should be broken off, by an Incident, which has administered sufficient Sport to the Regular Physicians, and remotely affects the Honour and Dignity of my Stage.

MEN of Publick Characters ought to be very Circumspect in their Choice of Dependants; have either a long Intercourse with their Manners, or sufficient Hostage for their Parts and Integrity, before they advance to a full Confidence with them, much more an eminent Practitioner, who is so conversant about so delicate an Affair as *Health*, lest he derives a Blemish upon himself from the Mistake of his Interiours.

THE Neglect of these Precautions has brought many Difficulties upon my self thro' the whole Course of my Practice; But one more particularly late, by confiding too much in the Honesty of *Atty Brogue*, from whom indeed I never propos'd much better Consequence, the best Lincaments of his Face being Marks of confirm'd Impudence, the rest of his

Features work'd up with the strongest Colouring of a Jay's Completion.

I, that always indulg'd his Habits of Tricking, and allow'd him to prevaricate with all Mankind but my self, never imagin'd he would have turn'd my own Weapon against me, especially considering, that by some gainful Perquisites I conniv'd at, he has arriv'd to something of a clumsy Figure, and from a menial Servant of mine, is become a Companion for Gentlemen.

YOU must understand, that a Set of as honest and fair Practitioners as my self, some time since, erected a Dispensary for the *West-Indies*, in imitation of that founded by the College, proposing to make a considerable Interest of the Physick we sent abroad, always reserving a Fund at Home to buy in Drugs.

THIS I am sensible has been ever deem'd an imaginary Project by the Regular Physicians, and look'd upon as a downright Bite, there being no place find, as they say, for the Vending them, and the People no ways dispos'd to take any Medicines from our Hands; and whenever any new Hypothesis is discuss'd amongst them, and found to have but shallow Reasons to support it, they cry out, in a Sneer, *The Notion is prettily dress'd up, and may answer full as well as Hermodactyl's West-India Dispensary.*

NONE of these dry Insinuations go to my Heart, being satisfy'd they result from Envy and Jealousy; so that my Reputation in Physick enlarges it self Daily, and spreads even to the *Indies*, where their Names can never expect to find an honourable Mention.

BUT setting aside these invidious Remarks on so

useful

useful a Project: *Atty Brogue*, who has the Superintendency of all the medicinal Chests and Drugs which are sent thither, had form'd a most wicked and selfish Design, to fill most of the Chests with distinct Packets of his own; and accordingly tamper'd with the Supra-Cargo to go joint Sharers in the Profit and the Roguery.

THE Man, having a blunt Honesty in him, natural to Salt-Water Complexions, reason'd with *Atty* upon the Odiousness of the Crime, and what an indelible Stain so great a Violation of Trust would leave upon his Character.

ATTY, seemingly surpriz'd at the Tar's unfashionable Squeemishness, told him, *That his Reluctance could be no more than a Feint.--- I would not give a Doit, says he, for a Fellow that has not a true Steel'd Buccaneer's Conscience. I am my self a Land-Fyrate, and so we are all, to a Man, in this Dispensary Project: And depend upon it, a Draught of Aurum Potabile will cheer thy Heart, and correct all the Qualms that arise from a purg Breach of Trust.*

THE Tar, no ways mov'd by *Atty's* sordid Persuasions, rejected the Offer. *Atty* stifling his Resentment at that Instant, took his Opportunity to represent this honest Fellow to the Projectors, as not qualify'd for the Trust; gets him turn'd out, and sends over for a trusty Fingalian to substitute in his Place.

IN the mean Time, *Atty* suspecting the Consequence of such a bold Step, contrives to withdraw his Packets out of the Chests; and to skreen himself from

from further Enquiries, parts with his Share in the *Dispensary*.

THE Relation he bears to me, gives me a Sensibility of the Fact beyond Expression. How natural is it, upon this Occasion, for the *Regular Physicians* to double their Clamours against my Stage, and to break Jest with all their Patients who are concern'd in the Project? *What less could be expected*, says one, the other Day, *from such a Projecting Quack, such a Tumbler, such Fiddlers, Buffoons, and Andrews, but first to pick the Pockets of all their Spectators, and then pick one another's?*

THIS Project was a Creature so entirely my own, I first giving Life to it, nourishing and rearing it up to this Perfection, thro' all the Obstacles which have been thrown in its Way; and bearing thro' all the manifest Contradictions the Success of it lay expos'd to, that if it should miscarry at last, I am afraid my Stage will soon tumble after it.

I am very much at a loss how to act upon this Occasion: If I countenance him after this Breach, my Enemies will think I am in the Secret: If I abandon him, he must starve: But he has so much useful Knavery, that I cannot, without some nameless Inconveniencies, throw him up.

Resolv'd, notwithstanding this, and many other Scars in his Credit, to retain him in my Service to buy in Foreign Drugs; but I have had some Thoughts of shortening his Places and Perquisites, to give the World a Colour of my Resentment, and yet leave him a Subsistence.

HE bears so many Characters under me, that I cannot

cannot easily recollect them: Let me see, he is, in the first Place, *Intendant* of my *West-India* Dispensary, *Broker* for *Foreign Drugs*, *Accountant General* of my Stage; and, after he has done the Drudgery of the Day, in these several Capacities, he carries my Cloak.

I have, in Consideration of his other important Services, dispens'd with his wearing a Shoulder-Knot, and other Badges of Servitude, for which he is thankful; but whenever he is malapert, I snub him with — *Sirrah, to Cloak*.

THESE Rebukes, you must think, were a little painful to him at first, but being always retain'd in the Character of a *Setting-Dog* to the Stages he has serv'd in, this Usage is familiariz'd to his Constitution.

I am under no Apprehension of his quitting my Service, and going over to any Rival Stages of the Town, he being so noted a *Renegade*, that my Signs of Contrition for his frequent Revolts will make a suitable Attonement.

I should be glad to hear the wicked Dog's Apology for his last fraudulent Action, pleasing my self with the glorious Effrontery he will exert upon that Occasion.

I flatter my self, I am pretty secure from being brought in as an Accessary to the Guilt, having train'd up all my Followers to a certain *Continence of Tongue*, that I could almost persuade my self they would run the very Length of *Tyburn*, rather than betray so generous a Master.

The

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The High-German Doctor. N^o 16.

From Tuesday, June 22. to Friday, June 25. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

ATTY Brogus, being fallen from his Station of *Intendant* of the *West India Dispensary*, I am under no small Perplexities, how to supply the Loss, or fill it with equal Advantage to the Character it bore under this happy Administration.

I have Crowds of Candidates daily soliciting for the Vacancy, who boast of being well vers'd in *Arithmetick* and *Book-Keeping*, and pretend they are qualify'd (a few Errors excepted) to bring up an Account, and make it answer to the Satisfaction of all Persons concern'd in the most extensive Project.

I pity the shallow Reach of such People, who are making vast Interest to prove themselves foolishly Significant, and expose their small Stock of Knowledge to Contempt.

IF Accounts were the chief Things to be consider'd, or was it a bare Concern of Profit and Loss, I could be supply'd at my Door, several of my *Zanies* and *Tumblers* being sufficiently qualify'd for Figures, more of them for *Noughts*.

BUT as this is of a very different Nature from
all

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all other Projects, so it requires a Person of very peculiar Talents to manage up to the Height of our Design. In the vulgar Commerce of Life, every thing comes under proper Calculations, and may be adjusted, even to a Demonstration, by an indifferent Hand. But, in this Physical Traffick of ours, there are some things so Chimerical, and out of the common Way of Dealing, that the most mechanical Head, with all it's Train of Certainities, would be wretchedly confounded. An heedless Volubility of Tongue, and artful Evasing an Account, is of more use to our *Dispensary Project* than a *Numerical Table*. We subsisting chiefly upon Paradoxes, are compell'd to employ People who can make *Contradictions* pass for *Self-evident Truths*: Having founded our *Dispensary* for Two Years, and promis'd an *Interest* upon the *Prime Cost* of our Medicines, *Atty's* Province was to persuade all People concern'd, That the unemploy'd Stock of Drugs brought in more Profit to the *Staga Corporation* than if they had been dispens'd. When we had given out a Report, That several Ware-Houses have been taken up Abroad to secure our Chests of Medicines from the Inclemency of the Weather; and the *Regular Physicians* have cry'd out in *Nubibus*, *Atty* has run over Forty Places, which he has coin'd out of his own *Imagination*; and swore he had given Earnest.

THERE are so many Qualifications requisite to *Atty's* Station, that the Man who possesses all of them may be the Boast of an whole Century: He must have the *servile Cringe* of a *Foot-Man*: The Baseness of a Fellow meanly Educated, who does not apprehend

apprehended when he is handſomely ſet off, he muſt
 answer all Objections without Premeditation, and
 grant or deny at Random; he muſt be often put to a
 Stand, without the Grace of Blushing: He muſt
 plunge boldly thro' all Difficulties, take all his Ma-
 ſter's Blanders upon himſelf, and, in fine, have all the
 cloſe Pores of a Bailiff's Conſcience.

I never propos'd much Advantage to my ſelf by
 this Project, only, as I imagin'd, it might give me
 ſomething of an *Eclat* amongst the *Illiterate*, and
 gratify'd my Vanity in drawing in ſo many Perſons
 who had been concern'd with the *Regular Phyſicians*,
 which was no ſmall Triumph to me, after I had been
 reputed a *Quack* and a *Bankrupt*.

SOMETIMES, to try the Pulse of the Audi-
 ence, I have occaſionally order'd *Smut*, or *Atty*, to tell
 them, *This* *West-India* *Dispensary* *had not only*
clear'd it ſelf, but likewise all incidental Charges
of the Stage, before a ſingle Cheſt of Medicines was
been Ship'd off. I own I have been in ſome Pain
 about the Event of ſuch bold Declarations, but find-
 ing People's *Digeſtion* good, I have left my Agents
 to their Diſcretion.

ONE Article, which keeps this popular Story in
 Countenance, is, That ſome *Practitioners*, who were
 concern'd in the Stage before I hir'd it, had taken up
 ſeveral Drugs upon Credit, and I finding it a proper
 Opportunity of Ingratiating my ſelf, under Colour
 of Paying the Perſons who had ſupply'd the Stage,
 propos'd to erect this *Dispensary*: After I had
 propos'd this moſt equitable and ſurprizing Expedient,
 ſome grew clamorous, and contended that the *Bill*

of Medicines, furnish'd to the Use of the Stage, might be clear'd at one Payment, but I having the Purse, over-rul'd those Demands, being resolv'd to set the Stage clear after my own Way, to which they were all forc'd to submit.

SOME, I hear, are constantly terrifying the Sharers in this Project with Jealousies, That the Drugs and Physical Packets are no ways proportion'd to the Climate, or Constitutions of the Persons we send them to, they making use of what they call the *Catholick-Pill*, upon the least Disorder, and laying a Stress upon it, even to a Degree of Superstition. For my own part, if I must be plain, I have, for some Time, had so slender an Opinion of our Project, that I contrive to throw in some plausible Obstructions in the Way, being apprehensive that the medicinal Chests may be look'd upon as prohibited Goods, and the Cargo confiscated, which I shall answer with a very ill Grace to my Partners.

THERE are a Set of People who give into Surprizes, and are always wond'ring how I maintain this *Dispensary Project*; how I pay off the *Druggists* Yearly for what they bring in, and the Arrears of Physick due from the *Old Stage*. That should be a Secret by right, if I was under any Suspicion, that the Publication of it could do me a Prejudice, but finding the Vulgar so governable, let the *Regular Physicians* improve it after their own Way.

I support all the present and past *Exigencies* of this Project out of the current Profits of the Stage, Tax-

ing every Packet I deliver out so much extraordinary. There are some inquisitive Knaves so curious to examine each single Packet, and concluding by the Smell, and Tasse, and Effects, that the same Numerical Ingredients are in these as the former, repine at paying a double Rate, and charge me with Exaction.

WHEN I find the Bite a little too open, I Lump my Packets, mixing those for *Gripes*, *Consumptions*, *Hecticks*, and *Radicated Distempers*, all together, and putting different Estimates upon them, they pass glibly with the Crowd: The Application of these Profits rests in me, and what with throwing in a Packet extraordinary sometimes, or returning part of the Money to some of the most inquisitive of the *Censors*, who gave it me, I fit pretty easy under the Clamours of the Disgusted.

SOME are so envious as to insinuate, That whilst People lay under *chronical Distempers*, and were oblig'd to go thro' severe and *Regular Courses* of Physick, they paid no dearer for the Medicines than they have since their Constitutions, as they are told, are in a manner restor'd.

BUT how easy is it to satisfy these Complaints, and divert their Thoughts with Stories of *Radicated Distempers*, and the Effects of former Poison, which is not thoroughly purg'd off, and that an *Antidote* is always more Costly than the *venomous Drug*.

THUS are we forc'd to play off the *Impertinence* of

of some busy Patients, and, by conjuring up new Symptoms, persuade them they are never well; besides, when fanciful People grow weary of their old Physicians, and apply to a new one, that Practitioner knows little of Physick-Craft, who does not make a Property both of the Body and Purse of such Patients.

BUT to return to my *Foreign Dispensary*: I was a long time in Dispute with my self what Title to give it: I once thought it should go under the Name of the *Japan Dispensary*, but when I consider'd some testy People might think the Voyage so tedious and remote as never to find their Account in the Returns; tho' upon second Thoughts, it would have answer'd my Purpose more effectually, by keeping the Sharers so long in Suspence, till I had serv'd my self of the Project.

BUT most People's Imaginations being warm'd with the Hopes of possessing what is nearest their reach, I narrow'd the Distance by some Leagues, and consented to give it the Name of the *West-India Dispensary*. Some Wags, I am sensible, call it, in ridicule, the *Mine-Adventure*, and, to be sincere, I was once a thinking to give it *that* Name, as promising vast Returns from so big a Sound, joyn'd to the Situation of the Places where we send our Medicines: But I congratulate my self upon my Caution, that I did not throw so obvious a Banter in the Regulars Way, that Project ha-

ving been so distinguish'd in the World, and, I'Gad, 'tis Ten to One but some of my loving Friends, might have taken this of the Dispensary to be much of the same Stamp.

IT is the Fate of most Projectors to miscarry in the first Enterprize, and their Successors to reap the Advantage they have studiously labour'd after; but I may value my self so far, that if this Project fails in my Hands, no Man will have Courage to take it up after me, or build his Fortune upon my Ruins.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 17.

From Friday, June 25. to Tuesday, June 29. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Have suffer'd so much in my Reputation, alate, by permitting some mercenary Fellows to cry up my Practice beyond a Possibility of being credited, that I am resolv'd to contract my self, for the future, into a narrow Space, and publish in my own Name, and for my private Use. All those stretch'd Characters of my Worth, serving only to render me splendidly Ridiculous, and reflecting no small Dishonour upon me, by their grounding all they say or write upon the Authority of my Stage.

I had so full a Confidence in my Operators, and thought we had been so well agreed in our Methods of Practice, that my Dispensations in Physick, and their Operations in Chymistry and Surgery, might have been carry'd on to answer the Fancies of our Patients, and secure, at least, a plausible Character to our Performances.

BUT *Harry*, affecting a Supremacy in the Stage, and squaring all his Projects by a strong Current of Fancy, has, it seems, for some Time past, hir'd a Couple of mercenary deep-mouth'd Hounds, with

Black Sashes, to run about Weekly, and try up our great Art and Mystery of Corn-Cutting: One pretends he is employ'd by Dr. *Hermodastyl* to examine the Position of the Corn: The Other, a more stupid and unintelligible Hireling, admonishes them never to apply to any Regular Practitioner, but to trust to our *Incisions* and *Plaister*.

SUCH bold Declarations as these, issued without much Reason to support them, and coming from Hands not much celebrated for *Dissections*, could not promise an uninterrupted Success: And, indeed, the Event has been answerable in such wise Undertakings: For the Company of Barber-Surgeons, whose Province it is to examine all Disasters both in Head and Feet, have enter'd their Protest against these Vagabonds Proceedings; and if discover'd, it's possible may be put to the Swedish Torture appointed for Vagrants in Black. It will scarce be credited in later Ages, what Swarms have been allur'd by their strong Lungs, and confident Bills, to submit to their Operations; and might have reign'd in the Opinions of fanciful People to this Day, if they had not cut them to the Quick.

THIS forward Behaviour of these Pretenders could never have been warranted, but only by a Supposition, That the affected Part was entirely Dead, and Callous; or, That the Patients were so well prepar'd, as to squeak upon the most violent Operation; but not having entirely lost their Sensation, they begin to be apprehensive of the Smart.

THESE unthinking Wretches, I am persuaded, could

could never have forfeited their precarious Credit with the World so early, if they had not, upon their Patients Complaint, order'd them to wear *Wooden-Shoes*, in order to ease their Corns.

YET the cunning Varlets had even a good impudent Fetch for them, under all their Agonies; and roundly told them, *That English Leather might draw down the Humour*; and so order'd them to clap on a Bandage of Wood to keep the Excrescencies from enlarging.

THESE Directions, I am satisfy'd, were never learn'd from an *English Surgery*; but *Harry's Itinerant Practitioners*, finding how easy some of their *French* Patients are in their Feet under such Limitations, thought fit to introduce the same *Practice* here.

THE People of our Climate, who have always valued themselves upon the Liberty of their Feet, could not, one would think, but perceive so vile a Difference: But Dr. *Bungey* having blinded their Eyes, they could not discover the Deformity of the lower Parts whilst the Suffusion was upon their Eyes.

IF we may suppose a Notion of Thrift could come in Competition with the Ease and Tranquility of a Person's Constitution, one should be tempted to think, that the heavy Tax upon Leather might lead some People into an Opinion of the wholesome Use of *Wooden-Shoes*.

BUT this Supposition falls to the Ground, when we consider, that most of these thoughtless Animals were so scar'd with the Apprehension of *Wooden-*

Shoes in Eighty-Eight, when no Tax was laid, and they were barely pinch'd, that they frankly offer'd up all their Wealth to the great President *William*, to be freed from them.

FOR my own Part, I thought the *Spanish* Leather might have been more generally receiv'd, upon the Account of its Softness, and other Advantages; but my Enemies of the Stage think there is a *French* Lining under it.

THIS I recommend only to Persons in private; for it is not suppos'd that so great a *Practitioner*, who is chiefly concern'd in the vital Part of the Constitution, should stoop so low as to busy himself with the Extremities of the Body.

BUT as there is no Action of the Stage, how remote soever, but affects my Character, so I have been frequently giving into a Blush, to see some of my Stage-Retinue flourish their Bills, and hear them roaring out in broken *English*, *Here's your new Operators, that can cut to a Hair's length! — How many have been lost by the Quacks and Pretenders of the former Age?* Then give a Caper, to shew their Art and Agility, *Good People, leave your selves to our Care, and Doctor Gambol's Direction, and, depend on it, we'll tread firm.*

THIS they deliver in so comical a Manner, and with such arch Gestures, that the Audience are constrain'd to Laugh, tho' they are in Pain, and almost crippl'd with their Operations.

I did not imagine *Buffonry* could have been of that Service to an Operator, till *Harry* convinc'd me of the Necessity of it, in the Persons of his Tools, who

who never enter upon a great Debate without a Laugh. This, they tell you, *diverts People's Senses from dwelling upon the Pain, and makes them believe they are in less Danger, because you jest with their Constitutions.*

I was never an Enemy to Archness in my own way of Practice; but then mine is a dry Wit, illustrated with good Significant Nods and Shrugs; but not so Comprehensive as that which is attended with Motion. The Vivacity of the Operator glares in the Eyes of the Patients, and busies his Senses so much, that the Operation is perform'd before he is aware.

THERE must certainly be something in it, else how could People sit down easy under such frequent Manglings, and drawing Plaisters? I pretend to know something of the Ability of these *Corn-Cutting Slaves*, and am pretty well acquainted with all their choice Secrets in *Surgery*; and I aver, they do nothing but scarify the Part affected with a *French Razor*; and at other times torture it with a Plaister of *Burgundy-Pitch*. These, you'll say, are but indifferent Regalements to one who has any Sense of Feeling left; yet by their Dexterity of Motion, and a *Corinthian Order of Countenance*, they have bully'd and sneer'd all the weak People into an Opinion of their Practice, and crippled half the Nation.

NOW, for the Safety of these worthy Operators, it is *Hermodactyl's* humble Opinion, That instead of maiming a Toe, they should, by some clean Amputation, disable their Patients from Standing, for if ever they get upon their Legs, and tread firm once

more, it's very possible these worshipful Artists may be crippled in their turn, and put out of a Capacity of rising.

I hope none of these dext'rous Gentlemen can be offended with me for leaving them entirely to their own Worth, and drawing off in Time from the Suspicion of being concern'd in these manual Operations. I am told, by some of my dear Friends, That I have enough to answer for in my *Physical Capacity*; that for two Summers running, many have dropp'd thro' my Means, besides some other Dispatches laid to my Charge, which I am very tender of Recapitulating, or aggravating my own Mistakes, by the Patronage of others.

THERE must certainly be something in the new code People sit down early under such treatment, and drawing Lessons: I pretend to know something of the History of this Country, and am pretty well acquainted with all their choice Secrets in Surgery; and I have, no notion but certainly the Part affected with a *Wound Rotor*; and at other times tortore it with a *Wound of the Wound*. I have, you'll say, no but indifferant Regiments to one who has any *The* of Feeling left; yet by their Dexterity of Motion, and a Corinthian Order of Countenance, they have bull'y'd and threat'ed all the weak People into an Opinion of their Force, and crippled half the Nation. Now, for the safety of these worthy Operators, it is Hermodorus's humble Opinion, That instead of maintaining a Force they should, by some clean and motion, disable their Patients from standing for it, and they get upon their Legs, and tread upon one

The High-German Doctor. N^o 18.

From Tuesday, June 29. to Friday, June 2. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE frequent Clashes between *Harry Gambo* and me, being, in the Opinion of the Generality, work'd up to a compleat Breach, have, in a great Measure, allarm'd even the Attendants of my own Stage, who are very solicitous to know if there is any Truth in the Rumour, and if so, how they must govern themselves in this Juncture, and what they must trust to.

IF you, Doctor, says they, quit the Stage, and Harry succeeds you in the principal Station, we are apprehensive of his introducing strange Customs amongst us; that he'll pay our Salaries worse than you do; and, perhaps, may set the Stage on Fire in one of his gay Frolicks.

I could not refrain Smiling to see how successfully the Plot work'd, which *Harry* and I had laid in Concert. Not long since, I perceiv'd a visible Decay in my Practice, which I attributed to that strict Correspondence there was reported to be betwixt *Harry* and me. He was always look'd upon very violent and bloody in his Operations, which, with a ruffling Air in all his Addresses to his Patients,

ents, lessen'd him extreamly in the Opinion of the sober Part of Mankind. This Intimacy had like to have involv'd me in the same Scandal, which I endeavour'd to clear my self of, by affecting a Coolness and Distance: During this affected Separation, I complain'd to some of the chief Operators, of his insupportable Carriage, his wild Experiments, and his Ignorance of the Constitutions he took under his Care, and show'd my Publick Dislike of his *Manual Operations*: Some People, it's true, wonder'd I did not turn him off, but I told them, our *Stage* was so unhappily Circumstantiated, that every one had his proper Patients as well as the Doctor.

THIS Project has answer'd our Expectation beyond Measure, and enlarg'd the Credit of the Stage. Several, by this means, who were going off to the *Regular Physicians* for Advice, having stopp'd, in hopes of being treated with Care and Temper under my *Regulation*, whilst *Harry* still retains all his *High Sanguine Patients* to a Man.

I please my self often with the divided Opinions of Patients, concerning our Physical Administrations; to hear us two concern'd in the Secret, and agreeing in the Preparation, so differently Characteriz'd, gives one sufficient Sport. *I had still an Opinion of Hermodactyl's Physick*, says one: *It works somewhat roughly at first, but goes off clean, and carries off the noxious Humours with it: But as to Gambol's Operations and Physick, they are too violent for a Horse: Who, in his right Senses, would take a Dose from the Hands of a Madman?*

SOME

SOME Persons of good Penetration have been so deceiv'd with my solemn Decrying of *Gambol's Operation* and *Practise*, that they have alter'd their Notion of my Medicines, and could be perswaded to take Physick at my Hands, as soon as from any *Regular Physician's*, and think I have abandon'd that *Spruce Quack*.

BUT there is a nearer Conjunction than the World imagines: His Interest and mine are too close link'd, to think of a Separation: All the little Disputes which arise, are but so many *artful Quarrels*, and bearing a near Resemblance with the *Sweetnings* and *Sourings* made use of in some of the *Lower Faculties* of Life.

WE divide our Practise between *Acids* and *Alkali's*: *Harry* is a Bigot to *Acids*, and when he has tortur'd a Constitution with his damn'd Corrosive of a *Vinegar-Bottle*, I am no sooner call'd in, but I shake my Head, as disallowing the former Method, and pretend to correct all the four Steams with my *Alkali's*.

WE serve our selves more effectually by these seeming Dissensions, than we could by the closest Agreement; our Enemies flattering themselves, that the Stage must fall by such intestine Jars, are less vigorous in forwarding our Dissolution by any violent Measures of their own.

HARRY, being of an impetuous Nature, takes all the desperate Cases under his Care; and being perswaded the Stage is so well establish'd, that he shall never be question'd for his random Practise, makes fatal Experiments daily upon his Patients.

I that have an Eye to Security, hope, by comporting my self indifferently, and not tying my self down to any fix'd Method of Practice, as it has been my Custom alate, to retrieve my Character so far with some Patients I formerly abandon'd, as to preserve my Tenure of the Stage, even tho' the *Galenical Method* of Practice should become fashionable; but if that fails, the Method concerted between me and *Gambol*, will answer my Ends as fully.

I wish I could keep *Harry* in a little better *Decorum*, as to the talkative Part. He lies so open to every one in his Practice, and disguises it so little, that he renders his *Physick* nauseous, and gives the Patient sick Qualms before it is administered.

THEN he is talking of *Cauterisks*, and deep *Incisions*, which terrify all tender Constitutions; so that our Practice will be narrow'd in that Branch.

NAY, sometimes he is so *Arbitrary* and *Idle* in his Notions, that he contends for having but one sort of *Physick* dispens'd in all Cases, and to force it down a Patient's Throat, if he dislikes it. Then closes the Practice of the Day, with a Page or two out of a large Folio of *Hereditary Right*, and after that *Purgandos ad Renos*.

I propose to wait some Time to see what good Effects this *dodging Practice* will produce to our Stage; if I find Operations lazy on *Harry's* Side, I'll e'en think of making *Interest* with the *Censors* of the College to be a *Licentiate*, which would be

no difficult Matter to obtain, if they were perswaded, I would never relapse into Quackery.

I think I can do well justify'd against Harry's Clamours, that he cannot charge me with any considerable Errors in Practice, except what I was forc'd upon when I first mounted the Stage, and I flatter my self there will be some allowance made for them.

IF Harry should be Whimsical, and fancy I am all this time working his violent Medicines out of Credit, by my gentle and moderate Doses, and endeavour to supplant me amongst his high Sanguine-Complexion'd Patients, it cannot long remain a Secret, and the Minute I hear of it, I'll dismiss him from his Stage-Attendance.

I have often heard, that some Scaramouches of Harry's Acquaintance should, in a Threatning manner, dare me to the Experiment, but I shall let them know, that as I brought Harry from another Stage, and entred him in mine, so he is an absolute Dependent upon me, and that I can part with him at Pleasure, whatever imaginary Skill the Furnace-Breed may think him possess'd of, or how necessary soever they may fancy him to me.

THE only Difficulty would be, how to evade the Importunity of the Fair Sex in his behalf: The young Dog boasts of a stubborn Interest with them, which can never be rooted out; if it should be known I was really determin'd to part with him, I should be told, in very free Terms,

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Terms, that he was the Standing Grace of my Stage, and must be kept.

I hear by some, that if an Attempt of that Nature should be made, my Cousin Poplin would interpose with a great Patient of mine to keep him in. I would have my Cousin pretty tender upon that Head, for fear of adding fresh Beauties to her late Honour, and lest People should be apt to think his Chine is the most ornamental Part of his Character, and she slighted my Physick to see an Operation of Gambol's.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 19.

From Friday, July 2. to Tuesday, July 6. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Have been so much perplex'd, alate, with the little Brigues of the Stage, that I could not stretch into the remote Branches of my Art; or give that Satisfaction to the Curious which the first Publication of my Bills promis'd. The narrow Province of Physick, tho' of the greatest Importance to Constitutions, not answering the respective Demands of my *Whimsical Patients*, I am oblig'd to exert my self in another Way, and convince the World of my diffusive Knowledge.

AS all *Practitioners* of the sublime and mysterious Kind, have peculiar Badges, by which they distinguish themselves from the Vulgar, some by their Globes, others by their Telescopes, a Third by their *Jacob's Staff*, so I have founded a Reputation by my *Divining-Wand*, which I always carry about me.

WHEN the common Methods of Practice fail, and People are at a stand, in order to carry them beyond their Comprehension, I have constant recourse to this *Wand*; I first wave it in the Air, that surprises them, the Surprise makes a strange Concussion in the

the Spirits; and when I find the Disorder strong upon the Imagination, I charge them to beware of all Pretenders in Physick, whilst I top the Pretender on them in my own Person at pleasure.

THIS Instrument, you must understand, is of great Authority amongst People of all Ranks, they being possess'd that some extraordinary Gift or Faculty is lodg'd in the Person who bears it: Besides that, it being reported to have a Power of discovering hidden Treasures, the Generality idolize it as a Charm.

I need not run back into Antiquity to inform you that *Mercury*, the greatest Thief amongst the Mock-Deities, had this *Wand* assign'd him, as one of the Signatures of his Office.

THE Regular Practitioners, who by the force of Reason, and entering into the Merits of each Prescription of mine, discover frequent Errors, and by reproachful Inferences, would fix a Blemish upon my Practice, and lessen the Authority of my Skill in that particular Way, finding themselves wretchedly defeated when I bring forth my *Wand*, and flourish it upon the Stage.

THIS binds the most Clamorous to Rest, tames the many-headed Monster, and opens a Passage to all Hearts and Affections, with the same Success as the *Golden Rod* of *Aeneas's* Guide did to all the obscure Meanders below.

THE Miracles I have perform'd by this *Wand* might surpass your Belief, if the living Witnesses did not concur to the Truth of it, and convince the Enemies of my Stage, how much a blind Superstition

to

to a *Caduceus*, in the Hands of an Artist, deck'd out with the empty Title of *Most Noble Doctor*, has silenc'd all the Esteem for the Rational and Plain Prescription of the Faculty.

BEFORE I enter'd upon this *Stage-Practice*; I duly weigh'd with my self, how the Eyes might be allur'd to Advantage; the Ears brought to a Jingle; in fine, how all the Senses might be warm'd, and the Affections gain'd; Argument and fine Reason I knew to be a Drudgery wholly useless in this Age; so few were to be forc'd out of the beaten Track of Life, or persuaded to quit the lazy Mode of Thinking, that I resolv'd upon a Flourish, as the only Expedient for establishing my Credit.

HENCE proceeded this Swarm of *Andrews*, *Tumblers*, *Stage-Sweepers*, and *Zanios*, which I have plac'd in the Front of my Stage, to stare People out of Countenance, or at least divert their Thoughts from Attending the Course of my Dispensations, whilst I have been vigilant in the Rear with my *Wand* to silence any Clamours which have been rais'd against their Practice, or Feats of Activity.

THE *Speculative Gender*, I know, acknowledge the Authority of this *Wand*, but question the Vertue of it, therefore I never expect to convert them, I address my self to the honest *unthinking* Majority: Those who have been under the Enchantment, can speak loudly in its Praise. It is to those who have a good Opinion of Charms that I apply my self at present,

present, magical Operations never working so happily upon any but those who have resign'd themselves up implicitly to the Operators.

Fear not, Mortals, none shall harm ye,

With my Sacred Rod, &c.

WHERE the Sons of Art are so much divided, Physick cannon'd into various Opinions, and every well-dress'd Story is brought to the Test, it's possible the Vertues of my *Wand* may be disputed; upon that Score it will be expected from the Rivals of my Stage, that I should give an Account how I came by this *Magical Wand*, and descant on the Effects of it.

I should be under some Restraints in Communicating this part of the Story to the World, if I was not fully convinc'd that a Secret gain'd from inconsiderable Hands, seconded with a prosperous Ruin, takes Place of the most artful Prescription of all the *Regulars* about Town.

THIS *Wand* was given me by an old Lady, who knew little of the Virtue of it; only recommended with this Character; That I might find my Account in it, and the Profit would depend entirely upon my Dexterity in managing the Flourish. When it was deliver'd to me, you will judge I was very awkward in my Flourishes, and fail'd mightily in the Propriety of Gesture, till at last I found a slovenly Behaviour

Behaviour wore by degrees into the Negligent, and I was allow'd to perform my Evolutions of the *Wand* to all the Exactness of a train'd Conjuror.

BUT not to detain you longer in Suspence, will you give Credit to the Atchievements of my *Wand*? I am forc'd to bespeak your Candour, because all extraordinary Occurrences in Practices are look'd upon as Legends by Sceptical People. This not only discovers hidden Treasure, but works strongly upon the Imaginations of the People, and is Gifted with all the Powers of Conjurat[i]on. The first Day it was put into my Hand, I found out all my Enemies by its *Divining Power*, and being naturally fond of making Experiments, I had no sooner flourish'd it, but all the Enemies of my Stage fled beyond the Reach of its Influence, which encourag'd me to proceed further in the Exercise of it.

AFTER that, a Body of *Regular Physicians* standing in my Way, and I fearing to be interrupted by them, laid my *WAND* over their Heads in a menacing Air, and dispers'd them on a sudden: This I really believe was more owing to their Fears at that Time, than to the Virtue of the *Wand*.

THERE was an House said to be haunted with terrible Spirits and *Hobgoblins*, I put my self under the same Roof to try if they were of the mischievous Kind, I could not rest either by Day or Night: I at last consulted my Familiar, and stretching my *Wand* over them, dissolv'd that wicked Confederacy.

MY Deceased Brother *Winstanly*, with all his mechanical Operations, never made such *Changes* and *Revolutions* in his House at *Littlebury*, as I have in my Family, by Virtue of my *Divining Wand*.

IT would almost surpass your Belief to tell you the several Transformations I have made by the Vertue of it: I have turn'd *Lions* into *Sheep*; bow'd the greatest Spirits into the Nature of *Asses*, only by laying my *Wand* upon them, tipped with a proper Metal.

I mount a Dozen of *Wizards* at a Time upon my *Wand*, and let them run a Heat in the Air: I transported one *Dr. John*, many Leagues off, in a Night's Time, by laying this *Wand* upon him, and repeating a few unintelligible Words in the Nature of a Charm. This Instrument has an Influence not only over living, but inanimate Bodies: It works powerfully in the Transmutation of Metals, and has often made *Tin* pass for *Gold* amongst your shallow-sighted People, to the great Support of my *Stage*. By this *Wand* I have cast Mists before People's Eyes, that they have not been able to distinguish Friend from Foe, and made them quarrel in the Dark, so far as to divide their *Interests*.

NAY, I have enchanted my Patients to such a Degree, that they have believ'd their Purfes fuller by Draining, and made them pay for the same Packets four Times over, and they not discover the *Bite*.

SOME have been so weak to imagine, that I

I was inclin'd to part with so profitable an Article as this *Divining Wand*; and four or five have been said to make Overtures to me for the Purchase of it; but let that pass amongst the Vulgar Errors which have been spread to the lessening my Credit: If I had not been fully sensible of the many Advantages accruing to my *Stage* by the Possession of it, I should not have hazarded my Peace and Tranquility in the Pursuit of it: And, if I am not mistaken, I have grasp'd it so firm, that my Enemies will be forc'd to tear my Flesh in the Struggle, before they wrench it out of my Hand.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 20.

From Tuesday, July 6. to Friday, July 9. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE fanciful young Gentleman, I mention'd to you some time since, under the Tuition of *Le Grand Petit*, who is troubled with such a violent Disorder of the *Animal Spirits*, as to imagine himself a *Prince*, an *Hero*, and sometimes a *Knight* of the *Warming-Pan*, at the Change of the *Moon*, has, it seems, lately broke loose from his Confinement at the Country Seat he was Lodg'd at for recovery of his Health, and strowls about the Sea-Port Towns, with a shatter'd Crew of mercenary Fellows he has tempted to joyn in his desperate Fortunes.

THE Fits, which before were only *Periodical*, and invaded him at certain Season, are now become *Habitual*, and he takes upon himself the *Stile* and *Title of Sovereignty*, with such a *confirm'd Assurance*, as if he was perswaded of the Truth of what he Personates.

IT has always been my Advice to *Le Grand Petit*, to abridge him of any Means of keeping up this *Pageantry*, and reduce him to a low Diet, in order to correct the extravagant Fumes which are
apt

apt to fly into his Head. This he has faithfully promis'd to put in Execution; but I fear he supplies him, under-hand, with Money, and a Retinue, to make this *Mock-Procession*, and feed his Imagination with Images of Royalty he has no Pretence to.

THIS, I am sure, lies upon him to preform, both for his own sake and his Pupil's at this juncture, lest he be taken up for a Madman, and committed to some House of Correction, for disturbing the Peace, and likewise for mine, lest I am Censur'd for these Excursions of his, before I am capable of applying a proper Remedy.

TO deal with a *Lunatick*, and an *Opiniatre* at the same time, is an *unequal Province*: I had, it's true, all the Security of *Bona Fide*, *Le Grand Petit* has been accusom'd to, that he should be entirely under my Care and Direction, but I find, too late, that *Roselle*, the *French Surgeon*, interferes with my *Practice*, and thinks it more expedient for this young Fellow's Case, to run at large, than be put under *Restrictions for a Time*.

THE Case being so Unprecedented, and I hazarding the Credit of my whole Stage for his Recovery, it must certainly fix a Scar upon my Reputation, that I don't put him under a more *Regular Course*; for whatever ill Symptoms appear about him, yet, I having undertaken the Cure, all the Mistakes will lye at my Door.

I am satisfy'd now, that all the *wholesome Prescriptions*, and *study'd Advice*, will never work this *Frenzy* out of his Brain; it must e'en be left to a proper

proper Crisis, and the subtle Air of the Climate, to make a Cure.

BUT amidst my Concern for this distressed Patient, I cannot forbear entertaining my self, at leisure Hours, with the extravagant Airs of People in his Condition: Sure there is a Pleasure in Madness, that mitigates either the Contempt, or irksome-Pity that Men in their sober Senses, express for such unhappy Creatures.

THEIR Notions, tho' *Whimsical*, are pursu'd with that Vigour and Industry, as if they were of the last Importance, which must certainly be fed with a Conceit, *that they are in the Right*. These I take to be owing to strong Impulses upon the Brain convey'd by the *Two Grand Impostors of Life*, either *Priest*, or *Nurse*.

WITHOUT this, it had been impossible for a young Fellow, *who never had any Subsistence but upon Courtesy*, to cherish these false Ideas of Grandeur, or to work up his Imagination to a settled Belief of his *having a Right to be any thing more than the humble Son of a Tyler*.

I dare not offer this to him by way of Advice, he being under such *incurable Prejudices* from Education, that he would think *I had deviated from my promises* of restoring him to Health, if I should suggest a Thought of this Nature; so I am oblig'd to keep upon the Reserve, and suffer him to indulge the Fancy.

I never thought these *Rants* would have extended beyond a private Chamber, or prompted him to run a Muck, after the *Indian Manner*, in so pub-

lick a Riot; but my Accounts from Foreign Parts confirm me; That he is aiming at something by this *Parade*, that such a suspected Practitioner as my self ought to conceal.

BUT since he has been unseasonably merry with himself, I shall, after my laudable Mixture of Jest and Earnest, divert the World with his Extravagancies, his Mock Grandeur, Equipage, Arms, and other Embellishments of Royalty, which I hope will acquit me, if the Regular Physicians don't take it in their Head, That I have, by rich Cordials, increas'd this Warmth of Fancy, instead of abating the Flame.

THE young Gentleman, alate, it seems, has set up the Face of a *Wandering Court*; has appointed two *Dismal Fellows* in Black, with short-Heads, and a String of Beads about their Necks, in the Nature of running Footmen, to march in Front, and proclaim his Title, under the Name of *Prince Prettyman*, tho' his Territory is no larger, at present, than one of our Kings of *Brentford*.

HIS *Regalia*, which he wears upon solemn Days, are some of the merriest Ornaments in Nature, and exactly proportion'd to the Frenzy. His Crown is a *Warming-Ran Bottom*, in allusion to *Mambrino's Helmet* in the Knight of *Le Mancha*; or, perhaps, in Reverence to the first Cradle he was rock'd in: His Scepter is pretty near the Shape of an old *Roman Rod*, which the *Lictors* carry'd about to terrify the People: His *Globe* is an Imitation of *Pandora's Box*, with

Ten Thousand more Plagues than that contain'd. The Arms he assumes upon this Mock Royalty, are *Four Quarterings*; in the first, is *Phœbus's Bull*; in another, a *Wheel*, with a poor Martyr lying upon it, and a *Priest* increasing his Torments with *Holy Paste*: In the third, a beautiful Lady, with an Air of Freedom in her Countenance, shackled; and her lovely Skin deform'd with the Links of the Chain: In the Fourth, a Parcel of *LEWD FRIARS* parcelling out Lands and Tenements: In an *Angle* of the Coat, a bloody *Hand*, to show he is a Knight of *St. Winifred*, or something else; and the *Crest*, a *Flower-de-luce* above all.

THESE are merry Devices, you'll say; but yet the Men of Charity say, *He is not absolutely to be blam'd for his Wildness*: They all agree he was very Temperate for *Nine Years*, till a Fellow in Black, as mad as himself, living near *St. Andrews*, gave out, That he had, in a Vision, seen his full Title to these Honours he assumes, which to a poor Bigot was equal to Inspiration, and set him a *Crown-Hunting*.

BEFORE that Time, I am Inform'd, the Height of his Ambition was coming in with the Dogs at the Death of a Fox, or running about with a *White Feather* and a *Blue Ribbon*, to give an Air to his *Fillemot Completion*, which some Wags thought should have been turn'd into *Leading-Strings*.

I own, I wish the young Quixot well, upon the Score of that Intimacy betwixt *Le Grand Petit* and my self, but am not capable of affording any Relief

at present; if I should attempt to prescribe for him, the College would instantly take the Alarm, and perhaps, fall foul of my Stage, for meddling with Diseases of the Head, which, they say, I have confounded too much already.

IF I can *Tran. dextrously* in my Practice between a private Zeal for his Interest, and an affected Regard to the Constitution, I shall think I have made a narrow Escape from Censure.

I once thought I had the *Censors* pretty secure from Enquiry, but I find their Zeal animated by a Sense of the Calumnies the Constitutions of People lye under, from some of my *Hedge Operators*, and perhaps, mixed with a spice of jealousy, That I never take a *Ten Shilling Fee*, but am generally paid in *French or Spanish Pistoles*. I have observed that many of the People who are willing to see the Book of Fate open'd, and view the several Chances of Life allotted them.

THIS being duly weigh'd, together with a Considerance I naturally have for all whimsical People makes me indulge them in their wanton Enquiries relating to Friends, Marriages, Treasures, Places of Residence, Health, Sickness, Love or Enmities, with many more of the like Nature, which fall within the Rules of Astrology.

I being so great a Prodigent in Metaphysics, and Chymistry, which consist in a perfect Knowledge of the several Lines of the Face and Hands, and of the Judgment of the Good and bad Events of Life from their Aspects; and being likewise well acquainted with that mysterious Doctrine of

The High-German Doctor. N. 20.

From Friday, July 9. to Tuesday, July 13. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies:

TH^O *Physick*, and *Divination by Wands*, are the two Illustrious Branches of my Art, by which I recommend my self to the World, and gain Ground Daily upon the *Regular Physicians*, yet I cannot give up so valuable an Article of Profit as that which comes in by the *Weakness and Credulity* of People, who are willing to see the *Book of Fate* open'd, and view the several Chances of Life allotted them.

THIS being duly weigh'd, together with a Complaisance I naturally have for all whimsical People, makes me indulgethem in their wanton Enquiries, relating to Friends, Marriages, Dreams, Places of Residence, Health, Sicknefs, Love, or Business, with many more of the like Nature, which fall within the Rules of *Astrology*.

I being so great a Proficient in *Metaposcropy*, and *Chiromancy*, which consists in a perfect Knowledge of the several Lines of the Face and Hands, and forming a Judgment of the Good and bad Events of Life from their Aspects; and being likewise well acquainted with that Mysterious Doctrine of *Moles*,

Moles, and their different Positions, no Signature of the Body can escape my wonderful Penetration.

This, joyn'd to a sublime Knowledge of the Planetary World, and Influences of the Stars upon Humane Body, has made me the compleatest Fortune-Teller of this Age, and enabl'd me to Calculate Nativities to the greatest exactness.

THE constant Allarms given the World, alate, by the young Knight of the *Warming-Pan*, who has been so disorder'd in his Head, and so ungovernable in his Fits, that no sober Person could be at Rest in the Neighbourhood for him, has whetted a Curiosity in me to renew my Acquaintance with an Art I had, in a manner, abandon'd.

SOME Persons, I know, will think it too great an Honour done him, to enquire into his Birth; but the Figure he makes Abroad, and the Opinion he has led People into of his Princely Extraction may make the Calculation an Entertainment worthy of the Curious.

AND since some have given so far into the Frenzy, as to believe him Born for something extraordinary; and that those royal Airs become him, I have been the more exact in my Observations, and pointing out his Destiny, from the infallible Rules of Art.

IN order to this, I have not only consider'd the Predominant Planets of his Geniture, but have likewise carefully examin'd the several Lines of his Hand, and I can the more boldly determine upon him.

THIS young Lunatick, it seems, was Born the 10th of June, Old Stile, Anno Dom. 1688, at 10 in the Morning, 10 Min. in a Convent of the Jacobin Fryars; the Pole elevated 51 Deg. 30 Min.

SATURN is Lord of the Horoscope, in which Geniture, Saturn falleth in the Seventh House of Aries: Jupiter in the Ninth, in the beginning of Gemini: The Sun in the Tenth, in Cancer, and in Conjunction with Mercury, who is Retrograde, and in Square of Saturn: Mars in Virgo, possesseth the Twelfth House: The Moon in Scorpio, the Second House; Venus being Retrograde to Leo.

AMONGST all the Planets and Signs concerned in the Birth of a Person, I never observ'd any less Benevolent, or more meanly Dignify'd; and as the Posture is the most Dejected, so I found all the Linaments of his Hand unfortunate.

SATURN afflicting the rest of the Luminaries with a malignant Aspect, and from a violent Sign, denotes great Doubts and Fears, and study'd Concealments at his Birth: That very few were to be present, and those blinded with Interest or Zeal, and in pain lest the Illegitimacy should be detected, whereof the troubled Character upon the Region of Saturn is an undoubted Argument.

SATURN falling in the Seventh House in Aries, confirms his Illegitimacy, by sheltering him in that House of the Zodiac propitious to Foundlings.

JUPITER in the Ninth House, in the beginning of Gemini, denotes the Pomp of a Regal Geniture, in order to countenance the Birth, but attended with such Circumstances as give just Suspicions

cions of his being a *Supposititious Child*, and the surviving One of the Two Children which were prepar'd upon that Occasion.

THE *Sign* in the *Tenth House* in *Cancer*, and in *Conjunction* with *Mars*, who is *Retrograde*, and in *Square* of *Saturn*, denotes a cruel Heart, with *Sharp Claws*, very *ravenous*, and of a *plundering Disposition*, *averse to Humanity*, and all *Principles of Moderation*; tainted likewise with such a *Spirit of Bigottry*, as to *forget tender Consciences* wherever he is concern'd.

MARS in *Kingo*, possessing the *Twelfth House*, has a terrible *Aspect*, denoting *Rapes*, and laying Waste the *Honour* of *spotless Virgins*, and giving them up to the *licentious Passions* of a *Foot-Soldier*, or a *Dragoon*.

THE *Moon* in *Scorpio*, in the *second House*, *Venus* being *Retrograde* to *Leo*, denotes a *revengeful Mother*, big with *Italian Malice*, and *French Faith*, stinging and tormenting all that oppose her: *Prefaging* likewise, That all the *Principles of Good Nature* in the young *Lunatick*, will be swallow'd up in *brutal Rage*, in *opposition* to the *generous Courage* of the *Hero*.

As the *Planets* are not very favourable to his *Nativity*, so I cannot, without betraying the *Honour* and *Dignity* of my *Art*, promise a much better *Disposition* from the *Signatures* of his *Hand*.

BEFORE I describe them, it is necessary the *Curious* should know, That only those *Lines* and *Signatures* of the *Hand* are esteem'd *Benevolent*, in whole *Tubercles*, or *Risings*, the accustomed *Lines* are:

are found to be equal; their Characters fair and proportionable; as three or four Parallel Lines, Ladders, little Branches, a Quadrangle, or the Character of Jupiter. But the *Uron* and *Uro* fortunate are those whose Right side is deflected with troubled Lines, and unsmooth Flours, as a Line and interrupted Semi-Circle, a Grid-Iron, or the Character of Saturn. And this must be Religiously observ'd in forming a Judgment from the Lineaments of the Hand.

FIRST, his Table is very narrow, which portends Obscurity of Life and Fortune.

HIS Middle-Line Cutting in two, soon discontinuing, and of a pale Colour, denotes an untimely End, and being cut off in the Flower of his Age.

A Line surrounding the Thumb in the middle Joynt, clearly portends by what Instrument he shall Die, viz. a Noose.

THE Vital-Line being broken towards the End thereof, by a double Incisure, is very ominous, and forbodes a violent Death in the 29th Year of his Age.

THE Line passing by the Vital, to the Concave of Mars, and there erecting a Cross with the Half-Line of Saturn, betokens Skirmishes, and Flight. The Crooked Line ascending from the Cavea of Mars to the Tubercle of Saturn, threatens Imprisonment, or at least Confinement at a Vassal's House in a few Months.

THE three Parallel Lines drawn from the Tubercle of the Sun to the Vital, promise him a Glimpse of Honour from some Courtiers and Priests;

but

but then the Intersection of these Lines, makes the Event doubtful.

AS these Signatures point out his *Destiny*, so they likewise denote the badness of his *Disposition*.

THE *Saturnus*, descending by an unaccustom'd Part, plainly shows a *corrupt Nature*.

THE *Thorai Line*, emitting small Branches towards the *Ferient*, discover troublesome Passions raging in his Breast, as *Tyranny*, *Incontinence*, and *Breach of Faith*.

THE *Saturnia Particle* in the *Cavea of Mars*, portends *fruitless Expeditions in War*, *foolish Counsels*, and *unfortunate Events*.

IN short, there is nothing to be observ'd in his *Geniture* that disposes to a *prosperous End*.

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The High-German Doctor. N^o 22.

From Tuesday, July 13. to Friday, July 16. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Smile at the impotent Malice of those *obscure Physicians*, who are continually traducing my Character; and, notwithstanding the frequent Proofs I have given of my Ability, and inviolable Attach to the Good of the Constitution, allow me to be no better than a *Quack*, and *mysterious Juggler*.

BUT I think my self sufficiently recompenc'd for all these hard Names, by the good Opinion and Confidence I have establish'd with the *College* and *Censors of Great Britain*, who have, upon certain Occasions, applauded my Practice, and conniv'd at it, when the Method has been a little Rash and Unwarrantable.

HOW they, whose Business it is to enquire carefully into the Constitutions of People, and rectify any Mistakes committed by an unskillful Hand, have been brought to acknowledge a Practice so opposite to the *Rules of Art*, is somewhat perplexing; but the Surprize will instantly wear off, when I tell you, That *most Doctors take Fees*.

I having the chief Direction of the Stage, and consequently

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consequently the Disposal of the Profits, fail not to work upon the *flexible Tempers*, in a Way they have no Power to resist, screening my self thereby from many vexatious Enquiries, and gaining, as it were, a Sanction to my Practice.

YOU cannot imagine how powerfully this Notion works upon the Generality; for tho' my Enemies are constantly loading my Character with the Terms of *Quack* and *Imposer*, yet having the Approbation of the *Censors*, they think me a very profound and infallible Doctor.

IT would be a vain Attempt, in a rational Physician, to persuade the Vulgar into a Belief of the Method I take to compass the Approbation of the College; they would conclude it impossible, that any Member could be so tamper'd with to destroy the Priviledges of his Faculty, or be in the Plot against his own Interest.

I glory in their Simplicity, and am glad they have not Penetration enough to discern our Intrigues, or know what learned Doctors may be brought to comply with upon pressing Occasions, by the Charms of *Large Fees*.

BUT I lay not my Stress entirely upon this *powerful Temptation*: There is a great deal of Fineness besides, requir'd to keep up this Confidence and Approbation of my Practice: I apply to every Man singly, I feel his Pulse to see what Temper he is in, whether it beats *High* or *Low*; examine whether he has clean or defil'd Hands; whether his Tongue is swift or slow; what Reputation he has in his Practice; whether a popular Physician, or not: If

I like the Symptoms, I then prescribe a large Draught of *Aurum Potabile*.

AS the most Learned Professors are not always the Best Speakers, nor the Best Speakers the most Adroit Managers, so I take Care to see every Man's Talents to the Occasions which offers, and distribute them accordingly into proper Classes.

I am oblig'd to pay that Deference to the College every Year, as to send them a Specimen of my General Preparations, with an Account how I apply them. As there are so many Physicians of different Tastes and Judgments, so it cannot be expected that the purest Drugs, or most successful Practice, should pass unconsur'd, especially since the Division between the *Signetur* and *Non-Signetur Men* runs so high. I am sure to be roasted by the *Non Signetur Men*; their Taste is plaguy Nice, and their Eyes so piercing, that they soon discover a Flaw:

THEY are People, you must know, who set up for fine Reasoning; and, to speak the Truth, that is one of the most disagreeable Faults they are Guilty of, they go roundly to work with my Preparations, analyse them carefully, examine whether they were Dispens'd in Proportion, and how Apply'd, and then Descant upon each Mistake they find in such a Severe and Rational manner, as would make any one but my self apprehensive of Danger.

AMONGST these, *Euphemi*us, one of the *Censors*

sons, always distinguishes himself: His great Capacity, his ready Apprehension, and matchless Perspicuity in delivering himself, always engages the Attention of his very Enemies at the Board. These joys to a Serenity, under all the Pressures of adverse Fortune, and a steady Adherence to his Prescriptions, when under the Censure of the College, have given him the Reputation of a Firmness of Soul not to be shaken. He always rises with Warmth against all Empirical Preparations, and would carry this Point a great way in Reducing the Excesses of Stage Practice, if I was not favour'd by a great Majority.

HE is always seconded by the brave Polonius. The peculiar Boldness of his Practice, ballanc'd by Judgment, and enrich'd with Variety of Learning, makes him heard at all Consults with Veneration. Even Bungey, who was fortify'd by the Prints of Darknes, trembled under the Power of his Tongue, when arraign'd for ill Practice. His severe Invectives against the Corruptions of the Stage, I fear may reach me some time; these I have endeavour'd to obviate, by Placing a very strong Temptation in his Way, which he, by a very unfashionable Integrity, has rejected.

WHEN these, and some other of the able Practitioners, have lavish'd their Reason and Spirits, then appears the artful Management on my Behalf. My Doctors, who are in the Secret, take no Notice of their Charges against the Stage, or the Preparations; that would be a Waste of Time, and, perhaps, open a new Scene of Mistakes.

takes, which might be aggravated by endeavouring to palliate them, but, with a true Unconcernedness, fall upon different Topicks, diverting the Thoughts with something very Foreign, or when that's too great a Fatigue, put it to the Vote. *That my Medicines are faithfully prepar'd, and duly administered.*

THIS Method is very expeditious, and puts the Brain upon less Attention, and has more Variety in it: I first brought this Mode of Talking into Debates, to ward off coming to direct Answers, which, with a little Improvement, might serve as an Introduction to the Art of *Große Purposes*.

WE have some other uncommon Airs in our Management; when I make a Stage Speech, which I am sure will fall into the Hands of the Colledge, I have peculiar *Idioms*, and *Dresses*, or *Language*, that no Doctor can be sure he is in the Secret of my Intention, always crowding a Monosyllable into it, which *Bungy* has made so much use of, some call it the *CHURCH*.

THIS Charm carries off a great deal of polish'd Nonsense, and makes two unintelligible Periods read well after it, whilst in order to gain the greater Indulgence to me above all other *Quacks*, I never fail larding a Paragraph with the Prerogative of our Stage above all other Stages of the Town, which blinds the Ignorant, and keeps them even from a Thought of violating the smallest Trappings of it.

THESE Words were contriv'd to be play'd off

Occa

Occasionally, whenever any Jealousies affected my Practice, or I found my self sinking in the Esteem of my Patients, but the discovery of *Atty Brogue's* fraudulent Dealings, and the Clamours of Three or Four *Spanish Patients* against the Operation of my Physick, have made it necessary to call in those Terms of Speech a little unseasonably.

I am satisfy'd, too great a Familiarity with them will soon wear them out of Esteem; the *Scar amouches*, which crowded about my *Stage*, will be the last with whom these Words will lose their modern Significations, which are to many Watch-Words for Oppression and Plunder.

I could not imagine the Defection of the Members of the College from my Interest would have been so great. This last Struggle look'd somewhat Ominous; I did by no means like their Murmurs as going out of the Consultation Chamber. Talking of *Atty Brogue's* knavish Practice, one of the *Censors* gave a broad Hint at my being deeply concern'd in the Mystery, Now we have caught the *Prior Fish*, says he, a little more Patience and Industry would have brought the great Shark to light.

The

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The High-German Doctor. N^o 23.

From Tuesday, July 16. to Friday, July 20. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

AN Officer of Distinction, whom I sent, some Time since, to the *Span* for the recovery of his Health, having contracted a new Distemper in his Absence, is coming over to exchange that *Mineral* for some *Medicinal Waters* of our own.

My Opinion has been had already upon the Case, and I have allow'd him to drink them under a proper Regimen: The Season seems very propitious to my Patient, and, in all Probability, he might recover without the Assistance of so great a Physician; but it is not for the Credit of my Practice that he should be restor'd without my having an Hand in the Prescription.

I know the *Regular Physicians* who were concern'd with him before, are full of Resentment, and Clamour at the Insolence of my Practice, for having sent him *Beyond-Sea* without any manner of Reason, and ordering such *Improper Physick*. All this I attribute to a Concern for his being taken out.

out of their Hands, which is very natural upon such a Disappointment.

I shall not contend with them about the Efficacy of the Spaw in his Case: The Change of Air was what I chiefly aim'd at: Their tampering with his Distemper at Home, gave me frequent Uneasiness; and I was resolv'd to call it by any Name, to get an Opportunity of sending him Abroad.

THE Anxiety of Spirit, created by such inhuman Treatment, lay they, has thrown him into this new Distemper: By which Reasoning, they not only expose my Fraud in sending him over, but fasten a Charge upon me of hastening his End.

IT is with Indignation, says one of the Regular Physicians, the other Day, that I see a Man reduc'd to this unhappy Circumstance by ill Management: That it could ever enter into the Head of the most daring Quack to give such a wrong Turn to an harmless inoffensive Case: That one so clear in his Intellects, free from Vitiago's, Giddiness, or any Excesses of Fancy, Happy in a constant Equality of Temper, with Regular Pulsations, and Sound Vitals, should ever be thought to have a defective Heart, or a distemper'd Brain.

THE Resentment continues he, arising from a Consciousness of his being Clear in his Head, and so Unphysically treated, has prey'd upon his Spirits to such a Degree, as to break the Texture of his Blood, so that the serous Part cannot unite with the Globules thereof, and occasions this Quick Secretion.

THUS

THUS they account for it in a Rational Way, and all the *Regular Practitioners*, to a Man, believe them; but, alas, it's lost upon my People. My Patients are not to be reach'd by this way of Stating the Case; nay, some will tell you they have resign'd most of their Senses: *Banger* has clos'd their Eyes; I have given them a Sleeping Draught; my *Corn-Cutters* have paid them to the Quick, with very little emotion from the Patient; the Half-Dozen Blacks I keep in Stage-Pay deafen them with the wonderful Successes of our Practice, and the Regularity of Constitutions, to what they were some few Years since.

YOU must think it gives me sensible Joy to see what a *Mastery* I have over the *Regular Physicians* in the Eye of the World, and how they are splend'rd at their not being able to persuade Mankind that I have taken this Officer's Case wrong, and treated him accordingly.

I have an Hundred Ways of turning every thing they can offer in Behalf of him and themselves, to Disadvantage, my People being got in a Vem of Credulity.

I have enjoyn'd him, during the Course, great Regularity, and Privacy, not to entertain much Company, and when he does, at reasonable Hours, not to take the Advice of any other Physicians, or to be seen with any of the *Galonical Consort* of the College.

IF I find he transgresses, any Prescrib'd Rule, I can give out by my Oracle *Smut*, That his Dis-
temper

temper was made use of only as a *Feint* to cover some other Intentions: That the Fumes beginning to work violently: That frequent Visits from the Regular Physicians, and warm Consults upon the Case, disorder'd his Brain: That his Eyes glare, and he only waits an Opportunity of getting on Horse-Back, and riding over me and my Stages when the Fat is strong upon him.

THESE Topics are partially deluged upon, together with a strong Cry of the Danger which threatens the Stage from his breaking loose, and the Regular Physicians seconding him with their Advice, strike the Imaginations of those who have let out their Senses, tho' *Sibut* has worn his Tale almost Thread-bare.

I have found my Account strangely, in giving out, That the Brains of those People are Distemper'd, who will not be govern'd by my Prescriptions: This Imputation lowers them in the Opinion of Mankind: So that all the Relief they can expect is to be Rify'd and Neglected. By this laudable Method I have persuaded the Vulgar to believe, That a Junto of Regular Physicians were, some Years since, going to Poyson the Constitutions of the People, giving every Dose of Physick in a Vehicle of *Fig iters*, and after that, to cut their own Throats.

YOU will think these Influences of mine upon my Patients a little Romantick, but I could let you into a greater Instance of Stupidity: I have by the Mediation of *Smut*, told the People, that some of their best Friends have been infected

with the Plague. The Plague, say they, among themselves, is Infectious, and we must not go near them. These credulous Wretches fall into the Snare I design'd: It is not my Interest they should go, and be convinc'd of the Falshood, and in that Interval, I can Multiply what Blotches and Sores I please upon them, which the Rabble of my Stage are sure never to lessen.

ONE particular Instance of this Kind I shall never forget, with regard to this Officer I have been speaking of.

THIS Person had render'd himself somewhat Remarkable by Services, and being a Man of Note, I envied the Regular Physicians the Glory of such a Patient. I knew I should never have him by his own Consent, so I contriv'd with one of my Operators to lessen him in the Esteem of my Patients.

FRUITFUL Smut was ready: *We must make him a little Lunatick in the Eyes of the World* says he: By what Medium I could not apprehend; *Leave that to me*, says Smut.

HE accordingly in his next Weekly Bills gives out, as an Instance of his Frenzy, That this Officer carry'd a short Staff in his Hand, which he continually Flourish'd about, and when any came peaceably to demand it, he gave them a Rap over the Pate, and Swore, *He would keep it for Life*.

THE Eyer Temper of this Officer, and Exemption from Heats, made it hard of Digestion amongst

amongst the sober Part, but the Rabble being told, They were all to be knock'd down in their Turn, forgot the Esteem they had for his Person, and Service, and joyn'd with *Smut* in the Cry.

THE other Proof was such a round Bizen Story, that my Brother *Rablais* of *Fibbing Memory*, has not the like in his *Memoirs of Pantagruel*; and I was in Pain for my Friend *Smut* when he had work'd it off; which was, "That this Officer, when Abroad, had Stolen a Tun of Bread from his Comrades, and kept crumbing his Porridge with it till he burst, and would not give them a Crust. *Smut* had grafted the Story before any came over to disprove him; and the Rabble allow'd this Officer to be a little Parsimonious in his Temper, till a Comrade of his, reading one of *Smut's* Quack-Bills, "D—n this Weekly Lyar, says he, I had always more Bread than I could Eat, if I had him in a Place where, the Dog should smell Powder.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 24.

From Tuesday, July 26. to Friday, July 29. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Interruption given to the Stage from some cross Accidents and Cases of Importance, has kept *Harry Gamhol* from pursuing his Courses of *Anatomy*, but those being in a great Measure remov'd, and he being under no Apprehension from the *College* this Vacation, resolves to go on steadily with his Lectures and Operations.

I thought my Stage had been sufficiently loaded before, but I find *Harry* has, without my Privity, taken in a Servant extraordinary to prepare the Parts for Dissection, who, as I am inform'd, handles a Knife just with the same Dexterity as the great Professor his Master.

YOU will pardon me, I am sure, for playing you into a Conceit of the Man, before I show his Person; the Singularity of the Choice would be too great a Surprize upon your Imagination, if I should fall directly upon his Name, and tempt you to believe the Stage under the last Necessities when they retain such a wonderful Operator.

HE is just of *Harry's* Size for Thought and Abilities,

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Abilities, has just as much Knowledge of the Affair he is engag'd in, sets off the few Terms of Art he has cursorily pick'd up, with the same Ostentation, and Happy in not being sensible of his Ignorance.

THE great Fortune he has in the World supports his Confidence, and lends him a Forwardness of Behaviour, which, seconded by rakish Airs, defends him from a strict Examination: These, joyn'd to the Lac'd-Coat he wears upon particular Days, so dazzles the Eyes of the Vulgar, that he really passes with them for a Man of competent Skill in his Profession; whilst the Men of Remark tell you, He has all the Qualifications which belong to those who always go with their Mouths wide open.

BUT to put an end to your Curiosity, I must acquaint you, that *Will. Wildfire* is the Person who is taken into *Harry's* Service, and his Approbation, I know, will go a great Way with you, in the Opinion of his Man's Capacity.

THESE subtle Knaves, it seems, have been improving their Talents upon the Bodies privately, and busying themselves in frequent Dissections at a little Anatomical School they have set up at *Greenwich*.

THESE private Courses, I suppose, were undertaken in order to give their Eyes the Satisfaction of Examining the minutest Parts of the Structure in a naked View, and to make their Penetration stronger.

THOSE who are no Strangers to their Operations, tell me, Their Fancy has led them much apace to Female Dissections; there is indeed not only a Curiosity to be serv'd in Criticizing on the
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different Formations of Nature, but likewise useful Instructions gather'd from the various Textures of the Parts.

BUT I could never imagine that this hopeful Brace of Anatomists had been so Busy about the Dead, when their Inclinations run so strong for the Living, unless *Harry* designs for a *Man-Midwife*, and *Will* for a *Dry Nurse*.

I expect to hear a blessed Account of their Performances; Bodies mangled, Instruments broken, and Tables overset in their mad Way of Dissecting; and many other pretty Exploits, to the immortal Credit of my Stage.

I hope they have been so prudent to convey the Bodies away after such a Violation of the Parts, lest the Deformity of their Operation should appear, and the Print of their Teeth in the Scarf-Skin.

BUT they, according to their laudable manner of bearing thro' all Mistakes with a good confident Grace, would not have been put much out of Order, if they had been surpriz'd in their Dissections by the *Regular Anatomists*, or put up their Instruments.

THESE bold Operations, confirm'd by Success, will bring them shortly to be always Dissecting; and, in Time, I suppose all other Business will be neglected for this new Branch of Art.

THERE was a nice Case relating to *Amputations* lodg'd in the Surgery the other Day, which requir'd immediate Dispatch: I was impatient, because all Mistakes reflect a Dishonour upon me,

as

as being chief Director of the Stage: After I had hir'd my self and Servants in Quest of *Harry*, there was News brought me, That *He* and his Man *Wildfire* were gone a Body-Hunting to *Greenwich*.

SUCH Neglects as these go to my Soul, and Repetitions of this kind are dangerous. I not being esteem'd the most Industrious in my Calling, and he a perfect Rattle, the several Branches of the Faculty are executed in a very slovenly manner, and the Regular Physicians fail not of giving a ridiculous Turn to our Stage-Oeconomy.

I am very temperate in my Expostulations with him upon this Head, but I find the softest Language gives Offence, for he tells me plainly, He will follow his Dissections, tho' the Stage was shaking.

THE Pertness of him is insupportable, when I recommend Care and Accuracy to him in his Anatomical Performances: The other Day, feeling him handle a Part after a butcherly manner, I desir'd him to go about it with a better Address: He, with a graceless Front, instantly reply'd, *Since you, Noble Doctor, have, in your Physical Capacity, laid the Body asleep, Anglice, kill'd it, pray give me Leave to mangle or carbinado it in my Anatomical Way.*

THUS he is always bearing hard upon the few Errors I commit in Practice, which I thought he might have forgot, thro' the incuriousness of his Temper, but I find them lodg'd in Reserve against an open Breach between us.

WHEN I beg him to carry a lighter Hand

in his Dissection, he railles me and the Body under his Knife after his usual sneering manner: *Why, Doctor, says he, you talk to me as if I was cutting up a sensible Part: The Body I am concern'd with is perfectly Dead, no more Life than a Stock or Marble; I have torn it, twisted, and mangled it with all the Instruments of Torture in my Surgery, and I am sure there is no Sensation left.*

I grant that, says I, Harry, but then there is some regard to Decency: The Eyes of the World are upon us, and they love to see a Part handsomely Dissected, tho' they bate the Operator.

YOU Doctor, replies Harry, are for complementing Peoples Eyes, in order to bribe the rest of their Senses, but that, in my Opinion, is wrong, for the least Concern you express for pleasing the Enemies of our Stage in one particular, proclaims a Distrust of what you have done already: You and I, Doctor, have been so extravagant in our Practice, one in his Prescriptions, and the other in his Operations, that the least Modesty would shame us; and People have been so long us'd to a slovenly Treatment, that a clean Method would be lost upon them.

WHEN I beg him to carry a lighter hand in
The breach between us.

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The High-German Doctor. N^o 25.

From Friday, July 23. to Tuesday, July 27. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Cases which are daily sent me in the several Branches of my Faculty, being so numerous, I am forc'd to rely on the Judgment and Fidelity of my Operators, who often, I fear, either thro' Negligence, or want of Taste, defraud the Publick of many curious Incidents.

TO repair these Mistakes, I have several Files in the Dispensary, where all Cases are Register'd methodically, so that I can, by knowing of what Species they are, readily turn to them, and if I find any thing remarkable, communicate it to the Publick.

LOOKING, the other Day, over the File which goes by the Name of *Fanciful*, where the *Wind-Mill Fighters*, the *Court-Sollicitors*, the *Visionaries*, and *Mine-Adventurers*. Complaints are Register'd, I spy'd a Letter with one of the most whimsical Inscriptions my Eyes ever beheld: My Curiosity was prompted, by the Singularity of the Stile, to look over the Contents, and I

H 3 protest

protest to you I cannot, without Offence to my Gravity, give you a sight of it.

BUT as I have read in the Title-Page of a merry Book, *Pills to Purge Melancholly*, so I shall conform my self to that worthy Author, and try to relieve your Spleen by the following Letter.

The Inscription runs thus.

To the Celebrated *Hermodactyl*, chief of
my Slaves in the Stage-Practice.

I *Jacob*, Emperor of the Moon, King of *Utopia*, and the *New Atalantis*, Prince of *Terra Incognita*, and all the *Floating Islands* of the Universe, send Greeting:

YOU have ty'd me down to such rigid Prescriptions, that I apprehend will not consist with the Honour of so uncontrollable a Prince to follow. In this respect I differ nothing from a vulgar Patient, and the Restraints are irksome to me.

MY Conduct is not to be measur'd by the narrow Rules of your Stage, neither will I observe the Regimen enjoy'd in the ordinary Course of Distempers.

THE Pills to which you give the pompous Name of *Restorative*, are of an astringent Nature, they bind me up too much for my Constitution; I approve those which are more opening; and like

like those Quacks who proclaim a speedy Cure, without any Impediment to Business.

I find my self tripp'd with in your labour'd Systems of Physick; your tedious Method of preparing the Body, as you call it; your long Courses; your waiting a proper Season for dispensing your Grand Medicine; your Objection to these Dog-Days, as not proper for a Cure, look like so many Frauds in your Practice, and Excuses to keep me in Hand till I am past recovery.

IT is not sufficient to your Discharge to tell me, You have us'd your Endeavour; neither can you top the stale Artifice upon me of waiting a proper Crisis: Or that the several Plants of your Climate must be put in Digestion before they can Operate successfully in my Case, or have the Vertue of Restoring me.

I know the Season is propitious to me: A Concurrence of most of the Stars, except three or four of a *Saturnine* Aspect, which cannot obstruct my Cure: *Mars* in Conjunction with *Venus*; all the *Vegetables* are in their Prime, and point out to you a Method of Restoring me: The Herb *Paony*, the Noblest of your Growth, and a Specifick Head Medicine, seems fitted to my Case: You have several Shrubs of your Climate, which, with a very small Preparation, would reach my Distemper: Your Black *Hellebore* promises much: *London Pride*, they say, is not amiss: These assisted in the Course, with a strong Decoction of *Lilly-Roots*, would answer beyond Dispute.

THESE, as the Learned of the Faculty inform me,

me, are the noblest Specificks in my Case, and might have been administer'd with Success, but paying so great Deference to the receiv'd Opinion of your Skill, and the confident Assurances you gave of my Recovery, made me neglect all other Applications.

FURIES! Tear me for depending upon thy single Judgment, and thee for a tricking, doubling, mysterious Quack! How many Months have I been set back in my Cure by thy damn'd Jumble of Ingredients, and *drolling Cant* of *Fair and Softly*? No Physician hereafter will be able to distinguish between the Malignity of my Distemper, and that of thy Poison. From this Moment, I renounce all thy *lazy Measures*; hate thy Singularity of Practice; despise thy heavy Way of Thinking; and curse thy *incomprehensible Manner of Acting*.

THE Daring Practitioner henceforth shall be my Favourite, who is above the narrow Regards of Forms, of Days, and Seasons; that bleeds in the Dog-Days, and purges in hard Frosts; who prepares his Medicines openly; who scorns to write a Bill of Characters, but shows the Prescriptions at full length; and, in spite of Qualms, makes you swallow it.

THOU hast been always a Sneaker in thy Practice. The *Nostrums*, and Secrets in Physick thou hast stolen from some Sanctify'd Brother, or Sister, have still a Check upon thee in thy Prescriptions, and restrain thee from acting in Con-

sult with those of more open and communicative
Temper.

I hear a wonderful Character of some of thy
Operators; give me your Chymical Men, your Sons
of Fire, that make the Elaboratory blaze with the
Heat of the Furnace; I have a Salamander in my
Eye, whom I think of retaining shortly: one of
bolder Views, and quicker Dispatch than any of
thy Stage.

HE, join'd to my two trusty Friends, Doctor
Pope, and Doctor Lewis, who are passionately con-
cern'd for my Recovery, and will leave no Means
un-essay'd to restore me, may finish that Cure in two
Months, which thy unactive Genius has been three
Years attempting to little purpose.

BUT my Head grows Giddy.

GIVE me Fire, Faggots ——— Pile them on
by Dozens, do they Recant? Let the Dogs dye
in a good Mood: They don't resist, Ah: Ah:
Ah: O ye Sons of Black assist me, and atone!
a Sea of Blood ——— Oh glorious Deluge! Heresy!
——— O my Dear Holy Mother, succour me,
Daggers! Poyson! ———

SLAVE, I'll meet thee on the Plains of Sarum:
if thou dost not restore me to my Senses.

TO Morrow I go a Man-Hunting, and de-
sign to feed upon the Liver and Sweet-Bread of
a Rebel.

MY Soul presages glorious Mischief! Oh
this grateful Error of the Mind! Thou hast
rais'd my Frenzy to this Height, and none shall
lay it.

I hear you are determin'd to quit the Stage privately, and run off with the Plunder of those Patients you have patch'd up for the present, and cheat them both of their Senses and their Money. Pray remember in the Inventory of your righteous Gains, my Gold Goblet, &c. Which I give you in Earnest for my Restoration.

WHAT mad Devil possess'd me to fall into this Fellow's Hands, after so notorious a Character for making Confusion in the Head and Bowels, and palliating Diseases created by his own Poyson for Three or Four Years, in order to a more desperate Relapse?

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 26.

From Friday, July 27. to Tuesday, July 30. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

MY Run of Practice being determin'd, I think it a Point of Duty to take my Leave of you in an handsome Manner: The last Words of a Great Man are always heard with Attention, and make lasting Impressions upon the Audience, especially coming from a Person who, thro' the whole Course of his Prescriptions, has been fam'd for Integrity of Mind, and a plain undisguis'd Way of Talking.

I need not have courted your Remembrance of me in this formal Way, I am strangely mistaken if I have not left something behind that will make your latest Posterity feel me, and bless me after an extraordinary manner.

I was once almost determin'd to quit the Stage without any Ceremony, but fearing it might be look'd upon as Ingratitude, I resolv'd to mount; On the other hand, I was dissuaded by an unlucky Suggestion, That a dying Speech look'd too much like a Criminal.

BUT I that have run thro' such a Course of Reproaches in the Service of the Publick, could easily master

master so poor a Reflection, and being pretty well harden'd by Custom, can hear the World abuse me, without any violent Emotions.

I never strove to engage the Favour of the Populace, and yet have had the Luck to be thought an eminent Doctor by them; and for one that never study'd an obliging thing in his whole Life, have maintain'd a tolerable Character amongst the Fools I kept in Suspence.

YOU well remember, I first enter'd upon the Stage in pure Charity to the Distressed, you all believ'd it at that juncture, however your Sentiments may be alter'd at present; that Compassion for others, in time, brought me to have a little for my self, and considering my publick Spirit, few People have done better for themselves.

I praise you all for the Confidence you repos'd in me at my first setting forth: It was the highest Proof you ever gave of your Discretion; you found your selves oppress'd in the *Regular Physicians* Hands, and came to me for Relief, and I think I have eas'd you effectually.

NONE of you, as I hear, complain of that Fullness and Load upon your Hips you us'd to carry about you; the Evacuations I prescrib'd you, have been pretty strong, and pretty plentiful, and I smile often to my self, to see you are fallen away so much for the better.

YOU courted the Physick and therefore can charge no Fault upon me. To say, *You have been mistaken, or who would have thought of so sudden a Change in your Constitutions*, reflects no small Blemishes

misses upon your Judgment, and therefore my Advice to you is, to sit down contented.

YOU have been often impos'd on, and thank'd the Artist which has deceiv'd you. I beg you not to be harder upon me than you are upon common Jugglers.

THERE must be a little Craft in all Profession, and you have had the least from me you could expect. You know (and being arriv'd to such a Pitch of Wealth, I am not ashamed to own it) when I first mounted the Stage, I was but meanly stor'd with Packets; my Credit at the lowest Ebb; I had scarce Stage-Cant enough to carry me off clean in the Eye of the Vulgar; I appear'd but slenderly Attended; a cast Velvet-Coat, without so much as an Inch of Gold-Trimming, and none of my Tumblers fix'd to leap, and frisk, and debauch your Sight; and yet, under all these Disadvantages, you roar'd out for *Hermodactyl's* Catholick Pills and Powder.

I cannot blame you, ye Sons of Britain, you are wealthy People, and ought to have your Humour; in that consists your chief Vertue. But lest this Wealth should make you ungovernable, Nature has given you the Allays of Credulity and Superstition, by which every little Impostor takes Advantage of you, and plunders you.

IF I had been wickedly dispos'd, what might not I have done after you had made so full and firm a Renunciation of your Senses? To have plunder'd you, had not been taken Notice of: I could have Anatomiz'd you Limb by Limb, but Conscience—

I speak not this to arm you against Frauds and Impostures,

Impostures, for the future I pretend to know you better; you are as well pleas'd in being deceiv'd, as the Deceiver is in imposing on you. My *Black* still inculcating, that Credulity gives the Mind less Uneasiness than a scrupulous Disposition.

I am not surpriz'd at your being inveigled with Show and Ostentation in Practice: A Doctor, assist'd with good Tumblers and Archy's of all Sizes, may be allow'd to go a great Way with the Senses, and establish his Power: Considering this, it's a Mystery to me, that your thinking Fellows, without any Pomp, but sheer Reason, should pretend to work upon the Fancy, which is always best pleas'd with the liveliest and giddiest Images in Nature.

AS I began with showing of Tricks, so I shall end with them: A full and hearty Laugh from the Crowd at parting, is a good Omen, and confirms their Opinion of one's Practice: Besides, going off so unconcernedly, gives a Brightness to the Character, and may, perhaps, bring some Patients to me for private Advice, after I have quitted the Stage.

YOU must think, as I have been a Man of Business, I shall not covet to live wholly unemploy'd, or pass a Life of Inactivity with so working a Brain: If I have no Practice, my Mind will be more at large for the Entertainment of spiritual Concerns, and a little Persuasion will tempt me to set up a Weekly Lecture.

THERE are several Common-Places in my Possession, about Light and Darkneis, which for a few Years I have cover'd over, and made Blanks of, to prevent

prevent a Sneer from my *Stage Retinue*, but, with a little furbishing, might be of Service to me in a different Calling: All that I fear is, That my Audience will still be objecting my *Stage Practice* to me, and that I shall, unawares, mix some of my unregenerate Cant with the other, which may be deem'd Prophanation amongst the Elders.

HOW to regain a Confidence with that Set of People who once admitted me to a Brotherly Communion, will be a difficult Point to get over. Let me see: I must first form my Mouth to proper Phrases; we have some Physical Terms will answer to their Proprieties: Operation is a word I have been us'd to; it is but adding Powerful, and it will serve in their Way: The chief Labour will be to give a Solemnity to the Tone in Pronunciation, which I have almost forgot: It must be sung or said in Quavers, Pow-er-ful O-pe-ra-tions: This must be often repeated with a few Tokens of Contrition, which I can easily learn from a Monthly Malefactor, and then I am equipp'd for some fresh Legerdemains.

I have one Advantage over all Mankind; which I pride my self in, That after all my Revolution in Practice, from *Galenical* to *Chymical*, from *Chymical* to *Galenical*, I have still been courted by the several Professors in their turns, and thought sincere in my Prescriptions: I would not despair of *imposing* even upon the *Regular Physicians* again, by swearing heartily I have renounc'd all my *Stage-Practice*, if they had not fix'd a Belief of my having a Dispensation for Oaths of all kinds.

SOME

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SOME People may fancy this Resignation of the Stage will mortify me in Private, tho' I give my self all the Glosses of contented Looks and Deportment; I pity the shallowness of their Reflections, and can assure them, I have found the Planks of the Stage so rotten alate, that I was forc'd to be very circumspect in my Tread, but have been loath to proclaim it, for fear of losing a round Sum of Money I expected for the Good-Will of it, and much Good may the Purchase do them who come after.

MY Warning was so short, that I had not time to Regulate the Stage, but my Successor, Dr. Vesuvius, I presume, in his next, will give you elaborate Reasons for my quitting the Stage, with a pompous Account of his ensuing Practice.

The

CONTINU'D

By *Harry Gambol*, Licentiate.

From Friday, July 30. to Tuesday, August 3. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE *Spleen* which accompanies the Disgrace of an *Eminent Practitioner*, is not to be equal'd by the narrow Resentments which flow from the common Disappointments of Life.

THIS admits of no Debate, when we look back upon the invidious Behaviour of *Hermodactyl*; who, not content with the Plunder of a Million he has stolen from the good People of *South Britain*, whilst he gave the bewitching Pill of *Philonium Romanum*, has taken the Liberty to brand my Character, which was bad enough before, in his last Advertisement, under the suspicious Title of *Dr. Vesuvius*.

Y O U all know the scandalous Import of the Name, and his Intention was to ruin my Practice, by hanging out such a flaming Sign to my Stage-
'S Death, says a subtle Knave amongst the Rabble, the other Day, *That Vesuvius is a burning Mountain,*

tain, and we must have a care of dealing with a Doctor of such a fiery Title, for fear of being burn'd to a Cynder.

THIS Character of me, I know, was artfully spread, in order to give a Gloss to the moderate Practice he has affected alate, and to heighten People's Aversion to my Prescriptions: But I, that know all his Simples, and Compositions, cannot be impos'd upon, and do aver to you, kind Gentlemen of the Rabble, That, during the whole Course of my Attendance, this Fellow gave the same Poyson as I did, only he had the formal Patience to wait the wrapping it up in Leaf-Gold, or a Water, whilst I always trusted to People's Blindness, and kind Digestion, and follow'd my Female Dissections at Greenwich.

THIS most Noble Doctor has, in his close Way of managing, endeavour'd to make me as blind as his Patients, and always kept the Key of his Flaboratory safe, as he thought, but I having a Pick-Lock, never scrupled opening it at a proper Season. By which means, I have been let into a full Discovery of all his mysterious Practice.

IT would confound your Intellects, stagger the Remains of Sense we have left you, to run over the modest Part of his Practice: The desperate Prescriptions are acknowledg'd in your Countenances, and will never wear out, and every Gripe you feel hereafter will be owing to *Hermodactyl*.

I can never be thought so Criminal as he, because I only operated upon the Skin, and extream Parts of the Body, and whenever I went to the Quick, I affirm,

affirm, it was by that *Impudent Quack's* Direction; always excepting those Mistakes my Ignorance of the Constitution threw me upon.

A few Errors, I think, are pardonable in one whose Genius was fitted purely for loosening ^{the} Women's Girdles, and tickling a *Pblegmatick Complexion* into some Air and Sensation; and I must always think it as great a Presumption in him to appoint me Director of the Launcet, as it was in him to take upon him the chief Government of the Stage.

I speak not this to wash my self entirely clean in your Judgments: A Week's Experience has brought you to a Sense of Feeling, and you begin to act the ill-natur'd Part of Seeing the False Lights and Colours we have been forc'd to make use of in our Practice.

SHALL I tell you one Thing, without firing your *Imagination*, and urging you to sacrifice that execrable *Impostor*? I have, at this Time, in my Hand, all the Letters which pass'd between him and *Le Grand Petit*, with the private Articles relating to *Jacob*, the Knight of the *Warming-Pan's* Case. His Contract with *Le Grand Petit* for his Board in Lady *Fontanelle's* House; his Scheme of bringing over the *Young Lunatick* in a *Cover'd Waggon*, for fear of exposing him to the Populace to be torn in Pieces.

NOTWITHSTANDING the little Artifices to make poor deluded Patients believe, That Count *Hanno*, a Young Gentleman of the Best Family in *Europe*, had bespoke an Apartment, and
was

was admitted to go a Course in his Laboratory, in Order to know the Constitutions of this Climate, and distinguish *Gold* from *Bath-Mettal*; yet, I swear by the *Holy Priapus* (whose Votary I shall ever be) this whining Quack had made Back-Stairs, with a Blind before them, to conceal *Young Jacob*.

MY Resentments were alway keen, but now edg'd to the last Degree by the Load of Infamy this Wretch *Hermodactyl* would throw upon me: And I am almost upon the Point of Discovery, if the *Regular Physicians* would but encourage me.

THERE can be no Detection of the vile Practice, which has been maintain'd for Four Years past, unless I that was chiefly concern'd in the Flaming part of the Nation appear, and let them know that we anointed our Patients without killing the *Quick-Silver*, and the frequent Spits they have at present, are owing to the Wicked Preparation of the Medicine.

I would willingly atone for my *Personal Errors* at any Rate, and can safely charge all the material Blunders upon *Hermodactyl*; I begin to persuade myself, you think him so prodigious an *Impostor*, that all my Levities in Concert with *Will. Wildfire* will be pass'd by with a gentle Animadversion.

THERE are but two Mistakes of any Moment that he can lay to my Charge: One is Signing the Contract for the Knight of the *Warming-Rank's* Board; the other, *kissing his Hand* in a drunken Frolick, with a true *Cavalier Air*.

THESE are such gay Excesses that every good-natur'd Creature will pass over with an Eye of Conivance;

nivance; and *Hermodastyl* telling me, There was no Harm in it at that Time, I had no manner of Reserve.

SHALL I unbosome my self to you, and you not take an Advantage? I had no other Way of retrieving that Mistake, but by appearing as Lunatick as the *Young Knight*; and, I'Gad, I had a Design of bringing Lunacy into Fashion, that I might never have wanted Practice.

I was so sure of the prime Direction of the Stage, that I went about my Dissections at *Greenwich* with all the Freedom and Unconcernedness imaginable: I had bespoke all my Fire-works, and retain'd Half a Dozen *Blacks*, with Wild-Fire in their Mouths, to give a Blaze to my Enterance, but that Lady *Maura* got the better of my dear, damn'd, confounded *Succubus Poplin*.

THIS cursed Incident has given such a Blemish to my Character, and such a Turn to my Prospect, that I am forc'd to mount now in the Quality of Proxy to Dr. *Balsamicus*, who not being very Ostentatious in his Practice, is willing I should show out all my Tricks.

I suspect this new Doctor is an Enemy to *Hermodastyl's* Practice of *Quid pro Quo*, and resolves to banish all the Precipitate Medicines out of the Surgery; the Parts being eaten down so low, that he thinks it's high Time to talk of Incarning, which may be fair Practice, but I'll be sacrific'd upon the same Tree that our poor Stoker *Gregg* suffer'd, if ever he gets half the Fees by his Regular Application

as

as *Hermodactyl* did by fretting the Sore, and running it near to a Mortification.

FOR the future, I shall not depend upon any thing without my Grasp. To see *Will. Wildfire* and I sit penfive together, taking Snush by way of Amusement, and turning Tail on each other, like a stale marry'd Couple, begins to be notic'd, by the *Regular Physicians*, as Tokens of Guilt. To think of *Smut's* running his Country, and *Hermodactyl's* giving Earnest for a Boat, are such Revolutions, that I cannot account for. My Brain perhaps may be better settled in my next.

The High-German Doctor. N^o 28.

CONTINU'D

By *Harry Gambol*, Licentiate.

From Tuesday, August 3. to Friday, August 6. 1714

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Credit of our Stage being very much less'n'd within these few Days, by the tricking Management of *Hermodactyl*, and I having little Business in the Surgery, mount in some obscure Corners of the Town to dispose of the few packets he has left behind him.

ON

ON *Wednesday* last I perceiv'd the Audience much thinner than ordinary, and a different Air in the Countenances of People: Whether I had lost my usual Vivacity, or having quitted the merry Part of *Andrew*, they thought me out of my proper Sphere, I cannot determine, but sure I am, I had not Interest enough to raise one strong Laugh in the Men, or engage so much as a Dimple in the Cheeks of the young Wenches.

ALL People seem'd transported with the Approaches of one *Mirabel*, a *Regular Physician*, whom *Hermodactyl* and I, Four Years since, by the Assistance of one *Bungey*, a sturdy Vagabond *Quack*, and other Tools of that Size, run down in his Practice to such a degree, that even Thousands whom that Great Physician had rescu'd from the Grave, and Brink of Destruction, came into the Cry against his Prescriptions, and swore our *extempore Practice* was much superior to his.

I thought we had the Populace fast in this Credulity till within this Week: But such a Revolution in the Minds of the People was never seen but once before; for the Cry no sooner reach'd my *Stage*, that *Mirabel* intended to Practice again, but the Audience with one Consent, remember'd their Benefactor, and joyn'd in the Applauses of him, with a Look that portended no good to me, saying, *What do we spend Time in bearing this impudent Quack prate, and he has no more Tricks to show us.*

I had no Power to speak, but after a Pause recovering my self: *Great Æsculapius*, says I, *take Pity on the Sons of Art: Is this the Fruit of our Four Years*
Com-

Compassion to the Infirmities of poor People? I knew there was no Refuge but in a seeming Concern for their Good, and they were too busy to examine the Cheat I put upon them.

WAS ever such an unlucky Turn given to *Establish'd Practice*? When we had bended the Generality to a real Belief of our Art, we put them almost out of a Capacity of judging whether we us'd them *Well* or *Ill*, that this damn'd doubling *Hermodactyl* should quit the *Dispensary* in such a scandalous manner, and leave only a few mouldy Packets behind him in the Chest.

WHILST *Mirabel's* Benevolence to Mankind was ador'd, and his former Practice cry'd up to the Skies, I was curious in examining the Countenance of my Audience, and found it in vain to bespeak their Attention under the strong Aversion I saw rising in their Blood.

I therefore was very sparing of my Insinuations, and considering the hopeful Patients which were left behind, it was happy for me I came off so well. My small Retinue consisted but of Four *Irish* Rapparees, Three *French* Papists, and Two Priests cast in *Bungey's* Mould.

THE Acclamations for *Mirabel* were so hearty, that I began to reflect upon *Hermodactyl's* dying Words concerning the Rottenness of our Stage, but never thought the Planks could have decay'd in four Years Time to such a Degree of Contempt.

SMUT deserted last *Friday*, and dropp'd the Publication of his *Weekly-Bills*: Yet I must have a Passion for that Fellow in my last Agonies, because he thought

never deviated, thro' the whole Course of his Drudgery, into *Truth, Good Manners, or a Title of Regular Practice.*

MY other grand Support, the Monitor, being defrauded of his Weekly Subsistence, and seeing the *Stage* in Ruins, is making a formal Recantation, and swears, he has been all this while encouraging you to clap up the young Lunatick Patient *Jacob*, when he comes, tho' the falsifying Rogue has often told me in private, with a true Jesuitical Cant, *That there was no Touching him when once he did come.*

THUS Abandon'd, I must e'en trust to my own *audacious Front*: But what I plaguily fear, is, that Impudence, without the Laugh of our Side, will not pass; and to be plain, the World says, *We have but little Merit.*

MIRABEL's Humanity to his Patients ever gave me Pain: He always had so engaging an Air in his Method of Practice, and so tender of the Constitution, he was entrusted with, that I suspected he would be call'd in upon any desperate Case.

IT will be a Wonder, henceforward, how we unsettled him at first in the Esteem of the Populace, and decry'd his Practice, but now I am fully convinc'd, it was only a critical Madnes we took the Advantage of; and by pure Art, I have cherish'd the Frenzy.

THE Senses of People being once restor'd, I read my Destiny in Capitals: To be disabled from handling a Launcet, or debarr'd of mounting the stage any more, is the least Part of the Punishment dread: I am under some Apprehensions of being
I Blooded

Blooded in the *Jugular*, which is the Vein I don't care to be prick'd in.

THE Censors of the *College*, and Regular Physicians, I am told, design to Vindicate their Privileges, and rescue the Practice out of the Hands of we Gentlemen Itinerant, and will make a strict Enquiry, how many Distempers have been of our Creation.

THE Ferment which continues in the Bowels of People, will be laid chiefly to *Hermodactyl's* Charge: The Scars left upon the Constitution, I having the prime Direction of the Launcet, will go near to affect my Dexterity.

HERMODACTYL has much the Advantage of me, if it only comes to a Fine, he having so long enjoy'd the most profitable Place of the Stage; and the Devil is in it, if, by this time, he cannot go out Grand Compounder.

ALL my Comfort is, that these Errors in Practice have seldom been Animadverted on to the Purpose. Where Numbers are, there will be a Division, and some may be tender upon the Account of what may happen to them in a Course of Practice.

THERE are, besides, a good many Abatements for Errors committed in our Way, as calling every little Disorder in the Mass of Blood, or irregular Pulsation, a Case of Extremity; every Sore, a Tendency to Mortification, which if believ'd, will justify many of my bold Stroaks, and skreen other Operators from Reproach.

IT was my good Fortune, a few Years since, to make the Vulgar believe they were languishing and dying

dying away under the most florid Complexions; and the best State of Health they enjoy'd from their Birth: Whether this Vein of Credulity is entirely spent, I know not: The grateful Applause paid to that Regular Practitioner the other Day, gives me a strange Flutter at Heart, and forebodes the final Revolt of our old Friends of the Stage; and then we must not expect the least Countenance from the College and Regulars.

A Person less meritorious than *Mirabel*, would have found it difficult to have re-establish'd himself with his Patients, after the successful *Poyson* we had instill'd in the Bills of the Week: But it was natural to think, as the Tide against him ran violent, so the return of Love would be as strong. We have been out in our Calculations, for I find his Patients only wanted a Sight of him, to let him know, by Looks, divided between conscious Shame, and Love, how they had been impos'd on by Quacks and Tumblers.

I dreaded the Consequences of his Moderation, amidst the persecuting Tongues of the Stage; and his late temperate Behaviour upon his Friends Welcome, has given me a Stab, and leaves the Stage under an opprobrious Style.

The High-German Doctor. N^o 29.

CONTINU'D

By *Harry Gambol*, Licentiate.

From Friday, August 6. to Tuesday, August 10. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

FROM this Moment, I protest against all Confederacies in Physick, and resolve to depend upon my self: The strongest Oaths and Vows, I see resign'd to the superior Calls of Interest, and Self-preservation, and Errors in Practice, tho' committed by Consent, are shifted from one to the other, and often charg'd upon the less Criminal.

AS we are subject to many Mistakes in our Profession, so whenever we apprehend a Detection, we are like so many Plotters: Every one hastens to make a Discovery, and recommend himself by the earliest Notice.

OF this sort we have met a flaming Instance alate, in the Persons of *Codicil* and *Hermodastyl*, who, tho' equally concern'd in the barbarous Practice of Fluxing and Purging unseasonably, and with improper Medicines: Yet since their Patients have taken
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the Allarm, are endeavouring to transfer the Guilt from one to the other, and make their Peace.

HERMODACTYL has one seeming Advantage in the Contest, because he quitted the Stage some time before the Discovery, and decry'd *Codicil's* Practice as well as mine, giving out, *That there were some poisonous Drugs in Infusion, which would have terrible Effects upon the Constitution.*

THIS Prescription, he affirms, is under both our Hands, and threatens to produce it, whenever the Censors of the Colledge think fit to call him to an Account; and, under this specious Concern for the Good of the Publick, proposes to make an Atonement. He has serv'd himself so well by this Story, that some of the Weakest amongst the Regular Physicians have abated of their Rancour to him, and turn'd their chief Rage against *Codicil* and my self; and he keeping up the same flutter of Head and Eyes he us'd upon the Stage, it passes with some for a Token of Unconcernedness, and from thence conclude him Innocent.

BUT I, that pretend to know him better, can assure you, it is all Affectation: I well remember, he carry'd himself just with the same Air, when his poor Stoker was truss'd up for administering that Poison which he prepar'd, and yet did not think him the less Guilty for the Hardness of his Countenance.

HE has been practising upon his Face, ever since he came to Maturity, and formerly deceiv'd many a Saint, by his *prim Appearance*: He *Whines, Weeps,*

Cants, Looks Fierce, Serious or Wild, by Habit, and has, if one may be allow'd to speak, a Suit of Looks for every Circumstance of Life.

HE is much better Gifted than *Codicil*, tho' *Codicil* was bred in the same good Old Way: But for Dexterity of Hand, *Codicil* is a Match, and sweeps Fees with a good Grace.

THIS Quarrel between them will place their Vertues in a true Light, and the World will be strangely enliven'd by such Examples of Probity, Truth, and Integrity of Practice.

I have all their common Preparations in my custody, and by that means can judge of their more secret Practice. *Hermodactyl*, indeed, generally writ in Characters, but the *Censors*, I believe, will be able to explain them.

CODICIL's Charge is somewhat heavy, because the *Dispensary* was entirely under his Care; and the Preparations passing his Hands, he is accountable for any Mistakes in the Ingredients. The Seal'd-Packets, they say, contain a great deal of Poison in them, and most People, who have taken them, have been thrown into violent Tremblings and Convulsions.

HERMODACTYL, after his old dodging Way, will tell you, he had no Hand in Sealing them, and consequently, not chargeable with any Mischief that has proceeded from them; but I have heard *Codicil* affirm, that the *Pacifick Electuary* was *Hermodactyl's* entirely; and that he brought all the Ingredients together ready for Digestion, before he acquainted him with so choice an *Arcanum*; and that the Compliment he made him of letting it pass his Seal,

Seal, was only to draw him into a Share of the Censure, if ever it should be enquir'd into.

I, no less stupid, was likewise taken in by *Hermodactyl* to cry up this wonderful Medicine, and was so bewitch'd with it, that I undertook to propagate the Sale of it in Foreign Parts: It's true, I was no loser by my Forwardness, but very much question whether a Jewel will compound for the Mischief some say I have done in propagating it.

I find *Codicil* and *Hermodactyl* are apprehensive of a Censure upon that Preparation, by endeavouring to fix the Scandal of it upon each other: It's pleasant to hear them wrangle about their Innocence, which, with mine, has taken its Flight some Years, and give up a Medicine they have applauded to the Skies.

THE Quarrel ran so high the other Day, that I was afraid those two eminent Practitioners would have turn'd *Prize-Fighters*, but what was wanting in Feats of Arms, was fully supply'd with the keenness of their Tongues: *You are a R——*, says one: *You are a K——*, says the other: The *Audience* could not well distinguish between the two Names, and so they concluded them *Both R——s alike*.

HERMODACTYL ungenerously reproach'd him with having been his Supporter, and that he could tumble him into the Dust at Pleasure: And, after a great deal of unregenerate Rant, talk'd of stripping his Skin, in the fierceness of an *Almanzor*.

CODICIL was not so present to himself as I have seen him upon greater Occasions; but whether surpriz'd to see so eminent a Doctor turn'd Bully, or

being conscious to himself of having thrown in some baneful Ingredients into the Composition, he had little to say in his own Defence, but told him at parting, *His Mother taught him to Pray, and not to act the Man of this World.*

I know it has been *Hermodactyl's* frequent Boast alate, that he kept the Stage in order; that he fore-saw *Codicil's* mischievous Brain; *Precipitate*, the *Irish Operator's* Rashness; and my mad Pranks, would soon bring the Stage into Contempt, and restore the Regular Physicians to full Credit with their Patients: *Lord*, says he, very impudently, the other Day, to one of the *Censors* of the College, if *there had not been such a Revolution in the Stage, and bot-headed Gambol had gone on with his Scheme of Practice*, all *we Regular Physicians had been ruin'd in Two Months Time.*

IT brought the Story of the T--- and the *Apple* fresh into my Mind; and tho' I was under some conceal'd Pangs at that time, I could not forbear breaking a Laugh full in his Face, to see him claim a Relation with Scholars, and he an Ignorant Quack.

THERE is an *Impudence* peculiar to our Stage, which carries us thro' Difficulties of the largest Size. --- He stood it, unmov'd, and look'd as if he had really believ'd what he said: I could have heartily blush'd for him, if one Spark of Grace had been left within me.

ALL that he has to value himself upon, or can give him the least Pretension to a favourable Censure, is the Backwardness he has express'd alate to the Reception of the *Young Lunatick*, when *Codicil* and

I have press'd him to declare himself fully upon that Head.

I appeal to all that know the Noble Doctor, whether his Preparations did not look as promising as could be expected? And to himself, whether he had not Earnest given him from *Roselle the French Surgeon*? And if we press'd a little too importunately for such a gainful Patient, I am sure, at one time, we did not offend his Modesty.

THIS Squeamishness, alate, I am satisfy'd, was more owing to his fear of Miscarrying in the Cure, than any aversion he had to the Entertainment of him: For it's plain, he suffer'd his Guardian, *Le Grand Petit*, to make his own Terms, and was so complaisant as to send his own Man *Mat. Rummer* to confirm them.

THERE would have been no room for these mutual Complaints, if we had been bless'd with a steady wicked Director; but falling in with such a double-fac'd Quack that whin'd us into a Confidence, we could expect no better Success than to be bubbled at last by a malicious Sneer.

The High-German Doctor. N^o 30.

CONTINU'D

By Harry Gambol, Licentiate.

From Tuesday, August 10. to Friday, August 13. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I am no Stranger to the heavy Mirth *Hermodactyl* makes amongst the Brothers of the Quill, with the rare Oeconomy of a Stage without any Practice belonging to it; and my assuming the Character of a Licentiate, when I only prescribe upon Courtesy, and cannot draw so much as a Tooth without the Inspection of the Censors.

BETTER would it have been for the good People of *Britain*, if the same Check had been laid upon him: We should not have seen so many Skeletons of real use walking the Steets in Red Tatters, and so many idle pamper'd Blacks in good Broad-Cloath. But I appeal to the Impartial whether it was not a modester Step in me to make a gradual Ascent, from a Tumbler to a Licentiate, than in him without any Call, except the groaning Spirit of his Family, from an half-starv'd Rat to commence Doctor.

THE

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THE Assurance of him upon this Occasion fires me to the last Degree, especially when he know^s that Copies of the *Diploma*, which gives him the Title of *most Noble Doctor*, are in every Man's Hand: The surreptitious Manner of gaining it, would make any other but himself silent upon that Head; but being arriv'd to a Perfection in Front-Graces, he makes it his chief Glory.

THERE's many a dull Doctor has paid an Hundred Pound for a Degree, and left his Mother fasting in an Alms-House, for a less flattering Character, with the Rent-Charge of Scarfs upon his Honour and Dignity.

HERMODACTYL had his very Cheap to my Knowledge, except what he gave a mercenary Physician for his Invention upon so dry a Subject: And it might have serv'd for any Twelve Quacks in *Britain* as properly as for himself.

TO pass over the Lustre, and Antiquity of the *Hermodactyl's*, whom every *Welsh Goatherd* is able to distance in Point of Genealogy; we are saluted with one of the merriest Satyrs upon the Doctor, I ever charg'd my Eyes with.

WE are told, he is form'd by Nature for great things.

NOW that any Fellow should be so vain at Fifty-Four, as to impose upon the *Female Sex*, and set up for such prodigious Talents, and incredible Performances! I leave the World to judge, if, in the Course of my Practice, I had not a better Character than he. Eating better, Drinking less, just turn'd of 35, and form'd for Love, that Paragraph should have been

been in my Patent, but we give any Compliment to each other, *Mutatis Mutandis*.

A D I E U to thy boasted Parts, which had not Sagacity enough to discover the Banter: All thou hast left to say in thy own Defence, is that it was writ in *Latin*, and consequently didst not understand it.

HIS Qualification, by all kinds of Learning, for greater Things, open a fresh Scam of *Whims* to the Regular Physicians: But this was a Vanity he might fall into, thro' the Flattery of an heavy Doctor, famous for Particles and Encliticks, who, by the help of Divination, affirm'd, that he was a perfect Master of the *Chinese* Language; and, I Gad, I am almost convinc'd he is since that time, he having writ his Bills always in such unintelligible Characters, that he puzzled not only the Stage, but all the Regulars.

HIS constant employment in the Study of *Stage-Practice*, is another Compliment his *Diploma-Monger* bestows on him: There may be some Truth in that Character, if we take in all those rare Arts of Dashing, Mixing, Confounding, and Poysoning the Constitutions of all he was concern'd with; and that Slight of Hand which ran thro' his Practice.

THE various Offices he exercis'd upon the Stage, is another lively Encomium upon the Doctor; I, who belong'd to the Stage at that time, pretended to know how those Offices were executed: You must understand, the Doctor always kept a double Whispering Office for the *Galenists* and *Chymists*: Over one side he threw his heavy Head, and roar'd out, *Blood*
and

and Fire: On the other, *Moderation and Comprehension*, fitting his Medicines to the several Guffs. I remember we were all exercis'd at *Cups and Balls* twice a Day to make us perfect in *Legerdemain*, and when we show'd a Trick well, he would burst with Laughter, and swear it was more beneficial than all our Physick.

A N O T H E R bright part of *Hermodactyl's Character* in his *Diploma*, is, that he held two Places on the Stage at the same time, to all appearance Incompatible, yet by his admirable Dexterity brought them to agree: One of these Places was Trumpeter to the Stage; the other Director of the Launcet, as I am partly at this present Greeting: Now I would fain ask, Where is the great Rarity to see a Trumpeter and Surgeon consolidated? Part them, and singly, perhaps, they are good for nothing.

T H I S conscientious *Diploma* goes on, and tells you, *Hermodactyl* understood the happy Secret perfectly well, of maintaining the Privileges of the Stage, without encroaching upon the Prerogative of the College.

W E L L said, Doctor! Let me beseech you, great Artist, to recollect how much the Privileges of the Stage were at your Heart, when you, by the Mediation of your unfortunate *Amanuensis*, was consigning us over to a Foreign Director; with many other pretty Franks, transacted between you and Mat. Rummer, now civilly Defunct; and how careful you were of Encroachment, when you had the Impudence to appeal to the Prerogatives of the College, to justify all your Innovations in Practice.

T H E

THE Noble Doctor's Penetration comes next to be handled, and he is said to have found out, that Dominion in the Chief Director of the Stage, and Freedom in all the Attendants, may subsist together: I Greet thee upon that Discovery, because our Stage has been under Limitations Time out of Mind; but the wicked Glance at the *Regular Physicians*, who were brought in by Head and Shoulders, to have had a Design of Demolishing the Stage, is the Cream of the Jest.

I cannot get over the next Paragraph without a pleasant Dilation of my Muscles, when we are told of *Hermodastyl's* clean Hands, in preventing the Plunder of the common *Stage-Bank*, and rescuing the Credit of the Stage from the Oppression it lay under by former Directors.

I am entirely with the Doctor, in the first part of this merry Paragraph; it's Litterally true, he has prevented the further Plunder, for a Man would have little to do to glean after such a rapacious Hand; and the Credit of the Stage must needs be in a hopeful way of Recovery, by the superlative Wealth his broken Fortune contributed to it.

THE languid Condition of our *Stage-Chest* is, in my Opinion, reliev'd much after the same manner as our Patients are, by taking more Blood daily from them, and opening many Veins at once for the quicker Passage of the Spirits.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o. 31.

CONTINU'D

By Harry Gambol, Licentiate.

From Friday, August 13. to Tuesday, August 17. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Question whether I shall ever be able to reduce the Muscles of my Face to their former Tone, after having stretch'd them so intolerably the last Week, at the relation *Bungey of Holbourn* gave of some Passages which befel him in his late *Northern Expedition*, as he, with peculiar Arrogance, is pleas'd to dignify his licentious Rambles.

AT his first entrance the other Day, I was strangely surpriz'd to find the Air of his Face, which, you know, was always temper'd to a true *Bridewel* Hardness, so prodigiously alter'd: The Fellow appear'd to me under the last Dejection of Mind, his Kitchen-stuff Complexion inclin'd somewhat to a *Fillemot*, which made me conclude, upon first Glance, he was troubled with an Overflowing of the Gall.

BUT I being no Stranger to his Incontinence, judg'd it, upon second Thoughts, to be a complicated Case,

Case, and presently suspected the Doctor had been a Maroding in his March, and caught a *Tartar*.

THESE Things, says I, with my usual Frankness, will happen to you, *Gentlemen of lively Imaginations, and pamper'd Carcasses*; and to ingratiate my self with the *Censors*, under my present Apprehensions, advis'd him to apply himself to a *Regular Physician* in time, for fear it should go on to a confirm'd One: For you are but a *Quack*, and must be convinc'd, by this Time, we never were very lucky in hitting a Case right.

HE told me, I was out in my Conjectures, for that he was but occasionally troubled with any Symptoms of that kind, and those against Change of Weather, for which he had recourse to a *Specifick Diet-Drink* of the famous *Wall's* Prescription: But something of greater Importance —

I foreclos'd him in his Speech, presently conjecturing, this Chagrin was owing to the unexpected Turn given to our Stage-Practice. What, says I, Doctor, I perceive the Country is a little too hot for your Eminence: None of your Banbury-Apes have flock'd to meet you this Journey. He acquiesc'd; — and then proceeded to the Relation.

THIS Impostor, you must understand, has strowl'd Yearly about the Country, in the Time of Vacation, to animate the Populace against the *Regular Physicians*, and cry up the fallacious Methods of *Stage Practice* above the Certainty of the *College Prescriptions*.

THIS he has done very successfully for Four Years past, always attended by his Body-Guard, making triumphant Entries, and has sometimes been

complimented with the Formalities of *Mace* and *Furs*, and the enormous Eloquence of a Town-Clerk.

BUNGET leaving his Stage to be rail'd round this Summer, to keep off the vile Approaches of all Orthodox Practitioners, and to mount with double Grandeur the ensuing Winter, began his Cavalcade about Two Months since.

WHETHER he suspected a Decay of Affection in his dear Friends of the Rabble, or had a Mind to give a *Coup d' Eclat* to his short-liv'd *Impostures*, I cannot tell, but he took all imaginable Care to dazzle the Spectators Eyes in his Progress: To this End he borrow'd the Speckled Horse of his learned Brother in *Covent-Garden*, and his *Black* with a Silver Collar for the greater Ostentation, having prefer'd his own Man to be Trumpeter to the Stage in *Holbourn*.

THE Voices which waited on him to the Town's-end were so faint, that you would have taken them for the puny Cries of a few Parish-Boys upon a Day of Procession, not one deep-mouth'd Note from a Marrow-Bone or Cleaver, or the hoarse Noise of a Waterman, or Bailiff.

THE Doctor having baited plentifully at the first Stage, a young Wag of an Apothecary's Apprentice, enrag'd to see an impudent *Quack* engross the Practice of the Town, took this Opportunity, just at the Doctor's departure, to besmear the Posteriors of his Horse with *Turpentine*, under the Tail of him.

BUNGET imputing the Skittishness of the Horse to his Mettle, and humouring his Prances, to give the Mob an Occasion of commending his Horsemanship

ship, at last, with a true *Cavalier* Air, throws himself into the Saddle.

THE fiery Steed not digesting the Bum-Posset kindly, mounts his Hinder Legs to a stupendous Height, and throws the poor Doctor forward into an Horse-Pond.

HAPPY was it for thee, unwary Boy, that the Doctor did not come to a Knowledge of thy nefarious Practices against his faithful Steed: He would have laid thee under mortal Curses, and defy'd the whole World to have taken them off.

HERE I thought the Farce had been over, but it seems this was the least Part of it: The Doctor proceeded, and his *Stage-Speech* was but coolly receiv'd. He willing to found the *Populace* on the Opinion of his former Practice, and the *Maxims* he had instill'd Four Years past, tacks one *Jacob* the Kr. of the *Warming-Pan's* frantick Declaration to his *Packets*.

THOSE of *Bungey's* Tribe, who follow this *Stage-Occupation*, have as many Opportunities of insinuating Things out of their proper Sphere, as your *Pedlers*, who, under Pretence of Selling *Lace* or *Mullin*, put a pernicious Book of *Aristotle*, or the *Nuptial Dialogues*, into their Customers Hands, to debauch their tender Minds.

WHEREVER *Bungey* saw an inclinable Countenance, he thrust in a *Packet* and *Declaration* together. Two or three of the Yeomen about the Stage, finding the *Declaration* run in an Imperial Style, I *Jacob*, *Emperor*, &c. began to recollect some broad Hints he had dropp'd about this *Lunatick* a few Years past.

past. *Here must be a Design*, says one. *This is Foreign to Physick*, says another. *The Dog is a Jesuit*, says a third.

ONE among the rest taking the Alarm, and Ey-ing Bungey very intently, — *Come down, thou execrable Cheat*, says he, *this is the Dog that ran about the Country Four Years since, with his Drum beating up, like another Devil of Tedworth: Whatever he has done to my Wife Cicily I know not, but whenever I am offering to Caress her, she turns short, and tells me, I don't love the Doctor: Reconcile us*, says he, or by thy Holy Mother Rome, I'll divide thee in the Twist.

THE Rumour strengthening, poor Bungey was seiz'd, his Pockets search'd for a Spy, and carry'd before Mr. Justice Freeborn.

THE Justice, according to the Trust repos'd in him, demanded an Account of his Abode, Calling, &c. and told him, according to the Representation made, he appear'd to him a sturdy Vagrant, and came within the Penalty of the late Act of Parliament.

BUNGEY, with a strowling Impudence, disputed his Jurisdiction, and told him, *That his Stage was independent of his Worship's Power.*

THIS Insolence provok'd the Justice, and ordering them to produce the Letters they found about him, there was one in Cyphers, with C. St. George at the bottom.

WHO is this St. George? says the Justice. —
One Christopher of that Name of my Acquaintance.
says.

says this hard-mouth'd Cheat. ——— The Clerk stepping up, ——— May it please your Worship says he, *I am apt to think it may as well stand for Chevalier ———*

THE full Cry of the Hall ran against Bungey, and the Justice rising up with a true *British* Honesty, told him, *There were many such Vagabonds as he had infested the Country alate, but he should be more upon his Guard for the future. You are a suspicious Fellow,* says he, *and therefore I conjure you to tell me, Whether you own our Rightful and Lawful Sovereign King George.*

THE shameless Knave, being accusom'd to Recantations, told him, *His Stage brought in six Hundred Pounds per Annum, and therefore he might be sure he was for the Indefeasable Parliamentary Right.* The Justice could not keep his Countenance at the Dog's Absurdity, and so dismiss'd him.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o. 32.

CONTINU'D

By *Harry Gambol*, Licentiate.

From Tuesday, August 17. to Friday, August 20, 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

T's scarce to be imagin'd of what singular Use an exact Discipline of the Face is to Men of publick Characters ; No Practitioner ever arriv'd to any Degree of Eminence without the Knowledge of it, and tho' it is not as yet rank'd amongst the Sciences, I am satisfy'd it deserves a Promotion.

THIS Exercise of Airs and Features is a great Advantage in the low parts of Life, but more absolutely necessary for a Great Practitioner at his going down in the Esteem of his Patients. To put on such an Air as may make the World believe he is as well with them as ever, or, which is as reputable, to show he despises Practice.

I have learn'd a tolerable good manner of looking at, since the Stage has fallen into Dis-repute: I well affectedly, and give my Head some agreeable Poses, tho' I am told by my Friends, I don't stare People

People so full in the Face as I us'd, nor swear with so good a Grace as I us'd, when I tug the Fore-Top of my Whig.

THESE forc'd Airs, I find, are generally practis'd by the *Chymical* Men at present; and it over-joys me to see them keep up their Countenances under all the Discouragements they meet with; nay, I *Faith*, and go a Point further, and tell the *Galenists*, with a good steady Front, that the *Chymical Method of Practice will be in Vogue again*.

B A R this Confidence, we should be teized out of our Lives, for the *Galenists* have got a plaguy ill-natur'd way, alate, of accosting the *Chymical Men* with a long Sneer, and asking them, *How they do at this present Writing*: Then the exercise of the Face is very necessary to tell them, ——— *Very well*, with no visible concern, whilst they are Sick at Heart.

THIS Stratagem was concerted between some of the chief Practitioners, and has had so good an effect, as to keep the ignorant Admirers of the *Chymical Practice*, in hopes that the Method of preparing Medicines by Fire will be continu'd.

I T's merry to observe equal Tokens of Satisfaction on the Surface of Village amongst the *Galenists* and *Chymists*, both Sanguine in their Hopes, both claiming the next Director of the Stage for their Friend, and Grounding their Expectations upon different Prospects.

MOST of your High-German Doctors say, the *Chymists*, are Men of Fire, they love to torture every Thing by the Crucible, are for Searching Medicines, and won't be Prescrib'd to, being so much us'd to give

Noftrums

Nostrums of their own, and scorn to ask in a Consult of Physicians.

THUS they flatter themselves, and pretend to tell you, that *Mirabel*, an eminent *Galenist*, will be in Disgrace, and his Method of Practice oppos'd, and that the contingent Fees he took upon some extraordinary Cases, will be examin'd into, and censur'd as Unwarrantable.

I have strove to work my self up to such a Confidence, but my Reason tells me, it's all Imaginary, I have been pretty well humbled already, being forc'd to pay my Attendance at the Door, with my Bag under my Arm, and a Diary of my Operations, and not admitted to speak to the *Regular Physicians*.

IF any Foreign Case is sent to the Surgery, I have not the Liberty of opening it, but am forc'd to carry it to them, without seeing the Contents, which makes me in bodily fear, that many Errors in Practice will be discover'd, and I forc'd to go thro' a Steel Course by way of Attonement.

I have the Name, it's true, of being chief Operator in Surgery, but am chiefly employ'd in holding the Porringer, whilst another, who has the Repute of Bleeding more skilfully, runs away with the Perquisites. This has retrench'd many a Journey to *Greenwich*, and makes me fear I shall be forc'd to shut up my *Anatomical School*.

THESE are but indifferent Presages of the *Chymical* Method coming into fresh Repute in the Disgrace of my proper Person. Besides, one may make a shrewd Conjecture of the Aversion People have to all *Chymical Preparations*, by the Fires being put out in the

the *Elaboratory* for the last Fortnight, and not one Grain of *Mercury* dispens'd.

THE *Simples* of our Growth rise Daily in Esteem, as is evident from the great Consumption of them in the neighbouring Markets of *St. James's*: Vast Quantities of *Mollifying Plaisters* are made in all the *Dispensaries*, and the chief Directors of the *Galenists* have acted with that damn'd popular Gravity and Moderation in all their *Prescriptions*, that I and *Bungey* have often curs'd them at the *Snake-Club*, by our midnight Goddesses.

THE Flusters I have been in at my Office, when an extraordinary Case has fallen under Debate; the *Billet-Deux* which has been mix'd with Cases of the last Importance, and my cutting into *Sinus's* without *Probe-Stiffars* are recaptiulated with Aggravations, and plac'd in the same Light with the Sedateness, Accuracy, and Circumspection of the present Directors, which is plaguily Malicious, and too severe upon honest, rattling, inoffensive *Harry*.

THE *Galenists* open Way of Prescribing, and Writing in obvious Characters, are strangely moving, which they oppose to our Cyphers, and mystical Practice, first introduc'd by that tricking *Hermodachyl*, under the Notion of keeping the irregular Practice of the Stage from the Inspection of the Vulgar.

THESE Circumstances contribute mightily to the Reputation of the *Galenists*, and give them a Superiority in the Eye of the Populace, besides what they have gain'd by their ardent Zeal for the Health of the *Illustrious Hanno*, which is plac'd high

high in the Esteem of all honest Britons, upon the Account of his Benevolence and Humanity.

THE Contemptuous Treatment of a Letter sent from that Great Family, about a very important Case, and dispatching the Messenger away with all the Marks of Infamy, are heavy Charges upon me and my *Scaramouches*, tho' *Hermodactyl* was in the spiteful Part of that Secret, however he has adjusted that Mistake at present.

THIS might be gloss'd over, perhaps, by the Exigency of the Times; but that malicious Book in *Fo 10*, writ by a Club of *Chymists*, against *Hanno's* coming over for his Health, and patroniz'd by your *Humble Servant*, will go near to rise up in Judgment against the Fire-Men, and give the Preference to the *Galenists* in the Eye of the next Director.

THE Desertion of *Smut*, with his daily Meditations left behind him upon his Table, have administered great Jealousies of the Chymical Practice, and I don't hear the *Hue and Cry* has reach'd him yet; --- By *St. Patrick*.

FRANK *Scammony*, that heady Quack, who mounts a Stage in the Sanctuary at *Westminster*, gives me but wretched Consolation: He having a Talent at Speech-making, flatters me, if things come to Extremity, he will, in Conjunction with *Bungey*, harangue the Populace into a Belief of the Stage being independent of the President: He owes me a Favour, having design'd him a private Signet for Sealing the Packets.

I treated the Suggestion with Contempt, knowing them to be a couple of roaring senseless Bullies,

and the Artifice so Stale, that it would not find Credit hereafter with a dull Petty Canon: Yet, for a little sportive Mischief, I don't know but I may encourage them, on purpose to see their Lute-String flabbering Bibs embroider'd with rotten Turnips and addled Eggs: However, I wish I was as good a Scholar as *Frank*---- takes himself to be.

The High-German Doctor. N^o 33.

CONTINU'D

By *Harry Gambol*, Licentiate.

From Friday, August 20. to Tuesday, August 24. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

BEING just recover'd from a slight Indisposition, occasion'd by the Benevolence of Olive-Colour'd Moll in the Hundreds of *Pall-Mall*, *Will. Wildfire* and I went to the *Snake-Club*, to drink a refreshing Bottle of *Burgundy*. No Wit, not one happy Thought starting, but a few condoling Yawns blown over the Table to each other, we were plaguily at a loss for some diverting Company.

AT length four *Scaramouches* broke in upon us, besmear'd with Soot, and long Sleeves dangling on the Ground: *Frank Scammony* of *Westminster*, *Robin Tartar*

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Tartar of Greys-Inn, little Trapstick of Oxford, and to close the blessed Scene, *Bungey of Holbourn.*

I resign'd my self up to Dulness that Night, from a despair of improving by such insipid Society. However, I cover'd my Temper with a few Relicks of Court-Airs, and coolly ask'd them to take their respective Chairs.

THE first part of their Conversation turn'd upon One and Three, Three and One: I that was never Master of an Additional Sum in my Life, was so plagu'd with their whimsical Numbers, that I was just upon the point of Breaking up, when *Frank Scammony*, who values himself upon sheer Banter, turn'd the Discourse; and setting up for PROLOCUTOR of the Company, *Well*, says he, *honest Bungey, how stand you prepared for Oaths? For the Censors of the College resolve to bind you fast against Practising in Young Jacob's Name for the future.*

BUNGEY not taking the Doctor right, *By G—d*, says he, *I can Swear as fast as you; and as you first Taught me to forswear my self in my Speech, I am now come to an Habit of Swearing positively.*

I was presently upon the Catch, and recollecting, that the Three *Scaramouches* present had made the Doctor's Speech four Years past, when he was in Rebellion against the College of Regulars, I tipp'd the Wink upon *Bungey*, and encourag'd him to throw out some of his *Billingsgate* Proprieties.

BUNGEY having always been a TOOL, took Fire at the Encouragement, and I being determin'd to please my Fancy in Low-Life that Night, address'd my self, with a forc'd Gravity, to the Company, and

told them, They were a little too hard upon the Doctor, for *Perjury* in a *publick Court*, for once and away, did not prove him a *common Swearer*.

THE Plot thicken'd, and *Bungey* rose with a tolerable slightly Completion, after a Bumper of *Burgundy*, and the due Chase of the Spirits.

' I'LL right my self, says the Doctor. — No
' Bottles, dear Doctors, at one another's Heads,
' (says I) the weakness of your Skulls have been suffi-
' ciently prov'd already, and I beg you to make no
' fresh Experiments upon the *Pia Mater*.

BUNGEE, somewhat cool'd by this Caution, sat down, and began in Imitation of *Horace's* low Rail-
lery between *Messus* and *Sarmentus*, in his Fifth Satyr of his First Book.

' THOU Insolent Upstart, says *Bungey*, by St.
' *Bridget* that first gave thee skimm'd Milk, I'll ex-
' pose thee: You have a damn'd squeamish Eye: A
' naked Boy on a Sign-Post offends your *Opticks*, but
' I am satisfy'd that you and I, in concert, have
' not been shock'd at the Sight of the Mount of
' *Venus*.

' BUT how, in the Name of my tutelar Angel
' *Asmodeus*, could you mistake a *Bee-Hive* for *Jacob's*
' *Well*? You are bit, Doctor, and the People in *West-*
' *minster* think you don't know a Looking-Glass
' from a Cloose-Stool-Pan.

SCAMMONY, with all the correct Impudence
of Twenty Years Stage-Practice, was not present to
himself upon this Occasion, but was forc'd to make
use of the same Expression *Codicil* return'd to Her-
modactyl,

modestyl, when he bully'd him a Fortnight since, I
always *bated* you, but now I *despise* you.

BUNGEY having the Laugh of his Side, and
swelling his Vein of Raillery with an intermediate
Bumper; 'Pray, Dr. *Scammony*, says he, how is
'your Sense of Smelling alate? They tell me, that
'the Scent of a Dunghill in a Sign gives your Ol-
'factory Nerves an uneasiness: You and I have been
'often very facetious at the *Dunghil-Tavern*. How
'comes your Spleen to swell at the Posture of a
'poor Fellow, making a natural Discharge in
'Imaginary?

AT this, *Robin Tartar* of *Greys Inn* interpos'd,
and told *Bungey*, such Language was not to be given
to one of a superior Order in the *Stage*.

I that have been so fam'd for the Propagation of
Mischief, could not restrain my self upon this Oc-
casion, and, by a private Hint, flipt *Bungey* upon
Tartar.

BUNGEY, having lately went out *ad Eundem*
in *Cambridge*, had made it his Business to trace out all
the Scandal in a certain *University*, and amongst the
Memoirs he had collected, was very prompt upon
this Incident.

'YOU, *Tartar*, says he, have dress'd a Widow's
'Issue for some Years, and at last have swallow'd the
'*Pea*. Come, ---- I don't know but this Wine is as
'good as any you have met with at the *Three Tuns*
'at *Cambridge*.

ROBIN Recollecting his juvenile Frolicks, and
what a Jest he had made of himself, readily took
the Allusion, and making a Pause, had only this poor

Reply to succour his Want of Presence: *Your Tongue is no Slander, we have been even with you in the Speech we compos'd for you.*

BUNGEY was inordinately fir'd at this Discovery, and would have blurted out something that might have given further Light to the wicked Compact betwen them; when little *Trappick* rose just to the height of giving a Glyster, *Nay, Doctor,* says he, *I must blame you now.*

' **AVAUNT**, little *Zany*, says *Bungey*, you ought to take your Master's Part Right or Wrong; I hir'd you first for little Flourishes, and now you'll pretend to make formal Speeches amongst us Wits: *Bungey* grew drunk, talk'd wild and stammer'd in his Speech, and just having an Articulate Sound left, blatter'd out, --- *By the Apostolical Authority committed to me by Clement the XIth, I enjoyn thee Silence. A Chair for the Doctor:* And so we parted.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 34.

CONTINU'D

By Harry Gambol, Licentiate.

From Friday, August 24. to Tuesday, August 27. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

BEING hourly in expectation of a New President of the College, who is determin'd to purge out all the Abuses which crept into the Stage-Practice, thro' the Corruption of the Times, I have been Weighing my late Conduct in the nicest Scales. I could purchase, and Scanning my past Life with great Acuracy, to be made sensible of the Errors I may be particularly charg'd with.

WHEN we come upon our Examination before the Censors, *Hermodactyl* shall not answer for the Trespases of *Gambol*, nor *Gambol* for the crying Sins of *Hermodactyl*; neither will *Codicil* be able, with all his Sophistry, to remove the Charge of *Mala Praxis* from himself, and load us Two with it. It was in short, a Triple League of Mischief, and since we could not agree to *Poison in Concert*, every one must make the best Shift he can for himself.

I have been so confus'd late in my Thoughts,

that I could only think by Intervals ; and the Surgery being under a Check, I have not been able to come at all the Papers and Cases, which may be both of Use and Disservice to my Cause.

HOWEVER, having preserv'd my *Diary*, amidst the Ruins of our *Stage*, I was so curious to look it over the other Day, for more exact Information, but could not gain any considerable Light from thence : Being under no manner of Apprehensions of seeing this Turn in Practice, I had not digested my Papers so Methodically as I could have wish'd, and find the History of many remarkable Cases wanting.

THERE are many ludicrous Hints in every Page, which us'd to revive the Images of past Pleasure, and often make me very happy with a fair Lady at a distance.

IN the first three or four Leaves, I find recorded such momentous Cases as these following, after the laudable Method of my Friend *Smut*, in his *Soliloquies*.

BLED a young Wench of Seventeen in the *Median Vein*, at a Corporation of Love in *Great Rider-Street*, with a *Bold Pulse*, *Velvet Skin*, and *Pouting Lip*. Return'd back of my Fees, 1 l. — 1 s. — 6 d.

DITTO, Impos'd on by a Doctress that Day, who recommended a young Nymph to me, who had been too busy with *Rechfort's Pomatum*. My Labour being small, I gave it Gratis.

PAID for dividing a very sensible and curious *Membrane* in the *Via Infernali*, by the Interest of a Lady Governess near the *Green-Dragon*, *St. James's*,
2 l.

21.---3 s.---o. Lost my Credit another Day, by not being able to go thro' with an Operation in *Leicester Fields*. Overcharg'd By a Bottle extraordinary. Compromis'd Matters with a large Fee.

MAN *Will.* and I went Halves in an Operation; the Part Schirrous; Launcets blunted; the Patient in a Swoon; Cold Water for the Girl; a Bumper of Generosity for *Will.* and self: Both possess'd, judg'd Incapable.

GOT a Thorn in my Foot by running naked; broke my Man's Head, for not introducing a She Patient precisely at Seven; and then gave him a Plaister.

LOOKING further, I found something of more Importance: A Journey to *Paris*, upon *Hermodactyl's* Persuasion, to improve my Hand in Amputations, under *French Surgeons* in the *Royal Hospital*. To learn likewise a dexterous Way of Cupping and Blistering the good People of *Britain*, without a Groan from the Patient.

FURTHER, to Ratify a private Contract made between *Hermodactyl*, Me, and *Roselle* the *French Surgeon*, for the Use and Benefit of a Patient that shall be nameless.

SETTLED an Exchange of *French Tartar* for ready Money, *English*.

TRY'D on a Pair of *Wooden-Shoes*, pinch'd me damnably, and gave me a Corn: To be lin'd in *England*, for the more Ease at first drawing on.

KISS'D Prince *Prettyman's* Hand in *Le Grand Petit's* Closet; --- Made a wretched Blunder in

my first Addressee to him; promis'd him my Services.

W A S jostled out of the Box at an *Opera* that Night to make way for him; — Lay with a Marchioness the same Night, in Recompence for the Affront, by the powerful Interest of Madam *Scaronia*.

C A M E back Hot, and Heady: Somewhat Cool alate; — more Temperate every Day; — the bad Effects of it, Melancholly, and Self-Reflection.

R E S O L V ' D once to break all the *Regular Physicians*, to set up *Stage-Practise* in Opposition to the dull Rules of Art; to change some of my *Operators*, and put in Men of more sanguine Complexions in their room.

M E M O R A N D U M; *Frank Scammony* to Seal the private Packets. Allowance to him out of the Contingents of the *Stage*, to provide six *Scaramouches* in constant Attendance, to run about with *Wild-Fire* in their Mouths, crying out, *The Stage is in Danger*.

S I X more Supporters to these in *Black Liveries*, with great Cables on their Heads to be dispers'd *pro re Nata*, to inferior Stages of the Town at 12 *d. per Diem*, with two or three Set-Harangues, with a remnant of *Latin* to confound themselves and the Crowd; and proper Gestures assign'd them, by *Don-Strombolo* of *Bettyshanger*, Master of the Ceremonies, and Guide to the *Raw Slips*.

T O call Names, loudly, and without Meaning.

T O

TO play *Scammony* against the most Regular Physician at *Lambeth*, for opposing him in his *Quackery*, and exposing his false Glosses about the Stage's Independency of the President, and Censors of the College.

A N eminent Physician at *Sarum* to be Burlesqu'd, for having kept *Rungy's* Relations from Starving; for that popular Way of giving his Medicines Gratis to the Poor, and diligent Application to the true Dignity of his Profession.

N. B. THAT Bright Witticism to be reviv'd amongst the Inferior *Scaraimouches*, if the sanctify'd use of *Cambrick*, and the prophane Intendment of *Scotch Cloath*. -- A *Cameronian Doctor*. -- That has a good Sound.

THE Indefeazable and Unalienable Right of *Stage-Practice* deduc'd from the *High Æra*, and long Antiquity of 112 Years, to be oppos'd to that of 1500, which the *Regular Physicians* boast of.

THE whole *Stage Corporation* absolutely enjoin'd never to Reason with any of the *Regulars*: Found of no use in Practice: *Probatum est*.

MANY other curious Remarks are lost by wearing in my Pocket, and the violent Exercise of my Body, and some pick'd out when I have fallen into bad Company: Many a *Vellum Case* in an Advertisement.

THESE are sufficient to satisfy you, that I have always mix'd the Serious with the Loose parts of Life; and that I have an enterprizing Brain, but plaguy short in Execution.

THERE

THERE are not, I think, many things culpable in these *Memoirs*, and I hope, after dancing the slack Rope so long, there are none of you so cruel to wish poor *Harry* was stretching it.

I have a *Diary* of *Hermodactyl's* in my custody, which I think to publish in a little time; I would not have him think me a *Plagiary* for so doing, he having printed so many Copies and Schemes of others, in which he had no Hand.

THERE is a great deal of it in *Coptick* Characters, as the Learned tell me, but I shall fish out enough to let the World see I am a merry wicked Fellow, and he a whining One.

IT begins with an extempore Prayer in Form. If I don't speak proper, it is because my Conversation has not lain much that Way.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o. 35.

CONTINU'D

By *Harry Gambol*, Licentiate.

From Friday, August 27. to Tuesday, August 31. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Apprehensions I daily lye under from the *Censors* of the College, are very often reliev'd by some merry Incidents. I have feasted an whole Week upon a merry Tale that was told me of *Bungay*.

GIVE the Dog his due, tho' he is Proverbially dull, he furnishes great variety of Matter for the Curious; there is something so emphatically Ridiculous in the Fellow, above all Mankind, that he seems to be lent by Providence as a *Purge for Melancholy*.

I love him for nothing but his inimitable Wick- edness. He has a pure unrelenting Conscience, and Zeal for Mischief, joyn'd to those masterly Qualifica- tions of Arrogance and Impotence.

HIS Company is insipid to the last Degree. The Stiffness which attends his aiming at being Arch, without Wit, gives me the *Strangury*. He is Lewd to an *Inch*, and no more; Prophane, without a Gloss;

Gloss; meanly Insolent, without the Sense of Pride; Vain with the Shreds of Popularity; a *Flatus* of Style, without Sense or Propriety; and so well vers'd in the becoming Manner of Dress, that you would think his upper Part always in Masquerade, with a fair Peruke, and Lead-Colour Complexion.

YET this vile Slave receives a noble Income from his Stage, the poor Animals of his Audience contributing largely to the *Packets* of Charcoal and Brimstone.

BUT the Inquietude this empty Tool labours under from such an unmerited Fortune, is the sportive part of the wild Scene, which brings a Story flush to my Memory.

BE it known to you, therefore, that *Bungey's* Stage lies in the *Fens* of *Holbourn*, at the Foot of that famous Hill which receives a Knot of honest Fellows Monthly from a neighbouring College above it.

WHETHER *Bungey* dislik'd the Situation, as having too near a Resemblance with *Holland*, and affected the *Highlands*, out of love to a Pretender in *Physick*, that has a great Interest there, and his beloved Minion, I shall not determine; but the Fellow, it seems, had a Worm fretting in his Brain a few Weeks since, and swore, he would transplant his Stage.

BY Old Ely, says he, I'll remove: And immediately fell to ripping his *Wainscot*, and taking down all the *History Painting* of his *Tumults* at the Head of the *Banditti* Four Years past, and order'd the Workmen

Workmen to proceed no further in Railing his *Stage*, and setting up a large *Crucifix* at the *East-end* of it.

WHILST this Fit of Lunacy was upon him, he bespeaks *Ten Ells of Lawn*, and a *Square Cap*, and getting into a Room of Glass Pannels, where he us'd to dally with a Nymph stark-naked, for the heightning his decay'd Fancy, surveys the Grotesque Figure of his dear self.

THE Soliloquy was very pleasant, as the Trumpeter of the *Stage* inform'd me.

' A H, *Bungey*, says he, thou Coriphee of Quack-
' cry, how amiable dost thou appear in this *Meta-*
' *morphosis*? How artfully do these Robes of Light
' cover thy inward Deformity, and give an Inno-
' cence to thy hardn'd Complection? O thou spe-
' cious Cheat! *Dear Lucifer* permit me to strengthen
' thy Kingdom, and out-do thee in thy Realms be-
' low. With that he began to exercise his Faculty,
and spying a Block in one Corner of the Room,
which us'd to adjust his *Peruke*, and give every
languid Hair a flowing Curl, he claps his Hand
upon the embelishing Machine, and crys out, *I*
bl'as thee!

AT this juncture an honest *Turn-Cock* of the
New-River-Water comes in, to discourse him about
laying in a *Pipe* to supply him with Store of Water;
The Doctor being of the *Seed* of the *Circumcision*,
and delighting much in *Purifications*, after frequent
Bodily Defilements.

FROM this Moment, says *Bungey*, I put a Stop
to thy Work in this Low Quarter of the Town; you
must lay me a *Pipe* over the Way, for I design
to

to remove my Stage, to the great Gate upon the Hill.

THE poor Fellow, astonish'd at the Order, began to think him a little Possess'd. *Metbinks, Doctor,* says he, *you are well Situated, and you cannot change for a better Air: And Six Hundred Pounds per Annum is no contemptible Tbing.*

THOU little cree'ing, servile, inglorious Water-Rat, says the Doctor, *dost thou measure thy humble Wishes by the Standard of my elevated Soul? I tell thee, there is not a Doctor in England deserves it better.*

THEN the poor Fellow was fully appriz'd of his Vanity, and being a dry Wag, told him, he fancy'd his Honour and Glory had not rightly consider'd his personal Incapacity. *For they tell me,* says he, *that the Spot you have pitch'd upon, is Consecrated Ground, and there is a Statute in Force against you Strowlers, forbidding you to come within the Verge of a Sanctuary.*

BUNGEY foam'd just with the same Rage as he did in his Stage Speech at St. Paul's; and Anathematis'd the poor Fellow, in the Name of Francis Spira.

By *Sancta Jugunda*, the tutelar Saint of the immortal Catalans, (says the Turn-Cock) I insist upon my Liberty; and thou hast no more Power to Curse me than I have to Dub thee a Saint. But good Words, Bungey.

I would not have you so hot upon removing your Stage, before you are satisfy'd of the firmness of the Tenure you hold at present, I am told you are but in a tottering Condition.

IT's

‘ I T’s *Montagio’s* Ground that your Stage is
 ‘ Built on, you have no Lease but what *Codicil* drew,
 ‘ and he is none of *Montagio’s*, or his Friend’s At-
 ‘ torney; and when that Right comes to be try’d
 ‘ before the *Censors*, what will become of your
 ‘ Usurpation?

‘ Y O U have been reckon’d Lunatick by them
 ‘ already, a Tool at the third Hand, and an Impostor
 ‘ by all Mankind; and such a Revenue is not to be
 ‘ lavish’d upon so much Ignorance and Impudence,
 ‘ when honest Half-pay Officers are Starving.

‘ R E T E N C H, you Varlet, from two Bottles
 ‘ to a Pint, says the honest Water-Rat, and from a
 ‘ Scarf-Maker in *Cannon-Street*, to an humble
 ‘ Whore in *Moor-Fields*: No more *Turkeys* and
 ‘ *Chines*, or plump Sucking Pigs, which the Vulgar
 ‘ us’d to offer for your poysonous *Pills* and *Bolus’s*.
 ‘ Y O U a Doctor, you a Coftermonger, I am a
 ‘ better Physician than you: How much *Calomel* do
 ‘ you put in a Dose for a *Simple Gonorrhoea*? How
 ‘ many Drops of *Capiv*? I have been in for it as
 ‘ often as you. *Responde, dignissime Doctor.*

B U N G E Y over-talented by the Assurance of the
 Turn Cock, was at a Pause, but recollecting the
 Impudence he shew’d when he was Try’d before the
Censors, let fly a String of Epithets, which made the
 poor Fellow think he was raising the Devil. ‘ Jack,
 ‘ call my Apparitor; I’ll put the Dog into the Spi-
 ‘ ritual Court for Defamation, and Arraigning the
 ‘ Honour and Dignity of my Vices. Don’t you know,
 ‘ Sirrah, (says he) that Black compounds for all Im-
 ‘ moralities; and even a Small-Coal-Man, for wear-
 ing

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ing that Colour, has partial Favours shown him
from our Court of no Conscience.

The High-German Doctor. N^o 36.

CONTINU'D

By *Harry Gambol, Licentiate.*

From Tuesday, August 31. to Friday, Septem. 3. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Neyer was in a worfe Humour for making Speeches these Four Years, than I am at present; the florid Periods applauded by the Men, and the tender Things which us'd to pierce the Ears, and make their Way into the Ladies Hearts, have left me on a sudden; that rakish Sprightlines which cover'd many a Neglect, is chang'd into a guilty Dejection of Countenance: I am become a perfect *Caput Mortuum*, a heavy Lump of Clay, scarce to be animated by *Burgundy*.

YET I must say something for my self at my departure; it vexes me that I am oblig'd to Copy after the worst Pattern in the Universe: *Hermodactyl's* Farewel Speech has laid me under a necessity of taking my Leave in Form, tho' I ought, in good Husbandry,

to

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to have reserv'd what I had to say to the World, for my final *Exit*, which my propitious Stars tell me is not far off.

I have nothing that presents it self to my Mind *Extempore*; my Prompter, *Smut*, is fled; I have a good mind to take up the laudable Custom of our *Scaramouches*, and Speechify by Notes; but that will look like some Fore-Thought, and disgrace my ready Wit, and Presence of Mind.

YOU will grant I have but small Encouragement to appear in Publick at this Juncture; and tho' I have been a comical Fellow in the Course of my Practice, I have just Cause for Mourning at this Juncture, without the assistance either of *Black*, or *Weepers*.

THERE are none of you Strangers to my Disgrace. The *Interdict* laid on my Practice this Week, by the *Regular Physicians*, and the solemn Execution of it, under the Seal of the *Great President of the Colledge*, has mortify'd my Ambition to the last Degree.

IF I might have been allow'd to keep up the *Stage-Practice* till the *President* and *Regular Physicians* had met, it would have mitigated the Censures of the World. But to have my Box of Instruments seal'd up, my Launcets taken from me, and all the Causes relating to Surgery secur'd, for a Day of Examination before the *Censors*, carry an Air of Suspicion along with them, and makes my Audience believe now, That I never had no more Skill than a Country Barber, with much less Honesty.

THE Blow, I must confess, was less Surprising,
having

having liv'd in continual Apprehensions of it the last Month; so that my Case has resembled one in a lingring Distemper, perceiving a daily Waste in his Constitution, and feeling all the Symptoms of his approaching End, in much bodily Fear, without one real Token of Contrition.

HOWEVER, I think the Intervals which favour'd my Admission into the Surgery, have not been misemploy'd for my Safety. The Titles were kept in pretty good Order, by the Industry of our Menials, so that I could turn to some Cases which fell to my share in Practice. You may be sure I was compassionate enough to clear the File of some Encumbrances, and give less trouble to the *Regular Physicians*, in perusing such a variety of Cases.

THERE was a flaming one in Front, concerted between *Precipitate*, the *Irish Operator*, and my self, for receiving the Use of *Wild Irish Durks*, and *French Razors*, in our Operations of Surgery: It cannot be imagin'd of what singular Use they are in cutting off Excrescencies which are fed by stubborn Humours, and run over the Body licentiously. But I believe that Method of Practice would have been sufficiently damn'd by the *Regulars*, and we reckon'd a Couple of refin'd Butchers: But that Charge, thanks to my Stars, is sunk.

NEXT, a *Practical System of Physick*, for restoring a Youth, troubled with a Megrim, in Foreign Parts; with the Salary paid for his Board out of the Contingents of the Stage, the last Four Years.

SOME Cases relating to *Hans Skipper*, a *Dutchman*, about his Fulness of Blood, with a Resolution

to

to bleed him frequently, and at last reduce him to an *Atrophy*.

TO heal up all the Wounds of *Le Grand Petit*, and close them so artfully, that the Scars may not be seen.

LIKEWISE, a Project for Consolidating the *French Lilly* and our *English Saffron* into a *Pill*, with an Ingredient from *Spain* and *Sicily*, for curing an Epidemical Disease in the *North*; and strong *Antipathies* against the *French Practice* in the *Low Countries*,

THESE Cases, some *Whimsical*, some *Criminal*, have escap'd the Eye of the *Regulars* as yet, unless *Hermodactyl*, to skreen himself, has reserv'd Copies of them.

SOME few, I am afraid, stand yet upon Record, which give some Pain, but those must be charg'd upon my *Zanies*, as *Hermodactyl* did a poysonous Dispensation upon his *Stoker*.

MY two chief *Zanies* are heady and obstinate to a Wish: They have been examin'd already by a grave *Physician*, of a tall and commanding Aspect, and stand their Ground. I take *Hermodactyl's* Method of confirming their Stubborness, assuring them that I have Interest, even at the last Extremity, to bring them off clear. They seem to relish my Advice agreeably enough at present, and I hope they may be brought to do Pennance for me, between Heaven and Earth. I had once a Thought of making a Commutation, and plac'd my last Hopes in that powerful Oratory, but I dread the clean Hands of the *Regular Practitioners*.

BUT

BUT leaving the Issue of these heavy Charges to kind Chance, I am to thank you, *Gentlemen and Ladies*, for the large Indulgencies you have granted me in the Course of Practice.

THO' I set out raw, you never charg'd me with Insufficiency, I have prick'd some of you thrice in a Place, by way of Experiment, and you never shrink'd under the *Launcet*.

MY Boldness has been suited to the Ferment of your Blood these Four Years. You have all been affected like People of Calentures, who fancy the Sea a green Meadow, and court their Destruction by an eager Plunge into the Deep.

UNDER this deception of Sight, our *Scaramouches* in Black have attracted your Love and Veneration. Under these false Colours, most of us have plaid the solemn Cheat, and I the Wanton.

TO your good Graces, fair Ladies, I owe my supreme Interest in the *Stage*, tho' subordinate to *Hermodactyl*, and hope I have answer'd the tender *Idza's* you conceiv'd of me.

NEVER were so much Gaiety, and amorous Frolicks, mix'd with the solemn Business of Life. I transplant my Office to *Sommerfet-House*, where you have undergone many an Operation in *Masquerade*. The Physick I administred, will stick by you for many Years, but you must not complain.

THE Favours I have receiv'd at your Hands, have been faithfully repaid. If any Fair One charges me with Ingratitude, it's possible she will be of another Mind the first searching Weather.

I had thought of adding some new Decorations to the Stage at Greenwich, and making every Lawn a fresh Scene of Love; but I am prevented from cultivating the Arts of Humanity, and improving the Talents I am bleis'd with.

THE Fears I am under at present, contract my Nerves, and make me unfit for show, I fancy sometimes I have given the Ladies my extream Unction. Your Prayers are desired for Harry Gambol in his Extremity.

FR Scammony, with a true Enthusiastick Vehemence, resolves to succeed me next Stage-Day. He swears he is doubly Gifted; and will knock People about the Head with his Keys, if they will not submit to his Prescriptions without Reserve.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 37.

CONTINU'D

By Will. Bromingham, Student in
Physick and Astrology

From Friday, Septem 3. to Tuesday, Septem 7. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

HARRYGAMBOL's Disgrace, which he, with a true Stage-Impudence, softens by the Name of *Abdication*, joyn'd to the approaching Dissolution of *Codicil*, has struck the Operators of our Stage with such a pannick Fear, that I began to be in-pain for the Audience this Day, and thought we should have been forc'd to bury our Stage at Midnight.

FRANK Scammony, on whom we rely'd has broke thro' his *Bona Fide*, and tells us, He thinks his *Tenure* is a little firmer than ours, and therefore will not put it to the Hazard, by appearing upon such a ruinous Stage.

I am not much concern'd at the Disappointments for his Periods were always study'd; he was never us'd to an Extempore Speech; even *Bungey's* Harangue was a collective Tax upon all the Top *Scaramouches*

mouches Sense of this Great City. He never talk'd without Notes; and an unforeseen Incident would have almost put him to the Blush.

BUT I that have been us'd to Speechify among the *Censors*, am risen to an Habit of Talking polish'd Impropieties, which go glibly down amongst the insensible Majority.

I am perfectly Master of his conceal'd Reasons, and know that Excuse to be only a Blind. His Coach was Blazon'd too high for an Operator: The Devices upon it were too pompous for the Stage, or the humble Notions of a speckled, or dapple Palfrey, that he would have been taken for a Lunatick, to appear in that Vehicle; and the poor Animal was too vain to make his Entry without it.

HIS Crest was a Faggot in Flame-Colour, with a double-tipp'd Ornament upon it; the Quarterings, were a Seal halt struck, with young *Jacob* in Bust; a Wax Taper in the other; a Rosary, and a String of Beads, all in a Field Gules.

THE Supporters were Two *Scaramouches* in Black, in imitation of a disgrac'd *Harlequin's* Brace of Angels; the Feet representing *Satyrs*, with very long Tails.

I leave you to judge of this fantastick Imaginary, it's what I never saw in my Travels; and the World says, I have been lavish enough in remarkable ridiculous Punctualities.

THE Stage, I assure you, was sunk to so low an Ebb, that even *Bungy*, the Remnant of Sense and Good Manners, was apply'd to upon *Harry's* Disgrace, but being inform'd, that the Fellow had been so mean

as to recommend moderate Doses in a late *Stage-Speech*, we would not trust such a trifling Fellow with a Cause which requir'd a false Spirit, and a tenacious Adherence to the Chymical Method against the victorious Advance of *Regular Practice*.

THE Province is now left to me, with many malignant Stars hanging over my Head, but there is a Necessity for a Struggle at this Time: You all know my avow'd Principles; but to do the *Stage Service*, I am forc'd to go under the Sneer of an *Occasional Conformist* to the *Regulars* at present.

I have siz'd my own Talents, and know my self capable of going thro' all the *Finesse* requir'd in the *Stage*: I have a taking Look for Business, solemn Heaviness work'd up to a Pertness, when I find there is occasion for a Laugh upon the Run of an Argument against me.

I deal well enough with *Quacks*, upon a Debate. Having kept a *Stage* at *Oxford*, you must allow I have scrap'd up some Gleanings of *Logick*, especially the Terms of *Barbara Calarunt*, which have been so necessary to my *Stage* the last Year.

I have often attempted to prove a *Galenist* a Mouse, after the pert Way of our fresh Men's proving a Man a Horse; but my *Mediums* are damn'd unlucky; *Polemus* dissects me at every Turn, and ventures to say, I have little Sense with a large *Bag of Brains*.

THE *Scaramouches* in Black are to answer for every Defect in my *Elocution* and *Practice*: They told me, Headiness without Thought would make my Fortunes, with a Majority on my side, if I could

could, by false Oratory, prevail upon the Rabble to believe the *Regular Physicians Schismaticks in Practice.*

POL EMIUS caught me in an insupportable Lye at the last Consult: I found my self gravell'd, and look'd round for Supporters. The *Scaramouch* had told me, That any false Assertion, advanc'd for the Honour and Dignity of the *Stage*, was no more than an officious Lye, and so contented with their *Casuistry*, I tann'd a little, sat down, and play'd my *Muscles* somewhat Sheepishly.

CAN you believe me without Diffidence? I have been a Tool to the *Scaramouches* in *Black*, and am almost become their Enemy in point of Interest. Whenever I offer'd them good clean Port, the Knaves have always cry'd out for *French Claret*, and *Coniack Brandy.*

IT's impossible to satiate those voracious Stomach's with the Growth of a single Farm: I have been forc'd to anticipate my Rents for the empty Noise of being a Protector of *Stage-Practice.*

THUS a great Man pays dearly for an empty Name, but having no other way of establishing it, I am forc'd to bear the Impertinence of those prevailing Coxcombs, rather than not make a Figure, tho' somewhat of the Clumsiest: They have got my Soul, and so they think they have a Right to my Body.

I can easily fill up a Gap in Conversation, when they are dull, only by fetching a grave Sigh, and telling them, The *Stage* is in Danger. I then have leisure to recollect my self, and save my Provender, by slipping them upon so agreeable a Subject.

L z

THEY

THEY tell me, they have a Proposal in *Petto*, to present the *President* of the *College* upon his arrival, to conciliate his Friendship, and show the Necessity of entertaining some Scouts in Black, to strengthen his Practice.

I cannot give into these weak Expectancies, the *President* knows them to a Man: I am mark'd: They have Ten Thousand Stains upon them, which all the dismal Colours they appear in are never able to conceal: Their Numbers are their only Boast, but a Colony to *Virginia* for Planting and Propagating, will, I fear, soon lessen their Arithmetick.

PAMPER'D Chins for *Quacks*, I am told, seem to be too great a Waste upon the Soil, whilst the *Regular Physicians* of the same Colour work their way thro' the World, and starve with honest Application. You see I am upon the Point of Recantation: my League with Brother *Harry* was but just commenc'd when the *Stage* was tottering.

N.B. FRANK Scammony's *Coach* is to be Sold: Enquire at the *White Hart* in *Rocheſter*: If gone from thence, come back to *Westminster*, and you shall know further in *Dean's-Yard*.

The

The High-German Doctor. N°. 38.

CONTINU'D

By *Will. Broomingham*, Student in
Physick and Astrology.

From Tuesday, Sept. 7. to Friday, Sept. 10. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Stage being threaten'd with a sudden arrival of the *President* of the *College*, I grow every Hour doubly *Officious*, and begin to Mouth the inviolable *Attach* I have to his *Person* tolerably well; and I believe with much the same *Sincerity* as *Hermodactyl* spoke it, after he had given young *Jacob* all possible assurance of his *Recovery*.

I have been *Practising* upon my *Face* these five *Weeks* past, to work the *Muscles* up to a good plausible *Brunswick* Air. You must understand, *Mum* was always plaguily offensive to my *Palate*, and so a *Grimace* or two at first, is very pardonable in a *Probationer*.

AFTER I had rack'd my *Brain* some time for a proper *Model* of *Look*, by the Advice of some *Scaramouches* in *Black*, I resolv'd to borrow a true *English* Complexion, such as the famous *University* of

Oxford wore in *Eighty-Eight*, when they laid aside their *Mahometan Phiz* of *Eighty Three*.

THIS we are resolv'd on to a Man, and cry up Moderation in Practice, that we may not exasperate the *Regular Physicians*: Nay, the *Scaramouches* that set Fire to some of the *Dispensaries* Four Years past, have got a Brace of Buckets in their Hands, ready to quench any Flame that may happen, provisionally that they may have the chief Hand in the Administration of the *College*.

AS I shall have a very difficult Task upon me to keep my Countenance from betraying the strongest Passion for young *Jacob*, it must be equally painful to those who have been putting their Faces under the same Discipline for some Time. After I have paid my graceless Devoirs, I shall have the Pleasure of seeing several of our worthy Stage Friends pay their Court to the President, with a Medal of *Reddite* in their Pockets to a Pretender in *Physick*.

IF I could prevail upon *Bungey* to be at the Head of the *Scaramouches* that Day to break the Way for us, with his Pioneering Impudence, we of the lower Order of *Corinth* might maintain our artificial Fronts with a tolerable good Grace.

AS this Farce works, so we shall conform our Judgments; we have paid it once with admirable success, and gave sufficient Uneasiness to the Great President *William*, after we had gain'd his Confidence; neither he, or his *Censors*, enjoy'd one peaceable Minute during a twelve Years Dispensation: I assure you, we Stage-Practitioners have a pure Way of teizing a President, and the Regular Physicians, if they

they will not allow us what Priviledges we demand, and suffer us to poison under their Nose.

THE illustrious President, they say, has taken sufficient Warning from the good natur'd Lapses of the former, and will expect a Prescription should be follow'd, without pleading Excuses, so it be exactly according to the Rules of the *Dispensary*: Former Indulgencies having been prov'd by the Regulars to be pernicious.

IF this Method is taken, we may only thank our selves: *Bungey* in every Quack-Bill he writ, or Stage-Speech he deliver'd, instead of ordering Physicians to be taken with a due Conduct, as the Regulars prescribe, he, with a Pedantick Vehemence, cries out, *Let this Pill be taken with wholesome Severities.*

THOSE Quacks who pretend to make a Merit of their forward Services, I doubt will find themselves strangely mistaken: it's well, I am told, if they had Admittance; but to pretend to share in the Privilege, of the College, is downright Lunacy.

THE President knows his Title is firmer than any of his Predecessors; he is not to be allur'd by vain Promises, or terrify'd by false Cries, tho' we have a pretty numerous, and very clamorous Body of People.

HIS Judgment, Distinction, and Resolution concur to make him the Greatest Man alive in his Station, to obviate any Distempers which are invading the Constitution, or, if confirm'd, to eradicate them by proper Applications.

THOSE who fancy there will be a Necessity of showing some Countenance to us Stage-Practitioners,

have not much consider'd the Steadiness of his Conduct; and the Marks of Distinction he has honour'd the present *Regent Censors* with, who are, almost to a Man, made up of Regular Physicians, leave no Room to doubt of the Biass of his Inclinations.

U-P O N a Reform of the Stage, I think my self a little better Circumstantiated than my Brethren: If my Launcet is taken out of my Hand, all the World knows I am a great Traveller, and consequently a great Historian; and as I am a perfect Master of all Preparations in Physick, I have had it upon my Mind, some Time, to present the President of the College with an History of *Shell Gridding*, together with the noble Art and Mystery of making *Black Cherry Water*, being the genuine Works of *Will. Birmingham*, Student in Physick and Astrology, Historiographer, and a Great Speaker.

I know the Time that such a pompous Title in the Front Page, without much Matter in the Book, would have gone down smoothly with some of my *Oxford* Readers; but the Regular Physicians are such prying Criticks, that they expect to find something in every Page to the purpose, which in my humble Opinion, is not the Business of an Author. If I had writ in that Way, I should not, at this Time, have been comforted with the whole Impression of my Travels, under my own proper Custody.

B Y this means, I am able to restore the Commonwealth of Learning out of my own Study, if there should be any Symptoms of Decay; besides several Manuscripts of mine in Physick, almost equal to my Travels,

Travels, which are deposited in that Registry of Sciences, the *Bodleian Library*.

I am almost of Opinion sometimes, that I should have been thought no wiser than other Practitioners, if I had not kept a Stage at *Oxford*: There is something in the sound of that Name, which strikes the Imagination with Awe; and if a Quack has but Conduct enough to support the Impression the World takes of such an Education, either by profound Nods, or positive Assertions; by formal Harangues, without any Interruption given, or calling every Thing which makes against our Stage-Practice, by some hard Terms, which generally have no Meaning where they are apply'd, as *Antimo* --- *Repub* --- *Hetero*, &c. that Fellow, depend upon it, shall have the Hum of the Crowd.

THESE, and the like Stratagems, are easily learn'd, and are of good Use in Human Life; these have supported the false Grandeur, empty Chicane, and dry Redantry of the *Scaramouches*, and command a Deterrence from those who are weak enough to be taken with the mechanical Operations of some Gestures, Tones, and Manners, further succour'd by a flaxen Whig, a languishing Look, a glossy Scarf, and the heavenly Spark of a Brilliant.

I never had a larger Opportunity of improving my weighty Talents than at this Juncture, for I sit all Day in my Surgery without the least Interruption; every Fellow that us'd formerly to trust his Neck in our Hands, grows shy of us alate, and pertly asks, *What Kein we design to prick him in? And how many Ounces.*

Ounces we propose to take from him? None of Hermodactyl's Purges ——— cry the Men. None of Gambol's Launcet; ——— say the Women. So I am forc'd to make use of a blunter Point. Such a wonderful Influence has the Skill and Care of the Censors had on the weak People of Great Britain in a Month's Time.

The High-German Doctor. N^o. 39.

CONTINUED

By Will. Bromingham, Student in
Physick and Astrology.

From Friday, Sept. 10. to Tuesday, Septem. 14. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

AS weak as the World represents me, yet assure your selves, I have Judgment to know when I am sneer'd: Nay, I am so sensible a Creature as to guess from a Whisper what lies at your Hearts. There is a Coolness runs thro' my Audience alate, but one Remove from Disdain; and some have been so frank to let me know, I appear much below Harry Gambol's Spirit and Brightness. This I place to the Levity of your Tempers: We are both of us Wits, but our Manner is different; I am a solid

Wit:

Wit: *Harry* a mercurial One: My Wit generally comes off very dry, and makes the *Pellows* at *Oxford* Laugh inordinately: *Harry* goes off smart, and with a jerk, which *Town*, is more adapted to a Female Audience.

I T's true, I was never Find for a Jest; *Harry* has paid many a Hundred Pound for his Wagery; and upon that Score, I presume, may claim the Precedence; but a *Marrain* take the Stage, and all its Adherents, for mounting me in this Capacity; Men of Publick Characters, who show often, I find, are soon discover'd.

I thought the Vein of Fooling had run very low with my Audience, having been trick'd so often out of their Money and Senses: I fancy'd likewise that a solemn Air would be a sort of decent Epilogue to our *Legerdemain*: But I find we must play the Fool till we are Hang'd; or Damn'd if we don't play the Fool.

I am convinc'd, at last, there are more things requisite to engage an Audience, than being a Traveller, or an *Oxford Man*: There is a Sublimity of *Caper*, and a Prancing Gate peculiar to the Stage, which my Tutor, poor dull Recluse: Never heard of; and for want of that Embellishment, I am reckon'd somewhat Flat.

I T's own'd, *Harry* entertain'd the Audience very agreeably; His Vivacity without Learning, attracted all the Country Squires who came up to see Tricks; and the Influence of his Thimble and Balls was very powerful over the Fair Sex.

BUT

BUT then it must be likewise allow'd he had vast Advantages over the rest of his Fraternity: By his Education he was bred a *Tumbler*; which is an excellent Preparative to a *Dodson*. Harry could walk upon his Head and Hands, and never turn his Back: If, by any irregular Motion, I should have misplac'd mine, God knows if they had ever return'd to their proper Situation.

HERMODACTYL himself would never have been so great a Master of *Stage Practice*, if Harry *Gambol* had not turn'd *Postura-Master* so often at Midnight; and by showing the Motion of his Muscles, taught that tricking Quack the Facility of riggling his Body, and twisting his Eyes Nine ways at once, when he promis'd any Man a Favour; besides that swimming Grace in his Whispering an Hundred People at once, that their Cure should be very speedy, and they might depend upon it.

I well remember, when we kept an *October Club*, I was thought a very pretty Fellow of a grave *Andrew*; I generally sat at the Head of the Board; and, Faith, was heard with Attention enough, tho' I say it: But then my Discourse turn'd generally upon Travels: It would have given you a Laugh of Forty Days to have seen some of your *West Country-Men* stare, when I talk'd to them of the *Catacombs* of *Naples*: They would cry, sure enough, *You are a Wag, WILL!* Those *Catacombs*, by your Report, are bigger than our *Strong Beer-Cellars*; and that cannot well be.

THERE is nothing, I protest to you, gives a Man half the Sufficiency, or lays him so open to Flattery

Flattery, as the large Encomiums given him for the wonderful Fraught of Knowledge he brings Home. Nay, I'll swear, I have been almost put to the Blush with the Complements pass'd on me for my Home Observations.

A *T. Chatbain*, I discover'd a ship fly there with three Masts: They were by no means Equal. The *Mizen* by much shorter of the other Two. Three Guns *Honey-Comb'd* upon the *Flat* form, and the *Swivel* of a *Paterero* somewhat *Rusty*. For these, which, I must confess, are not the nicest Indagnations, I was threaten'd with a Tack to my Name of *F. R. S.*

B. E. N. G. made so considerable, by the good Opinion of my Friends, I thought it beneath me to give into the Arch-Way, till I saw *Harry* one time pull off his *Trowsers* upon the *Stage*, and shake them over the young *Wench's* Heads, which rais'd a louder Hum than ever *Terra-Filius* receiv'd at *Oxford*.

I attempted that rollicksome Gesture when I found it pleas'd, but stumbling a little in my Operation, I left the Province entirely to *Harry*, and his Second *Will-Wild-Fire*.

W. H. A. T. has set me lower than *Harry*, in the Esteem of the World, I believe is, my being look'd upon only as Curate to him in the *Surgery*, so that all my *Essays* towards *Wit* and *Humour*, are reckon'd but servile Imitations of that wanton Original.

THIS has gall'd me to the Reins, having always valu'd my self upon a fertile Invention; and for *Perspicuity*, *Volubility*, and peculiar Phrases, I re-

commend

commend my Patients to the Speech I made to *Hermod* upon his Recovery from the Handle of a Penknife.

YOU may go on to blame my Flattness; but must in Charity excuse my Defects, when I tell you, that most of our Operators have fled the Stage.

HARRY has retir'd with the most specifick Air you ever met with; you all know his *Sedateness*, his Inclination to *Solitude*, his vast Application to the *Secrets of Nature*.

THE perfect knowledge you have of his good Qualities, leaves no room for surprize, when I tell you, that making a Visit the other Day to *Roselle*, the *French Operator* in these Parts, and deploring the strange Vicissitude of Affairs, he accosts him with a pensive Air; *I am come, dear Brother, to take my Farewel of you, and the World.*

AFTER the Fatigue of publick Business, and many hazardous Experiments for the purchase of Renown, I am determin'd to follow the Example of all great Practitioners, and retreat to some distant Villa for improving my *Speculations*.

ROSELLE smocking the Necessity of *Harry's* Retirement, reply'd, with the same affected Sincerity, *You do well Harry. — Your Temper is admirably well fitted for a Philosopher.*

IN this Distress I lay claim to Pity, especially when you know my chief supply of Matter comes from *Atty Brogue*, who, in all the Intervals he can borrow from getting his Neck-Verse by Heart, dribbles out an *Irish Witticism*, with a *Lilly Buller's Chorus*.

HERMOD ACTLE

HERMODACTYL is too Intent upon fitting out a Boat, and Ballasting it with *South-Sea* Pigs, for me to expect any Relief from that Quarter.

CODICIL is busy in Sealing up his last Packet.

FRANK Scammony is half Lunatick, and roars out continually the Supremacy of the Stage; the singular Use of *Gunpowder* in malignant Cases; *Smithfield Operations*; and a Word very much in use amongst the *Laplanders*, call'd *Schism*; where to apply I know not: *Assist me, thou dear Genial Planet Saturn.*

The

The High-German Doctor, N^o 400

CONTINU'D

By *Will. Bromingham*, Student in
Physick and Astrology.

From Tuesday, Septem 14. to Friday, Septem 17. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE saving Regard *Harry Gambol* had to his proper Person, in taking several Prescriptions off from the File, has robb'd the World of many excellent Manuscripts, which would have afforded great Light to several obscure Characters of Stage-Practice.

THIS Loss might have been in some Measure repair'd, if *Hermodactyl's* Diary had came entirely to my Hands. The transcendent Beauties of that Author, are very much eclips'd by his Writing in short-Hand, and the scantiness of the *Margin*: But there is enough left to make his *Memory* dear to us, and our Prosperity: For I talk of him as a Man not long for this World.

HIS Life is rang'd into several Classes.

HIS State of Nature. His State of Grace. His
Pro-

Progression in Goodness: His Fall. His Apostasy. His Hardness of Heart. And Practices of Physick.

HIS *State of Nature* seems to have taken up a large Space of so invaluable a Life: Under that Head I find strong Corruptions, frequent Importunities from Satan to rob Orchards, to demolish Poultry, and suck Eggs, to buy a Pole-Cat, and knock him on the Head in the Hen-Roost, to take off any Suspicion from himself.

CARNALITY very encroaching; consider'd twofold, either with one of the *Sister-brood*, or any *Alien*. Both determin'd with much Compassion. Benevolence to a Sister, call'd *Building up of the Saints*: To an *Alien*, term'd *an Essay towards the Conversion of a Sinner by the Half-Blood*. Sav'd the Blankets of Abomination, my pious Sire had doom'd to the Flames.

BREACHES of Faith I find very Numerous in this State, and blooming Mischief. Resolv'd never to keep a Servant that gives direct Answers to my Question, that does not carry two Cuppenances, and shuffle in his Gate, with a small Sprinkle of Whining.

THE Sabbath generally ill-spent. A great Constraint upon me, when invited to joya with the Assembly; Narrowly watch'd the Sand in the Hour-Glass. Intervals of Thought employ'd on the Dairy-Maid. Short Notes painful to me; a Cock or a Bull very often put in the room of them. Repetition too long-winded.

UNDER the State of Grace, I find *Herefordshire Cyder* dearer for Four Years running, than it us'd to be

to be, the Consequences of that Abstaining
from the Expences of Evil Sober for a whole
Week. Not one temptation worth going to
the Devil for. An aking Head, and a qualm of
Stomach, true Signs of Contrition. Not employ'd a
Token of Abstinence, meditating Muchief with a
double Face, confirm'd Marks of Election.

HIS *Progression in Goodness* is very remarkable:
Under the Mortification of losing my Credit in Pra-
lice, very penfive; retrench'd one Course at my Ta-
ble; kept my Chamber to avoid the Importunity of
Duns, great Compunction: Proclaim'd a Fast when I
could not be trusted; revil'd by the Poulterer, Butcher,
Herb-Woman, and Book-binder. My Mind
too fall to pray. Sigh'd much. More Hus-
bandry in throwing off those Exercises by the Spirit.
Went backward every Day in my Fortune. Forward
in Grace; Poverty a great Repentance.

A full Conviction, when a Coach and Horses is to
be sold for a Pennyworth. My Harness very often
ty'd with Pack-Thread; great Sign of Humiliation.

NOT one Gleam of Comfort from this World,
the Wicked prosper for Five Years together; my
Mind rais'd much above the Hopes of all carnal Pre-
ferments; Cross or Pile for Spiritual a Chance
on my Side: The Lines of Grace strong in my
Face, those Reprobate ones of *Burgundy* having left
me thro' many Conflicts, between the Desires of the
Inward Man, and the Necessities of the *Outward*.

HIS *Fall from Grace* is dated on the 27th of March,
1710; *Bungy*, an excellent Fool, perform'd impu-
nently well, carry'd beyond Expectation, made some

People

People of Distinction cry, Urinals being scarce,
Their Grief my Joy, from that moment.

THE Apprehensions of a Fleet Pennance declining, wax strong; a wide Gap in my Conscience left open for Satan to enter in at. My Credit restor'd, those sham Tokens of Penitence cashier'd. Grew worse and worse every Day. Clean Linnen, and change of Apparel, in Enmity with the Purty of the *Inward Man*. *Memento mori* being worn out of my Brain, *Virtute & Fide* substituted in the room. *Anglice*, *Desperate Enterprizes*, and *Confidence* to second them. *Actual Sin* supplying the Place of *Original*. The World debauch'd. Loath to be out of Fashion.

HIS *Apostacy*, I find, commences the Day he took up the *Drumming Wand*. Never to prescribe with Certainty: Regular Practice a sham. *Masquerade* is the best Dress for an eminent Practitioner. Principle runs very low. He that will buy will sell. The *Stage-Chest*, a good Sock to the Needy. A Coach and six the best *Formula* in Physick. Resolv'd to bring all Regular Practice into Contempt by the Irregularity of my *Scaramouches*. *Acheronta movebo*, my new Motto.

I am mightily entertain'd with the Regularity of his Wickedness; there is a sequel of ill Practice attends the several Stages of his Life, as if he had made a Digestion of all the bad Qualities, which are necessary to form a consummate Knave.

THERE seems to be a *Diffidence* of the Success of his Practice with an obdurate Conscience, when I find him resolving under the Topick of Hardness of Heart, never to relent, tho' he should mount a Stage
on

on *Tower-Hill*: Resolv'd, continues he, first to see the *Consors. Le Grand Petit's* Present to be artfully distributed. Twelve of them at my Devotion; very greedily, and a plaguy Rent-Change upon the *Stage-Chest*. If I fail in that Point, all the Errors in Practice to be laid on *Codicil, Harry, and Mat. Rummer. Bungey* to comfort them in their last Extremities, by Hanging in Concord. *Helbowen* to be pay'd for the Cavalcade, with a pitch'd Coat upon *Bungey*, adorn'd with *Crosses* and *Flower-de-Lys's*, as an *Herald at Arms*. *Drum* beating a *Dead-March*, with the benefit of extream Unction, if desired, and Auricular Confession from *Don Stramboli*, or *Trapstick*, in a Cart. If I could gain a Respite from Justice, to see my Confederates handsomely paid off, I did not much care if I took a Three Years Airing upon *London-Bridge*.

TO side with the poisoning Race of Quacks, and give faint Assurances to the *Regulars*, that the Constitution shall not be injur'd, whilst I am plying the People with *Arsenick*.

UNDER the Practice of Physick, resolv'd never to carry one Face to my Patients, but in all its changes CLOUDY. To feel their Pulses, in order to Bleed them. To bring the Constitution very low, that all the peccant Humours may the more easily be master'd. To pick their Pockets of Fees, and make a fresh Distemper of their Purses. To heal all their Complaints with a well conducted Indolence.

TO keep my Patients in hand Three Years; bubble them with the boasted Vertue of my *Pacifick Electuary*,

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Electuary; leave them worse than I found them; and buoy them up with hopes that it will answer at last, when the Constitution is ruin'd.

N. B. *MAT.* Runner to sell *Le Grand Petit* a Penny-worth of *British Drugs*; or if he does not like those of our Growth, to give him the Choice of sending his own hither, with an Obligation under the Hand and Seal of *Codicil* to pay him Four times the Value in Ready Money.

TO keep my *Zany Daniel* in Half-Pay; to propose several *Schemes* of *Practice* to the World, before they are ripe for Dispensation: His Stile and mine being so equal, that the World shan't be able to distinguish the *Doctor* from his *Zany*.

ITEM, To hire some mercenary Quacks to write against the Expediency of *Illustrious Hanno's* Coming-Over and by a private Letter of Advice, flatter him with the Sincerity of my Intentions, and the Necessity of changing his native Air for this Climate, when it is not in my Power to prevent him.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 41.

CONTINU'D

By *Will. Bromingham*, Student in
Physick and Astrology.

From Friday, Septem 17. to Tuesday, Septem 21. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Illustrious President of the College arriving at *Greenwich* last *Saturday*, I edg'd with a Curiosity peculiarto Travellers, made the Tour of *Kent* on *Sunday*, a Day consecrated to Travels amongst us *Itinerants* of the Stage.

PARDON me, if I cannot forbear giving the Sublimity of a Tour, to a March from *Kent-street* to *Greenwich*; we Travellers have always been allow'd a pompous Manner of expressing mean Things; without that, we should differ very little from a Person who sleeps Six Miles in a Coach and Six.

YOU will readily grant I had little Business with the President, and consequently my Mind more at large for the Contemplation of those Curiosities which presented themselves in my View.

THERE

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THERE is a noble Colony of Broom-Men in *Kent-Street*, intermix'd with *Hatters* of various Textures: Some do confine themselves chiefly to the *Felt-Trade*; others deal in *Cony-Skins*, with a very small Mixture of *Beaver*: Their Houses are built with great Symmetry, the lower Rooms have all of them Vists, the State-Room above, mounted either by a Rope or Wooden Ladder.

THE Road from thence to *Deptford*, partly Clay, and partly Gravel; abundance of Cold Baths in the High-Way, which, thro' the Ignorance of the Inhabitants, serve for no other use than Watering Houses; a thick blewish Slime upon the Top of them, which betokens a Mineral, Vitriol, or Lead Ore.

AS I always take my Calculation of the Grandeur of a Place from the Number of the Inhabitants, so by the vast Concourse of People I saw there, I look upon *Greenwich* to be the *Metropolis* of *Kent*.

Canterbury and *Rochester*, I have been told, were Cities of Renown in former Days: *Canterbury* a famous Sea-Port; and *Rochester* an Inland Town; but the Port of *Greenwich* has gain'd upon them to a miracle within these few Days.

FLAMSTEAD's House upon the Hill is certainly built on the Ruins of a *Roman Arch*: That which remains is only a *Watch-Tower*. A Chane under-ground cross the *Thames* to the *Isle-of-Dogs*.

THE Hospital there is a noble Pile, purely Antique: There is a great deal of the Dorique Order in the Pilasters, and the Dome. The Painting on the Roof of the great Hall seems to resemble the masterly Hand

Hand of *Apollon*. The Flute-work is entirely *Zeuxis's*.

THE Refectory under the great Hall, is certainly an old *Catacomb*. The Niches in the Wall, where our tutelar Saints *Guy Vane*, and Gun-Powder *Garnet* stood formerly, are prophan'd into Casements.

THE House where the *President* lodg'd was formerly a *Royal Palace*, but lately dedicated to pious Uses by Father G. with a large Discount out of the *Invalids Broad to Mendicant Priests*.

THESE, you'll say, are cursory Observations, but what will serve to fill up a Gap in History, whenever a Pen of more leisure shall attempt to give us a Natural and Political Survey of that Country.

MY Observations being once finish'd, I was very solicitous in my Enquiries after the Brothers of the Stage.

HARRY *Gambel's* House, I found, was to be Let; an Hatchment over the Door, with a *Motto*, *In Calo Quies*, happily adapted; as I thought, to his present Circumstances, for he must expect no Peace upon Earth.

NOT one *Phyllis* or a *Cbloe*, in their usual Forms: All *Hunting Matches* prohibited since the First of *August*. The Dogs call'd off. A nobler Sport of *Wolf-Hunting* very shortly. A *Lurcher* now and then steals in privately by the Park-Wall Door.

HARRY, it seems, has retir'd to the *Bath*, upon the Restauration of the *Regular Physicians*; and is forc'd to take *Physick* against Nature: Those *Sulphurous Waters* may be proper at this time, in one

Sense

sense, to prepare his Body for a Course of *Brimstone* hereafter.

BUT I heartily pity the young Fellow for being in a Plot against his own Constitution: I look upon that *Mineral* to be a little too searching for the present Crasis of his Blood. Methinks its a little too hard upon *Harry*, to have two Plots break out at a time, one against the *Regular Physicians*, and the other against his own dear Person.

TONSENIUS, that eminent *Galenist*, being last Week appointed by the Great *President* to look over the Prescriptions upon his File, will soon unravel the Errors of *Harry's* Four Years Practice, and make a sudden Report of his Industry in filling up the Weekly Bills of Mortality.

I have, thanks to my Stars, been only a sort of Dr: *Bibulus*, for the same time I was in the *Surgery* I sent away the Packets to *Mat. Rummer*, just as they were directed by *Harry*. I can't deny that I wish'd well to *Jacob's* Recovery, but my Phlegm somewhat cool'd my Vigour in the executive part of my *Dispensations*.

THE last Man I expected to meet at *Greenwich*, was *Hermodactyl*: The flaming Instance of his Assurance are all distanc'd by this single Act of Insolence. I knew he had planted his Chaise some time since at the Door of the *President's* chief Agent, and sneak'd into a *Chocolate-House*, to make the World believe he was in private Conversation with him all that time.

*THESE were Airs, I suppos'd, which would never have ripen'd into such a confirm'd Impudence

M

But

But now I find he exceeds the Front of an Holy Sister, that has done Pennance seven times in a White-Sheet.

HOW can he look the *President* in the Face? That Expression I ask Pardon for he never, having been guilty of one direct Look in his whole Lifetime. But how can he come into the Presence of that Great Man, after he has trampled upon that never to be forgotten Memorial of Physick, which the *President* recommended to the People of *Great Britain*, in order to preserve their Constitutions from the *French* Disease, whilst *Hermodastyl* was poysoning them with his *Pacifick Electuary*?

HOW can his Knees keep a proper Distance from each other in the Sight of the President's gallant Son, when by little Tricks and Artifices he kept him from being admitted into the College of Regular Physicians?

HOW can he with wither'd Looks, and a false Bloom, appear in the Sight of the noble *Mirabel*, after having sent him to the *Spaw* by Violence, and robb'd us of all those wholesome Prescriptions he dispens'd to the People, with such a true *English* Spirit?

I know his poor Subterfuge: he loudly proclaims the Headiness of *Gambol*, *Codicil*, and the Mantua-making Doctress, *Poplin*; and boasts of his Preventive Physick. If Right takes place, he is more Criminal than those bold Homicides. He first poyson'd the Constitution; work'd the Malignity into the Blood and Spirits by his *Electuary*; and when proper
Physick

Physick was going to be administred, he order'd a Cessation of those Medicines which would have carry'd off the Malignity.

FROM thence we date all our Complaints, and shatter'd State of Health; and to say he dropp'd his poysonous Course, when the Body was emaciated, and just brought to Death's Door, is telling us, He only went out of the Chamber to avoid the melancholly Sight of seeing us Die, when he had put us beyond Hope of Recovery.

TO a Miracle, the People of *Great Britain* must, in the first place, owe their Deliverance; and next, to the seasonable Arrival of the *Great President*.

THEY begin to look back with Horrour upon the Sores and Blotches brought upon their Constitutions by the irregular Practice of these Pretenders; and we trust the Stains will be wash'd out with some gentle Bleedings of these Homicides.

M 2

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o. 42.

CONTINU'D

**By Will. Bromingham, Student in
Physick and Astrology.**

From Tuesday, Sept. 21. to Friday, Sept. 24. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Am sensible it is not the most becoming Gesture of a *Stage-Practitioner* to be making Complaints, especially when there are so very few left to sympathize with our Infirmities; but, in naked Truth, I protest to you, *I am Sick at Heart*, and almost despair of Mounting to the Satisfaction of my Audience this Day.

I was seiz'd last *Monday* at *Greenwich* with an unusual Fit, I found it growing upon me Three Quarters past six on *Saturday* Evening: The first Symptoms were a Swimming in my Head, a violent Palpitation of Heart, and a Trembling in my Joynts, attended with an accute Pain on the side of my Neck, where the *Paddington* Operator generally plants his Knot in the Noose.

THE last Symptoms affected me more sensibly than any of the former: God send that it is not Ominous

nous, cries I, in that Agony, full of bodily Fear, and bedew'd with cold Sweats.

I trace a Distemper with great Accuracy; tho' I cannot talk over-pertinently to the Case, and believe it to be owing in some Measure to a sudden Concussion of the Spirits, which were thrown into that disorder from the unexpected Firings of the Guns, and the loud Applauses of the People at the Great President's first setting his Foot on Shore.

THE open and hearty Reception of the Charming *Mirabel*, by the Illustrious President at his Landing, added something to the Malady: From that Moment, I dated the Overthrow of *Stage-Practice*, and the growing Reputation of the *Regular Physicians*.

YOU will readily believe that Night wore heavily, frequent Spasms and Convulsions; and my Nurse tells me, I tumbled and toss'd to and fro in my Bed; The Stars attended with violent Howlings.

AT Midnight I order'd a Light to be brought, and took up the *Guide to Eternity*, hoping to find some Consolation there; every Page thock'd me, and I was not present to my self. In all such Distresses we naturally fly to worse: I sent for *Bungy* at that unseasonable Hour, knowing he would not press too hard upon a poor Sinner; my Man found him at the *Cross-Keys* and *Pope's-Head Tavern* nodding, with one of his Hanging-Sleeves sleeping in a Chamber Conveniency. He comforted me in an Instant; *Ab! Will; says he, hast thou liv'd under our Wing so long, and afraid to depart? It's only a Leap in the*

Dark, and I'll warrant thee good Footing at the End of thy Journey.

FORTIFY'D with the good Doctor's Absolution, I grew a little more compos'd, and slept tolerably well for a Man in my Circumstances; but the Disease kept hankering upon me, till I heard the Sabel from the Tower on Monday, then it return'd upon me to such a Degree, that I could not help making some wry Faces, and ever since perceive my self wasting inwardly.

I had once Thoughts of applying my self to a Regular Physician, but then I consider'd none of them care to be concern'd with a Quack; and so am resolv'd to puzzle my Way thro' the Distemper after my own Method.

SOME of my Friends tell me, it's a Favour upon the Spirin, and advise me to drink *Asses Milk*; I do not altogether despise that Intimation, having often thought there is some Analogy between my Blood and that of an *Ass*, for I well remember I suck'd an *Ass* when I was first put into *Latin*.

I find this Distemper of mine Epidemical. All the *Chymical Men* have been seiz'd just in the same manner; and to the very Second of a Minute, the Fit always returning Periodically at the discharge of the Great Guns and Small Arms.

IT is the most ill-natur'd Distemper that ever afflicted Mankind: Any one, without the help of Spectacles, might have read the Pain of Mind and Body in our Countenances; and to be plain, we all look'd as if we had been taking Physick that Day.

I, with much difficulty, escap'd an Hiss from the

Galenists

Galenists, having constrain'd my Muscles into a *Dagagee Air*, during the Solemnity of the *President's Entry*. We had all prepar'd our Bottles of *Sal Volatile*, by Combination, the Night before, in Cases of extremity. At every *Huzza*, of *Long live the PRESIDENT*, I perceiv'd the Fumes flew up into the Brain with unusual Violence, even to a Suffocation: We, who had *White-Gloves* on, wanted nothing but a *Nose-Gay* to give the Resemblance of an *Exit*.

WHAT pain'd us most was, That we could not conceal our Distresses from the Ladies. Whenever we lifted the *Chrystal* to our Noses, the *Galenical Females*, drest'd out with all the Triumphs of Art, with Free Airs, and Killing Eyes, railly'd us as we pass'd; ——— *Alas! poor Gentlemen, they have robb'd us of our Propriety, and have got the Vapours.* You must know, the handsome Women of *Great Britain* are entirely in the *Galenical Interest*; that Free Principle in the Souls of them sparkle in their Behaviour, and adds wonderful Charms to the other Attractions of their Persons.

SUNDARIA is a lively Proof of this Power over the Souls of the Spectators: Her very Enemies are forc'd to be her Admirers; and whilst they are discharging their noisy Passions against the Benevolence and Humanity of *Mirabil*, secretly adore him in the divine Image of his fair Progeny.

ALL the Comfort we receiv'd in the Parade, was from two or three lamentable Countenances in a Balcony thinly spread, with Hoods lowring over their Faces, and *Bungey's* remarkable large Patch

on their Foreheads; a useful Cover for some Scars they had contracted by a free Conversation at the *Lady Abbesses* in *Sherard, Berwick, and Rider-Streets*.

UPON the whole, it must be allow'd the *Regular Physicians* had much the Advantage of us in the Air of their Countenance: You might read sincere Joy at Heart, and a Serenity without Affectation, as if all their labour'd Wishes had been compleated in the Fruition of that Happy Day.

THERE is a Cloudiness belongs to our Clan of Quacks that I cannot account for, and which is very hard to disguise: In Prosperity we Rage in tumultuous Mirth, and are a sort of *Morrice Dancers*, which makes all sober People shun us, whilst the *Regular Physicians* maintain an Evenness of Temper, and display a Complacency of Soul in all their Actions of Life.

THE Superiority of their Behaviour, joyn'd to a thinking Faculty, to which most of us are Strangers, has distanc'd us in the Eye of the *President*, and works strongly upon his Imagination in their Favour, especially when he considers, that in the most trying Conjunctions, and when the *Stage* was at the most domineering Height, they look'd upon his Prescriptions as Sacred, and asserted his undoubted Right to the Chair of the *College*,

But to return; I could not forbear giving way to a Smile, under all the acuteness of Pain, to see so many *Quacks* amongst the venerable *Censors* of the *College*, and *Regular Physicians*. I must own we were a very Motley Sight, and I have been thinking since,

since, we were order'd into our Ranks, as so many Foils to the Regulars.

WE had after our cunning manner of laying Plots, planted some loose *Vagabonds* and *Scaramouches* in Black to Hiss the beloved *Mirabel*. But we lost our Aim two Ways. The Indignity was so foolishly manag'd, that they expos'd themselves to the last Degree of Contempt; for the strong Acclamations, of his Friends drowned the faint Clamours of our *Snake-Club*; and the ready-Deportment of *Mirabel* was the most spiteful Revenge that Great Man could think of.

THE Incidents, you must imagine, in so long a Procession to be various, and something remarkable, from such a Collection of Humours: In the *Strand* my Eyes were merrily feasted.

SOME arch Wags of the *Galenists*, had, in Intimation of burning the *Pope* on *Queen Elizabeth's* Day, hung out *Bungey* in Effigies, as the *Martyr* of that Day, in Commemoration of the mannerly Expressions he had frequently vented against the present Illustrious *President* of the *College*.

A She Disciple, who had the Charge of rubbing *Bungey's* Back with a Double-Clout, after the Fatigue of a *Stage-Speech*, seeing *Bungey Petit* ty'd up to a Tenter-Hook, could not forget the Gratitude she ow'd to the warm Flesh and Blood of the Original, and falling down, reverently, before the Image beg'd it to show a particular Token of its Displeasure against those Profaners of that dear Saint he represented.

BUNGEEY Petit hung as cleverly as his Princi-

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pal is likely to do very shortly, till the Populace, divided betwixt the Idolatry of the poor *She-Disciple*, and a Resentment work'd up by a *Pert Scaramouch* in Black, from a neighbouring *Stage*, who had been Pimp to *Bungey*, discharg'd the *Alabaster Baby* with a Volley of Stones.

N. B. HAVING slipp'd thro' a Blank of my *Stage* last *Wednesday*, and broken a Vessel, I shall not be able to Mount any more, so shall leave the desperate Catastrophe to *Atty Brogue*, who is forming himself against next *Tuesday* to speak *English*, if he lives so long.

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CONTINU'D

By *Atty Brogue*, Physick-Broker.

From Friday, Septem. 24. to Tuesday, Sept. 28. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

IT must be allow'd, that we Brothers of the *Stage* are the cleverest Projectors in Nature, to set forth at first with *Welsh* Insufficiency, and conclude our Practice with *Irish* Impudence.

OUR People have quitted so abruptly alate, that

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no Man has had Time to prepare himself for the Audience: I have got but half Way thro' the *English Grammar*, and am pitch'd upon for an Orator in the most trying Exigencies of the Stage.

I was prick'd down by a Cabal of broken *Quacks* and *Scaramouches*, without my Privity, and a short Letter sent me on *Saturday Night* by *Will. Bromingham*. For *Charity sake*, dear Atty mount next Tuesday, you have heard of my *Misfortune*; you are the *soundest Man of our Retinue*, your *Irish Dialect* will do with a good *English Prompter*.

IT would be a vain Attempt to conceal our Distresses any longer from the Publick. If Despair was not visibly impress'd on our Countenances, you would conclude from the many new Faces we have mounted alate, that there is a great Mortality amongst the Operators of the Stage.

IT's true we have been pretty artful in Disguising the Distempers our Practitioners have dy'd of, and given in different Symptoms to the *Searchers of the Stage*; *Hermodastyl*, we put amongst the *Chrissoms* of the Week, as being never baptiz'd; *Harry Gambol*, amongst the *Agues*, as having gone off with a trembling Fit; and *Will. Bromingham*, amongst the *Casualties* of the Week, having slipp'd thro' a Plank of the Stage.

WHILE we were burying our Dead, we still gave out, The *Great President* was in the Interest of the Stage; being resolv'd to die hard, like *Confederate High-Way-Men*, who seldom squeak at the Gallows. But we have been somewhat check'd in our

Con-

Confidence the last Week, by the open and firm Declaration of Young *Augustus*, That it was an inviolable Maxim in the *President's* Illustrious House to reward their Friends of the College, do Justice to their Enemies of the *Stage*, and fear none but the Almighty.

THIS Coming from a Person who never Determines but from a full Persuasion of the Justice of that Cause has espouses, he produc'd a violent Suffocation of the Spirits amongst the Leaders of the *Stage*, thrown several into *Epilepsies*, and I have swoon'd away six Times in a Morning.

I should certainly have went off in one of these Fits, if I had not been reserv'd for a more solemn Exit. I am plaguily afflicted at Home, they burn Feathers under my Nose, and would smoak me out of the World, but that has fail'd.

I little thought of Mounting in this Capacity, when I was first retain'd as *Hermodactyl's* Physick-Broker: But I find few Competitors for any Preferment in the *Stage-Gift*; and, without much Flattery, believe mine an unenvy'd Province.

BROMINGHAM's Head lay so much to Travels, that I have few Materials left me to work upon in *Physick*. The four Specificks of Practice, as I find them minuted down in his Diary, are to roar out the Threadbare Cry of the *Stage's Danger*, till we are knock'd down by the Audience. Never to trouble our selves with the Preparations of any Medicines, but take them implicitly from *Roselle*, the French Surgeon, and our own *Scaramouches* in Concert. To calumniate the Great *President* by sly Insinuations.

tions. And to use *Roman Vitriol* in all our Dressings, whilst the Regular Physicians apply their Healing Balsams.

IF by these Amusements, and irrational Practice, we can deceive the Populace so far as to gain the admission of some Leading *Quacks* into the College of *Regulars*, we hope yet to make a Stand, or at least embarrass the Rational Practice to such a Degree, that the poor Patient shall not be able to know where to place his chiefest Confidence.

SPIRITED with this Scheme, I have been tempted to mount, tho' I begg'd I might have the Liberty of Haranguing in a Masque, upon the Score of some very unpromising Lines in my Countenance.

I was over-rul'd, when they told me, I had as honest and as handsome a Phiz as *Hermodadyl*; and then having a Faculty of rubbing my Eyes often when they don't itch, I conceal some Defects, as *Hermodadyl* did with his Ground-Look.

ONE Thing, I was told, they could depend on, of my never being put to the Blush, of having a large Fund of *Irish* Jests which would please the Rabble, and never Blemishing my *Stage Speeches* with a Word of Truth.

ALL this I am Conscious to, but being under the Lash of the *Censors*, I fear I shall be forc'd to draw in some Stock which is the Growth of my Country.

MY private Sentiments, I own, will not permit me to think I am equal to this Work, after *Hermodadyl* and the rest of our Operators have lost their Footing. There are several reputable Callings I have been bred to, which seem more adapted to my present

present Circumstances, as *Japanning of Shoes, whetting Knives, carrying a Cloak, or being an honest Taylor.*

THE last of these Professions, I assure you, has gain'd more than ordinary Esteem in the World within these few Weeks, since *Frank Scammony* has laid Claim to that Dignity at *Rochester*; but if that should happen to be my Station, I hope to have more Grace than to defraud a poor *Turn-Key* of 400*l.*

BUT to return; I have been mightily solicited by some of our *Stage* Retinue, to mount the first Day with an Air in Blue, with Silver Trimming; I told them, with a borrow'd Simplicity, That I always study'd Plainness of Dress; but could they have open'd my Heart, they would have found a strong Aversion to *Lac'd Coats*, from the ridiculous Pension-Coat that was given to *Smut's Aid du Chart*. Besides, it looks so much like a Livery, that I should always have carry'd about me a sure and certain Evidence of my first Occupation, which the Wags amongst the Regulars would not have fail'd to improve.

SHALL I gain your Belief, when I tell you, That all the cherishing Assurances I had from the *Stage*, should not have prevail'd upon me to mount, if I had not been fortify'd by three Precedents of Impudence I observ'd the last Week. One was *Hermodastyl's* Appearance at the President's Entry, in a Sledge Posture. The other, was *Bungey's* matchless Front in prophaning the President's Apartment with his presence, and staying till he was hiss'd out by the Regular Physicians, and hunted like a blown Deer. The Third, was a Sight of some *Scaramouches* in Black, with

with old *Diacodium* at the Head of them, Congratulating the President's happy Accession to the Chair of the *College*, after they had been poysoning the People's Affections to him in all their Stage-Speeches for four Years past, and their open Struggles to invalidate his Title.

IT has gall'd me to the Quick, to see the mutual Confidence between the Great President, and the most Venerable Physician of *Lambeth*: To see a second Spring in the hoary Head of that honest and indefatigable Practitioner of *Sarum*: To see the learned Doctor of *St. Asaph's* undisguis'd Behaviour.

THE polite *Oxford* Physician's winning Sincerity; and the *Norwich* Practitioner's flowing Zeal to the President, with many more Names of Merit.

I say, to see such a regular Band, who had always oppos'd *Roman Treacle* and *French Tartar* in their Prescriptions, and encourag'd the salutary Course of *Brunswick* Mum, gave me a Chagrin scarce to be balanc'd with the false Airs of the *Quacks* and *Scaramouches*.

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CONTINU'D

By Atty Brogue, Physick-Broker.

From Tuesday, Sept. 28. to Friday, October, 1. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

BY my Shoul Trade runs very low at the Dispensary: For the last Week I have Sold but half an Ounce of *Irish Slat* to *Will. Bromingham*, for the Bruise he got in his Fall from the *Stage*; but being concern'd in the Plantations, and by that means having an Opportunity of Smuggling a few Drugs out of the *South-Sea* Dispensary, I make a shift to support my self.

BUNGEY now and then steps in for a little *Mastick*, to dry up a Defluxion of *Rheum*, contracted, as he says, by lying rough in a Saw-Pit without a Night-Cap, the *Wench* being so uncharitable as not to throw her Apron over his Head; but I know it is to relieve some Qualms which rise from his Stomach, ever since that memorable Defeat of his Impudence last Week in the *Great President's* Apartment.

Y O U must know, I constantly size *Bungey's* Impudence.

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puudence by my own, still giving him the Preference on the account of his Black Garb and Hanging Sleeves; and, by *St. Patrick*, I think it was the worse Conducted Piece of Effrontery I ever met with: The Fool, if I judge Right, should never have presum'd to appear; but having once brought himself into that Scrape, he should have supported that inimitable Step, with the same Front I did the Breach of Trust, before the *Censors* of the College.

I foresee the approaching dissolution of Impudence thro' *Great Britain*, in the tender Skin of poor *Bungey*. I once rever'd that inflexible Countenance, but having perceiv'd a Gleam of Self-consciousness break thro' that harden'd Buff-Case, I begin to think Modesty will come in Fashion, and consequently an end of *Stage-Practice*.

I deplore the loss of so valuable a Twin-Brother of mine, with regard to my own Character. I shall have the whole Load of his Perfections rest on me now which *Bungey* and I us'd to share very amicably. Whenever any think monstrously Impudent and Ignorant was to be Illustrated, the *Galenists* us'd to Quote *Bungey* and me by Turns; but a Plague on his desertion, I must now answer for all in *Propria Persona*.

I have an excellent Second in *Ireland*, if the Justice of the Kingdom does not overtake him: You are fully acquainted with the Character of *Precipitate* the *Irish* Operator; the Populace impatiently wait for a Dissection of his Body; and it must be a narrow Escape if he files off clear.

IF

IF I lose him, my last Resort is in *Tom. Megrim*, the celebrated Quack of *Armagh*: That's the love-liest Babe of the *Stage*; *Bungey* is a Sneaker to him; He only roars and tears his Lungs to shew his Zeal to young *Jacob*, and squeaks when he is pinch'd; but *Tom* is of an unshaken Character in his Attach to that spurious Brat.

IT's below him to conceal his System of Practice. *Tom* says, *Hermodadyl* was a Bungler in Physick; instead of sending young *Jacob* *English Saffron* every Post to comfort his Spirits, he should have prescrib'd the *Jesuit's Bark* in large Doses, which would have soon render'd him capable of taking a Journey to *Britain*.

TO give *Tom* his due, he made a full Discovery of his Passion for the Welfare of the young Knight of the *Warming-Pan*, a little before the Death of *Fontanelle*.

NONE of you can be Strangers to the Design we had in View, of bringing young *Jacob* over to better his Constitution, and poison yours: This Prescription being so openly abetted by the leading Quacks, who had the Conduct of the *Stage* at that Time, encourag'd some enterprizing Spirits amongst our Brother *Teagues*, to make a bold Push for his Recovery.

THESE poor Fellows not having a Licence to Practice, were seiz'd by order of the *College*, and being interrogated upon the bold Method they had taken, were very Pert, as all *Quacks* are, being likewise strengthen'd in their Impudence, by having *Tom's* Prescriptions in their Pockets.

TOM

TOM who had always been the vilest Quack in *Ralpho*, and had his Equipage made ready for a *Mad-House* several times, by a strange malignity of Stars, was admitted amongst the *Censors*.

THE Case being discuss'd amongst them, *Tom* endeavour'd to alleviate the Crime of *Mala Praxis*, with all the heavy Oratory he was Master of: But being over-rul'd, and a Censure lodg'd upon the Criminals, there was no Time to be lost.

TO M then, with undisguis'd Assurance, told the *Censors*, That the under Operators had the Secret of the Recovery of young *Jacob* from him, and as young *Jacob* was their Right *President*, he could not give his Hand to the Sentence against such faithful Assistants.

THE Times were very favourable, you may imagine, for so bold a Declaration; how *Tom's* mixture of Knavery and Lunacy will go down with our good *President* now in Being. I am at a loss to determine; but if *Tom* be suffer'd to practise any longer at *Armagh*, Guard, ye faithful *Galenists* of *Ireland*, against the *Launcets* and *Cauticks* of the accursed *Scarapouches* of *Doway* and *St. Omers*.

SHOALS of those Locusts will visit you under his Protection, so that no Bed will be free, no Property sacred, no Man allow'd to be a free Agent, no Woman permitted to resist.

YOU that have consider'd him only in his Physical Capacity, may think his Morals unblemish'd, and so did I, by my Shoul, till I had a Toast given me the other Night to *Whoring Tom*.

I was flying into an affected Passion with the Company, when one Wag amongst them produced a Registry of two Bastards at Killaloe, one Still-Born at *Ralpho*, and two or three Provincial Miscarriages.

TOM has a peculiar Way of Feeling the Ladies Pulses in a Coach, which he prophaneſy calls *Confessing them*, and then Absolves them with a Syringe.

HE has writ a small Treatise of Azure Veins, in Honour to a certain *Medonna* of his. And the mount of *Venus* is describ'd so lasciviously, that one would swear *Tom* had taken up his Station there, as long as *Jupiter* did upon *Alcmena*.

THIS Tract is written for the Use and Improvement of the *Scaramouches* of *Armagh*: Dedicated to a Great Doctor of *Waterford*.

I could fire the Imagination of *Bungey's* She-Audience with *Tom's* natural Vein; and supply the Defect of his small Talents with enlargements upon *Tom's*.

BUT I spare your Ears, what is look'd upon as Orthodox Advice in them, would be an Indecency from my chaster Lips.

YOU will pardon me, I am sure, for Introducing a foreign Case into my Weekly Bills: There are many malignant Distempers of the Growth of *Ireland*, which bear an exact Analogy to those of this Climate, which will convince you that the Plague has been Epidemical for four Years past.

AS I have settled a Correspondence with all the

the County Goals there, I shall have the best Intelligence of all desperate Cases which happen in that Kingdom; and tho' I am no great Conjuror, yet if any Person has lost a Watch, or a Pocket-Book, I shall over-reach the Stars by my acquaintance with the Principal Thief Catchers there, of which Family I own my self an unworthy Branch.

N. B. A large Spaniel, call'd *Bugger*, having been hiss'd out of St. James's-Court last Week, and never heard of since, if any Person finds him, he is desir'd to carry him to the Beadle of St. Andrew's, and he shall be rewarded proportionably to his Trouble: He has a short Snout, a Fillemot Complexion, Barks very Loud, without Biting, and carries his Tail very much between his legs.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 45.

CONTINU'D

By *Atty Brogue*, Physick-Broker.

From Friday, October 1. to Tuesday, October 5, 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

MY Bog-Impudence will not permit me to oppose
Demonstration: The Completion of *Great Britain*, I must confess, is chang'd to a Miracle within these two Months: The Men look more vigorous and chearful: The Women with fresh Bloom, and more Engaging.

TO this wonderful Revolution in *Stage-Practice*, the honest Regulars in Pudding-Sleeves, have given their hearty Assent, and differ as much from the *Scaramouches*, who wear the same Garb, as sound Sheep from the rotten Part of the Flock.

THESE Regulars have been prov'd, during the late Malignity, to have had generous Circulations in their Blood, good-natur'd Muscles in their Faces, always Vindicating a free, open, and ingenuous Practice, explaining their Principles by their Prescriptions, never coveting more than their due Fees, submitting

mitting to the Title of the Great President, and heartily Congratulating his Arrival amongst us.

THE *Scaramouches* in Hanging-Sleeves, are the only afflicted Countenances of *Great Britain* at present. The Tumult of their Souls is horribly represented in their Features, a lowring Despondency on their Foreheads. Those who ought to rejoyce most at this Change, from their frequent Vows to the President's Family, seem most deeply mortify'd with the Regulations he has already made.

I cannot perceive they waste much in Flesh, their Double-Chins measuring as deep upon their Ruffs as ever; and they keep up the same Diet of Chocolate and Gravey, every Morning before they rise.

THESE Indulgencies, you may be sure, are highly necessary to the Support of such laborious Animals, who take violent Pains to spread impious and incoherent Stories of the President's unblemish'd Behaviour all the Week, and mount on Stage-Days, dreaming over a few borrow'd Pages for a Quarter of an Hour, with a Face in Purple.

OF a wicked Scene, it's somewhat merry to see a Covey of these *Scaramouches* in Black at a Consult, under an Arch adjoining to *St. Paul's*, canvassing the Great Affairs of the *President*, and arraigning his exact Measures.

ONE, in pensive Tone, cries out, *I miss'd my Promotion but a Day.* A Second, *I was prick'd down for the next.* A Third, *The First of August was fatal to us, and young Jacob.* *Frank Scammony* climb'd over the Wall in good Time. Old *Diacodium* just nick'd it. And *George Smallage* might have sat down for
Life

Life in the broad Way, and assisted Don Strombolo of Bettyshanger, in Syringing People's Ears in the last Article of Life, if he had not seiz'd the critical Minute of his Promotion.

A small Interval being allow'd for Meditating on the Vanity of all Carnal Hopes, One bellows out, *Sure the President is too hasty in his Regulations. So sudden a Rout in Stage-Practice must need give Offence. Our Friends remov'd. We have, generally speaking, good Lungs, and must not be disoblig'd. The Lady's Woman is always on our Side, and supplies us with Gellies.*

AMONGST this Venerable Tribe of Medica-sters, a pert Scaramouch starts up, and tells them, *That as he was but an under Operator to a Stage, his Income short, and his Friends out of Favour, he must fall upon the old Cry of the Stage being in Danger under the Regular Physicians. You see, my Brethren, says he, holding up his Robe, this is but Crape, vile tatter'd Crape; you know that Crape hangs lank upon the Posteriors of us Scaramouches, whilst the full Plait, in a Prunello, or Broad-Cloth, give a Grace to our Brawn. I am forc'd to wear Shams on my Neck, Cheats on my Wrists, not so much as a Brilliant on my little Finger, to dazzle the Eyes of my Female Audience whilst I am Reading the languishing Cases of the Week; I Gad, I expect a better Equipage, a Bottle extraordinary every Night, a first Floor in an airy Part of the Town, little Duty, Pluralities, and a Nameless at Night.*

IF I cannot be furnish'd with these Moral Necessaries,

ries, I am satisfy'd you will agree with me, the Stage is in eminent Danger.

YOU are living Witnesses how we fir'd the Rabble with this false Cry Four Years past: I appeal to you, whether you were not forc'd to bite your Lips to restrain a Laugh, when we topp'd this Banter upon the Vulgar?

I am pretty well assur'd this Cry was to be open'd by the *Bowmans* of the Pack last Stage-Day, *Wittall*, *Caustick*, *Trapstick*, *Bungey*, *Ferret*, and a few other Names of Infamy, had been Dieted for a Fortnight past, ever since the illustrious President's Regulation of Practice, with *Tolks of Eggs*, *Garlick*, *Ising Glass*, and *Liquorice*, to Yelp loud, and keep under Ground to rave and Foam when they came into the Light.

THESE poor Insects have not prov'd so heady as was expected from their Brother Lunatics: They are almost satisfy'd, it's a poor batter'd Topick, and the *Galenists* would pull them down from the Stage, if they should dare to insinuate, that any irregular Practice can be committed, after those open and undisguis'd Assurances from the Great President.

I congratulate the good People of *Great Britain* against my Will, upon the Recovery of their Senses: They were always a good-natur'd Race, and a Delusion at Second-Hand, plac'd so ridiculously, will never work upon the wildest Imagination.

THE Stage may be in Danger, and must for ever be, as far as I can divine: The *College-Pre*scriptions will take place for the future, they being founded upon Reason: The *Regulars* talk to the

Point more clearly ; Leave their Prescriptions to the Test ; have cleaner Looks ; more engaging Addresses.

O U R Set of Fellows were such a Complex of Nations, Grotesque Figures, Amphibious Natures, French, Spanish, Sicilians, Swedes, and Teagues ; and all such Enemies to English Practice, that I am not any ways startled at this Revolution in the Stage.

O U R Tumblers first engag'd the Practice by their Tricks, and those Tricks confirm'd our Practice. The Scaramouches in Black, still playing the Puppets with their Wires.

N. B. A Great Irish Wolf Dog, big-Bon'd, full in Flesh, with a Black Shag, and a long Tail, call'd by the Name of Bull-Neck, having Slip'd his Collar some time since, and run to his Kennel in Ireland, if any one finds him, he is desired to send him to the Lord Santry's Porter in Dublin to receive Correction, and he shall be rewarded in proportion to the Merit of the Dog.

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The High-German Doctor N^o 46.

CONTINU'D

By *Atty Brogue*, Physick-Broker.

From Tuesday, Octob. 5. to Friday, Octob. 8. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

BY this time you have seen *Hermodastyl's* Secret History of the *Conjuring Wand*: If ever he means any thing, it was design'd, I presume, as an Apology for his Murders, Plunders, taking of double Fees, dodging, juggling, and tricking, with the like: But, by a strange Fatality, he has mistaken the End of his Writing, and plung'd himself deeper, in the judgment of the *Regulars*, than before.

IT's true, he makes us a Set of very wicked Fellows, and in that he does not much err: But his Vindication of himself, is as bitter a Satyr upon his Actions, as his Countenance is upon his Person.

HE pretends he was oblig'd to Work with such Tools as we are, and more from the Exigencies of the Time, than Inclination: But I affirm he could get no other Operators to joyn with him, and it was a Scandal for a *Regular Practitioner* to be seen in his Company.

N 2

HE

HE Boasts much of his being for Gentle Doses, Temperate Decoctions, and Lenitive Electuaries; I having been *Physick-Broker* from the first Day of his Practice, must be allow'd to know something, and I never saw any Ingredient made use of in the several Offices, but what was Rough, Resinous, and Corrosive, and fitter for a *French Ass* than an *English Constitution*.

TO convince you of his Disposition to Gentle Physick, I need name to you but one *Operator* of his particular choice, *Frank Scammony*, the Lunatick: You may guess at the harmless Prescriptions of the one, by the fiery Operations of the other: *Codicil* was his Creature from the first Minute, and so was *Harry*, of merry Mention: And neither of them were fam'd for Moderation in the *Dispensary*, or the *Surgery*.

THERE was one moderate Tool amongst our *Operators*, as I recollect, call'd *Casius*, who had the Insolence to Reflect on the adorable *Mirabel*, in the Presence of the *Censors*; but then his Moderation consisted in an Incapacity for Projecting, and want of Spirit to execute any glorious Mischief to the *Regulars* of *Great Britain*.

HE talks of being forc'd to purge sometimes a little too severely for the Constitution; as cramming down Twelve Bolus's into a Body at one time, and then giving Way to that *Occasional Styptick Pill*.

THESE have left such Stains and Blotches on the Constitution, as can never be forgiven, and

for that Reason, I suppose, he would have them forgotten.

HOW, in the Name of Wonder, had he the Impudence to mount the *Stage* at first, and put the whole Animal Oeconomy into disorder, or infer a Necessity from the Mischief he did, by his Ignorance, of running it to the last extremity by worse Applications?

THE Constitutions of People were admirably well-temper'd, and thriving daily under the Care of the *Regular Physicians*: There was no want of his Monntebank Rarities of *Brick-Dust Powder*, and *Sheep's Pellets*: He might have Practis'd in the Skirts of the Town, and gratify'd his poysoning Appetite where the Poor's Rates run high, without advancing his *Stage* to St. *James's*, with *Bungey's* Rabble, and firing the Nation into an Opinion of his *Universal Pill*.

AND what was the blessed Fruit of this Pill? Why, only plundering the People's Pockets for Four Years together; for the wonderful Benefit of spoiling their Complexions, griping their Bowels, giving them the *French Disease*, making the Name of *Britons* a Word of Scorn and Reproach to all Nations under the Sun, who had ever heard of the Comeliness of their Persons, the Activity and Energy of their Muscles, the uninterrupted State of Health and Vigour they enjoy'd for Nine Years together under the Care and Conduct of the sagacious *Mirabel*.

YOU see I am upon the Point of Recantation, and a small Assurance, that my Breach of Trust in

the *West-India Dispensary* shall not rise up in Judgment against me, would tempt me to make some discoveries in Brokerage between *Roselle* and *Hermodactyl*, with regard to the Exchange of *French Drugs* for Ready Money, *English*.

I am an Evidence, you know, from the Impulse of my Native Air; and I long to be Trafficking in my proper Calling. As Artful as *Hermodactyl* has contriv'd his Apology, I pretend to say, It's a downright Begging of all your Senses to believe him, and I think I should know as much of that Secret as ever his chief *Zany*.

TO hear *Hermodactyl* boast of laying Restraints on the furious Methods of his *Operators*, is not a little diverting: In the first contest between him and the *Regulars*, I aver, He was the most heady Quack of our whole Stage, encouraging Tumults against the Venerable Body of *Censors*; conniving at all the Outrages committed; setting Fire to two or three Inoffensive *Stages*, to which he formerly belong'd; and then offering a Sum of Money, which he had gull'd out of poor deluded *Fontanelle*, to rebuild them.

BY these execrable Methods, all Discipline in Practice was relax'd; and after his *Operators* were fesh'd by his Example, no wonder we all run Mad. The most violent Applications, to my knowledge, were us'd, till his Revenge on *Mirabel*, *Fiscaria*, *Sundarius*, and the eloquent *Hortensius* was satiated, and after the Constitution was broken by these precipitate Measures, it would have been absolute
Madness

Madness in him, to pretend to Restore it by Lenitives.

HE saw his Danger, and, perhaps, was more apprehensive of it than *Gambol*, or *Codicil*; but this Forecast was more owing to his Pusillanimity, than an Aversion to Mischiefs.

HE saw the bold Stands which were made to his frequent Errors in Practice; he found the *Censors* continually protesting against his palliative Cures, and Daily exposing his Frauds and Collusions to the Publick.

THE Noble *Hortensius* first in the higher Rank of *Censors*, could not sit tamely down under the impending Plague of *Great Britain*; he found malignant Specks upon the Liver, the Vitals oppressed, and all the Signs of Mortification over the whole Body. He was Vigilant in his Attendance, exploring the Cause of each Symptom, and very successful in his Restoratives.

THE Persuasive *Euphemius*, amongst the lower Rank of *Censors*, still trac'd his Blunders in Practice; and the bold *Polemius*, always oppos'd the least Deviation from the *Regulars*; the unblemish'd *Devonius* employ'd all the Strength of a great Genius, and a true *English* Spirit, against all the Chicane of his *French* and *Spanish* Prescriptions.

THE Penetrating *Argilius* would not be impos'd on by the Gilded Pill, and chose rather to abandon all the Profits of the Stage, than see the Constitution Min'd by his desperate Specifick.

AMONGST this Regular Band, we cannot refuse due Honour to the Noble *Celsus*, who always

took fire at the least Innovation in Practice, and having rescu'd the Honour of the *College* once at a Crisis in making their Fees due Sterling, was inflexible to any base Alloy, and knew the Constitution of this Climate too well, to admit of any foreign Mixtures in his Prescriptions.

THESE, with many other illustrious Names, kept the whole Frame from being dissolv'd, and check'd *Hermodastyl* in his pernicious Courses. To say, he kept the Conjuring-Wand in his Power so long, with an Eye to the Publick Good, whilst so many Black Conspiracies were carried on against the *Illustrious President*, and the *Censors*, reflects no great Honour either upon his Honest, or Physical Capacity.

IF he was in the Secret, and really abhor'd their nefarious Practices, why did he not unravel the Scheme, expose the Parricides to publick Resentment, make his Recantation and their Crimes appear publick to the *Censors*?

BUT since so much is allow'd by him, or his *Zanies*, by way of Apology, there is room to fear, that the Day is not very distant when the *Mock-Stage* will be confounded, and a Real one set up in the *Tower Hamlets*, whereon some of these skillful *Operators* may Act their last part, and show Tricks without an Head.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o. 42.

By Atty Brogue, Physick-Broker.

From Friday, Oct. 3. to Tuesday, Oct. 12. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Epidemical Distemper amongst the Brothers of the Stage increases daily, and begins to break out in violent Symptoms: The most usual Symptoms are; hanging down their Heads; like the Sick Cows in the Out-Parishes; very Pensive for an Hour; taking Snuff with an affected Toss; dark Hints; and concluding their Grimace with an old Proverb, *Fair and Softly goes far*.

THE *Scaramouches*, who are too happy in their boasted Tenures; and Wanton with Luxury, instead of applying proper Opiates, are continually feeding this Malignity, and working the Blood into a Favour by talking too loud, and discomposing the poor People's Heads, with the Cry of the poor *languishing State of the Stage*.

THE Security they have in their Wages heightens their Insolence, and transports them often into

Fits.

Fits of Madness; which, if not cur'd in Time, may endanger the *Regulars*; and bring a lasting Contempt upon all Rational Practice.

TO M Megrin, of Armagh, continues to roar out, in a Deluge of Punch, *That the President will allow no Linnen to the Scaramouches of the Stage; that their Hanging-Sleeves are to be shorten'd, and Cloaks are to become the fashionable Dress.*

IT would raise Indignation in a Man of less Phlegm than my self, to hear that profligate Quack, who has to answer for the Dissection of a *Clarinda* in *Dublin*, for mangling her Reputation and Person first, and then Consigning her over to a young *Scaramouch*, sigh over the Danger of the Stage, when he claims a Stone from every Hand for his flagrant Immoralities.

OF this Race are most of these pretty Gentlemen in Hanging-Sleeves; who, whenever they are crying out *the Danger of the Stage*, you may be sure it is a Blind, only to get an Opportunity of delivering a Packet into one of your Wives or Daughters Hands.

I protest to you, I think we whom the *Scaramouches* call the *Younger Brothers of the Stage*, have very unequal Usage from the *Regulars*. If we chance to poyson a few spare People, as Heaven knows we always do, whenever we are entrusted with a Constitution, the Clamour instantly bears us down, and we are turn'd off the *Stage* without any Ceremony.

IF the same Rigour was in force against the *Scaramouches*, that Incontinence of Tongue would soon be cur'd; and rather than Travel with a *Staff* and

Brogue's,

Brogue's, they would dam up their Mouths, and foam inwardly.

TO see a College of Regular Physicians embarras'd every Four Years, by *Tricksters*, *Desperadoes*, *French Operators*, *Rahis*, and the very Dregs of Mankind, is somewhat amazing; and considering upon what a firm Bottom the Regulars are, and the slender one we poor Vagrants are, tempts me to think sometimes, that either the Regulars are not sufficiently upon their Guard, or that they are scar'd at the *Scaramouches* showing Tricks with live Coals in their Mouths.

IF their Frauds, their Legerdemains, their Enormities, their *Roman Packets*, and Disaffection to the Great President, were once display'd in a proper Light, the Audience would soon distinguish between the empty Noise of the Stage, and their real Impieties, which make that Cry so necessary to be kept up.

SHOULD I recapitulate the specifick Lewdness of *Bungey*, his Execrations against that blessed Antidote left us by the Great President *William*, of immortal Memory, for the Cure of all *Italian Poyson*, all true *Britons* in the Interest of the illustrious President, would bury him in the Ruins of the Stage at *St. Andrews*: But the Wretch has the Mercy of *Tutbill Fields* to hope for, amongst the *Salt-sinisters* of his Communion.

THAT infamous and ignorant Corn-Cutter of *White-Chappel*, would be forc'd to carry the Offals of his Precinct, to relieve the more sensible Creatures, who walk the Streets with a Ring in their *Muzzle*, and a Shagg'd Coat.

SUCH

SUCH Creatures are quite out of their Element, when they mount the Stage: Had not the Indulgence of their *Motbers* spoil'd their proper Talents, by teaching them to Write and Read, and Genius might have taken place, it would have lain chiefly to the *Bear-Garden*, *Tossing the Bar*, *Playing at Cudgols for an Edg'd Hat*, and *Morris-Dancing*.

I well remember, before the President's happy arrival amongst us, the *Scaramouches* and *Fire-Men* of the Stage confidently gave out, That there was a great Analogy between his Prescriptions and theirs; that his Bills were pretty near a *Roman Hand*; that he was always for high Cordials in his Practice; and warn'd the *Galenists* against being too warm in their Expectations.

'Tis pleasant to observe the Mutability of these Animals; no sooner had the President recompens'd the *Galenists* for their Fidelity, and religious Adherence to his Right of being plac'd in the Chair of the *Collega*, but with an unanimous Bellow, they spread a Jealousy of his giving into the *Leyden* and *Geneva* Methods of Practice.

THE Inconsistencies of these Wretches are more nauseous than their *Murders*, their *Perjuries*, and *Plunders*. The Great President will always Govern according to the Establish'd Rules of the *Collega*; is not to be perverted by a specious Commendation of *Roman Nostrums*, or *French Cansticks*. He never was addicted to *Plebotomy* abroad; and knows the Temperament of *Great Britain* too well, to admit of it frequently in his Practice.

IF the *Scaramouches* affect to be sawcy, and will offend.

offend that dread Power lodg'd in the Great President, they may be the First, perhaps, who will experience a necessary Severity of Practice.

THE Robe, upon which the Scaramouches value themselves so much, if once it becomes Infamous, by repeated Opposition to the Great President's Title, and generous Declarations upon his being plac'd in the Chair, I hope their Skins will pay for the continu'd Cheat of the Robe, and one be stript after the other.

IF the Merits of the Scaramouches Lamentations were to be curiously enquir'd into, we should find them Centre in the following Articles: *The Stage is in Danger.* —

IMPRIMIS, *Because the President is rather for encouraging the consumption of Faggots in a Baker's Oven, than at Smithfield.*

BECAUSE *he thinks burning Matches at the Ends of Peoples Fingers, has something too cruel in its Operation.*

BECAUSE *he does not approve of Dissecting Peoples Flesh, to know the inside of their Hearts.*

BECAUSE *he does not allow cramming down a Medicine, which he knows will not work kindly, and he is sure the Patient will throw up again.*

BECAUSE *the Great President is not for Purging roughly, when Lenitives have been experienc'd to agree best with the Constitution.*

BECAUSE *he hates a Separation of Parts, where the Texture may be conveniently preserv'd.*

IN fine, *Because the President is a mortal Enemy to Man-Hunting.*

THESE are the chief Reasons for the Scaramouches.

mouches Complaints amongst their sanguinary Crew; but I could add one more out of my Head, viz. Their Friends so unexpectedly, and suddenly displac'd, and they disappointed.

WHY, poor *Harlequins*, is the *President* to be Govern'd by the shuffling Tricks and Artifices of the despicable *Hermodactyl*? That Quack, upon his first Mounting, had tore up the very Foundations of Regular Practice; and put both Body and Mind into Confusion. He was oblig'd at that Juncture to gain *Profelytes* to the Stage at the last Expence of Words of Oaths, and Money; and wheedle in a few *Regulars* to countenance his execrable Practice, to patch up Cures; and still pretend he was going on upon the *College Prescriptions*, whilst he was laying Trains for blowing up the Constitution.

BUT be it known to you, ye *Blazing Stars*, and *Portenders* of all *Mischief*, the Great *President* is upon another Bottom: He comes to retrieve the languishing Honour of Regular Practice; to strike Terror into rebellious Quacks; and support the fair and honest Practitioner. It's the indubitate Right of the *President*, to Place, and Displace, *pro re nata*, and make Examples of those who resist his Authority.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 48.

CONTINU'D

By Atty Brogue, Physick-Broker.

From Tuesday, Octob. 12. to Friday, Octob. 15. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Pen-Rencounters between *Hermodactyl* and *Hary Gambol* have been so warm alate, and entertaining withal, that I cannot with any Colour of Justice, deny the Publick a share in the Pleasure I receiv'd from the perusal of *Harey's* last Letter to *Hermodactyl*.

I never knew two Confederates in Mischief furnish out so many Materials for their Enemies to work on. They are every Day drawing up their own Indictments, and making such Discoveries of Errors in Practice, by Transferring their Guilt from one to the other, that the *Censors* will have little more to do, than to wish them a good Journey to the last Stage.

IT's a great Mercy they have so much Time allow'd them for Repentance; *Harry* seems to make the best Use of that Opportunity by his Retirement: Whilst the presumptive Hope of *Hermodactyl*, makes him careless in his Preparations, and affected to Live.

HARRY

HARRY is offended beyond Composition, at *Hermodactyl's* Secret History of the *White Conjuring Wand*, he says, It's such a poor sneaking Confession, that the Fellow ought to be Hang'd more for his Meanness than his Roguery: But not to detain you any longer, take *Harry's* Letter:

THERE is not so abject a Wretch as *Hermodactyl* walks the Earth: Thou hast more Tricks than a Juggler, more Meanness than a Slave, less Shame than a common Prostitute, and just as much Sense as a *Scaramouch*, when he talks of a Constitution.

I have curs'd my self a Thousand times, for serving thee in the Quality of a *Tumbler*, when I could have set forth Doctor at first, with as much Skill, and much better Graces, thy Looks still foreboding Mischief.

HAD I Mounted, I would, by this time, have been above writing Apologies for Errors in Practice, or Arraigning any of my *Operators*: The World always knew you to be the Doctor, our Skill to be pretty equal, but your Malice superiour; and therefore transferring the Blame, is so far from extenuating your Crimes, that they are rather magnify'd by it; and looks like the last Refuge of a Malefactor.

BUT we know your drift, dear Doctor, you would fain raise a Blind before the Eyes, and divert our Thoughts from dwelling upon your particular Errors, by a few Amusements, and many

‘ many Broad-Hints at the Wickedness of your
‘ Operators.

‘ I can trace you to the Original; and as much
‘ as you affect to act behind the Scenes, can bring
‘ you upon the Stage at pleasure. You know there
‘ are many things to account for to the World,
‘ whilst you was in the Surgery: The Life of your
‘ poor *Stoker* seems to call for a little further En-
‘ quiry: And a few Packets that you have dropp’d
‘ carelessly, have been laid up very carefully.

‘ BUT setting aside these, and some other *Me-*
‘ *morandums of Practice*, it would do me good in
‘ my *Solitude*, to know one single *Prescription*,
‘ whereby you have assisted the Constitution of *Great*
‘ *Britain*, or prevented the Ruin of it.

‘ THE *Pacifick Draught* you will allow to be
‘ entirely your own, which has thrown all the People
‘ of *Europe* into a Lethargy, till within these few
‘ Months, and interrupted the Circulation of *Great*
‘ *Britain*, to such a degree, that all the Juices by
‘ this time would have stagnated, if the *President*
‘ had not prescrib’d some opening Medicines.

‘ THE Check that was laid upon one of your
‘ Operators abroad, for Purging *Le Grand Petit* at
‘ a time when the *Season* was very kindly, and the
‘ Physick would have work’d to admiration, claims
‘ you for its Author, the Powder of Dragon’s Blood,
‘ which was sent to the *Barcelonians*, I hope was
‘ purely by your direction, and how many poor Peo-
‘ ple were Murder’d after you had Sworn so often
‘ to take care of them in their Extremities, I leave
‘ you to Reflect on, if such a puny breach of Faith

‘ can

‘ can find room in a Brain so crowded with Wicked-
‘ ness of the first Magnitude.

‘ A F T E R all these are allow’d to be your own
‘ most ingenious *Nosstrums*, and dispens’d with great
‘ diligence by *Mat Rummer*, that trusty Disposer of
‘ your Packets in foreign Parts, how have you, dear
‘ Doctor, consulted our Constitutions?

‘ Y O U R Method, I own, has been very parti-
‘ cular; you have impoverish’d our Blood, to better
‘ our Complexions; reduc’d us to a low Diet, in
‘ order to look plumper; and had almost brought us
‘ to eat *Dandelion*, as Natural as a *French Man*, and
‘ yet all the while consulted the Health of Great
‘ Britain.

‘ B U T you were forc’d, good Doctor, to com-
‘ ply with this *French Practice*, to keep some of your
‘ heady Operators in Humour; I am sure without
‘ we had kept up to an equal Pace with you in
‘ that fiery Method, you had been plaguily out of
‘ Humour.

‘ W H E N you sent me upon one of your Fools
‘ Errands, to Ratify a Contract your Friend *Mat*
‘ had made with *Le Grand Petit*, I can assure you,
‘ that all the Hospitals and Accademy of *Paris* rang
‘ with your Fame; and tho’ you disguis’d your self
‘ under the Title of a *High-German*, or a *Welch*
‘ Doctor here, you was reckon’d there, the truest
‘ *French Practitioner* in Great Britain.

‘ W H A T have you gain’d by your Recantation?
‘ Only this: That as you was never Belov’d by any
‘ Man, so now you are Hated by all.

‘ T H E Regulars despise you, and, I’ Gad, clap
‘ their

‘ their Hands on their Pockets when you are in
 ‘ Company. The *Chymical Men* wait for a Calci-
 ‘ nation of you. The *Scaramouches* curse you in
 ‘ their Way.

‘ *FRANK Scammony* vows he will never pardon
 ‘ you, for exposing him so publickly about his Love
 ‘ to young *Jacob*, and the *French Practice*, and for
 ‘ Proclaiming a chance Oath dropp’d upon the Con-
 ‘ juring *Wand’s* being dispos’d of: From one of his
 ‘ Fire, joyn’d to so great a disappointment, I ex-
 ‘ pected a Volley.

‘ I must not forget, in the Close, to Congratulate
 ‘ you upon the new acquir’d Magick of your Tongue,
 ‘ and the irresistible Force of Five Words upon the
 ‘ Ear, which you, or your Zany, assures the World
 ‘ of, very confidently: It might have charm’d one
 ‘ Person, or rather possess’d her, for all that I know,
 ‘ but Twenty would not have charm’d another, be-
 ‘ cause neither I, nor any Man alive, could ever
 ‘ apprehend you: I that know the Power of thy Elo-
 ‘ quence, am satisfy’d, had there been no more Ma-
 ‘ gick in thy Wand, than in thy Tongue, the *Censors*
 ‘ would soon have spoil’d thy Mounting.

Gambol.

The

The High-German Doctor N^o 49.

By Atty Brogue, Physick-Broker.

From Friday, Octob. 15. to Tuesday, Octob. 19. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Stage alate is become such a perfect Farce, that all People fly to the *College Dispensary* upon the first ill *Symptom* that appears: A dry Fellow now and then steps into my Office, and asks me, in a queer Tone, *If I have any Poppy-Water of the last Four Years left?*

I have been frequently impos'd on by these arch Knaves; and no sooner am preparing to Measure it out to them, but they turn short with— *A Plague on your Irish Understanding; — we have been blister'd too often for your sleeping Doses these Four Years, ever to take the most gentle Opiate from your Hands for the future.*

I am so jealous of a Warrant in the rear of the Maledictions, that I am glad to drop the Controversy, and sneak off in Peace: Nay, the least Jarr of one Bottle against the other, gives me an Idea of a different Sound, and makes me think, a Detachment of Marrow-Bones and Cleavers are coming to make a slovenly Dissection of my frail Carcass.

THESE

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THESE, added to some other Apprehensions I lye under, have put me upon a fix'd Resolution of quitting the *Stage*, and slipping down to *Wapping* in a *Tar-Jacket*, after the laudable Example of Brother *Jefferies*, if the Rumour thickens.

I have Forty Tongues upon me at once, in the Satyrical Clack of my dear good-natur'd Spouse at home; so that an *Irish Cabin* seems the properest Retreat for me in these Circumstances, and from a Walking, I purpose to turn Running Footman.

I have often thought of my dear Parents Advice, never to aspire beyond *Butter-Milk* and *Potatoes*; but once getting into a Gang of *Stage Highway-Men* who liv'd prodigally upon the *Spoils of the Nation*, I soon found the *Sweets of Plunder*, and, by degrees, brought my Palate to relish *French Ragoo's*, and *Forc'd-Meats*.

IT will be a laborious Task to dishabit my self of this Luxury; but finding *Will. Wildfire* is gone down to do Penance with *Harry*, I must not be singular in Vanity, when all the *Stage* is in Mourning.

THIS shews you my Impudence is under Restrictions, and that a Man may be brought to a State of Humiliation, without either Grace or Conscience.

THERE seems to be a Vacancy left for me in *Teague-Land*, since *Precipitate*, the *Irish Operator*, is Landed in *Great Britain*: His narrow Escape from the *Anatomists* in those *Parts*, flatters me with the same good Fortune here; and I am some times tempted to think, the *College of Regulars* have forbidden
all

all Dissections upon Malefactors, his Body having been beg'd so long.

I know the young Students in Physick impatiently wait for a Course of Anatomy, and expect to furnish themselves with some very curious Observations on the several Parts of our *Stage-Practitioners*. It will take up the longest Day in the whole Year to examine *Hermodactyl's* Heart: The Structure of it, perhaps, will be found the most extraordinary in Nature.

FIRST, The Position of it, if I have any Skill, is much lower than it was Three Months since; it's the strongest Muscle that ever was heard of, such frequent Palpitations as he is exercis'd with, never distending it beyond its Proportion; it will be found hollower than any Hypocrite's in *Great Britain*.

THE Cone of it, indeed, in Situation, is strictly adapted to his Principles, always inclining to the *Left-Side*, never to the *Right*: And the Auricles, one would think were shut down close, never permitting a Blush to ascend to that cloudy Region of his Face.

CODICIL's Brain will afford wonderful Speculations: His *Pia Mater* is ruffled like a Parchment, with the Steams of a boiling Brain: The cortical Part abounding with an Acid Juice perfectly Corrosive. The *Glandula Pincalis* tumify'd with Rage and Despair; and the Optick Nerves obstructed to a Prodigy.

THE *Abdomen* of wanton *Harry* will be a Dissection of general Entertainment: His Brains will

will be found situated at the Head of the *O. Pubis*: His Animal Spirits acting more vigorously in that Part, than in the Upper-Region. I beg, his Body may not be mangled; and that the executive Part of it may be Consecrated in *Priapus*.

BUNGER's Chest will be found too narrow for the large Pair of Bellows within, by his late difficulty in Breathing; and the Largeness of his Spleen will even exceed your Belief: It has been swelling Daily, since the *Aera* of his being put out of Countenance at *St. James's*: If it continues, he may go near to reverse the Fate of his Brother *Judas*, and burst asunder before he is Hang'd.

THERE are many other Operators I could name, who, by the Beat of their Pulses, exterior Actions, and Lineaments of their Faces, plainly show what Passions they wear, and how the several Parts within are affected at this critical Juncture.

I shall say little of my self, being no way inclin'd to give you a Survey of my Entrails, or tempt your Curiosity to search for any Thing beyond my Scarf-skin: You will find nothing in me but what is common to all *Mankind*, and therefore the College may as well let me Die unmolested in my Native Soil, as stuff my Skin with Straw in a strange Land, without an *Irish Lamentation* over me.

I have some in my Eye at this Time, who a few Months since were reckon'd Men much of my Character; and had as little to hope for as my self: But I find a visible Change in their Countenances alate, and all the Disorder gone off from their Spirits; nay, they make themselves so unreasonably merry with

my

my Fate, as to tell me, They'll stand by me in my last Minutes, and ask me, Whether I eat a spare Diet alate, that my Muscles may appear full upon Dissection.

THE wicked Dogs know I swoon at the Name of an *Incision-Knife*, and do it on purpose to make me die a Thousand Deaths before my final Exit: I think it not Humane in them to insult one who has devoted himself to save them; But if I should chance to leave a Limb, or so, in Pawn, for my past Frauds, I shall be reckon'd the better Man in falling a Sacrifice for a firmness in Wickedness, than those who Recant to the Faces of the *Regulars*, and still retain the same Rancour against them.

SOME of these I find admitted to a *Fellowship* with the *Regulars*, and boast confidently of their always having an Eye to the Constitution, amidst the sanguine Preparations they were making up daily in Consult with the *Triumvirate* of *Poisoners*. I was Master of all the Ingredients; and for the last Two Years, when our *Prescriptions* run chiefly on *Salt-Peter* and *Brimstone*, I observ'd these New Converts in *Physick* as busy in Grinding, and Laying the Train, as any of the Desperadoes.

THE *Regulars*, no doubt, have unanswerable Reasons for their tender Regard to these *Few Men*; but I have not Sagacity enough to pick them out. We have most of us Inclinations to be Knaves, and Encouragement, I know, will make us worse.

IF I had been but two Removes of Wickedness short of the Pitch I am arriv'd to, I would have put in for a *Sneeper* of the College, but I own I never heard

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heard one Example of such transcendent Roguery encourag'd.

I should be apt to hope for some Indulgence to my Crimes, if that popular rumour could be made Real, That the Friends of the *Regulars* are Neglected, and a Compromise going on betwixt the *College* and the *Brothers of the Stage*.

IMPUNITY granted to these Men, makes them secretly covet that Power by which they live; Remission of Punishment soon raises them to a Confidence; that Confidence soon strengthens to a desire of Rule; and then an Usurpation over the Rights of the *College*; Fury and Fire being their distinguishing Badge in Power.

FRANK *Scammony* has begg'd of me to show his Parts at the Conclusion.

The High-German Doctor. N°. 50.

By *Atty Brogue*, Phylick-Broker.

From Tuesday, Octob. 19. to Friday, Octob. 22. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

MAY the Curse of Impotence, Modesty, and Self-Denial; Nay, one equal to that, stinging Disappointment, of not having a *Priory-Signet*, light upon *Frank Scammony*, for not Composing my last *Stage Speech*. From this Moment, I am resolv'd

O

never

never to pin my Faith upon a *Scaramouch*. If a Man takes one of these Lazy Fellows out of the beaten Road of a formal Harangue once a Week, he must give him a Fortnight's Notice, to Mount with a tolerable Grace, and then be forc'd to tip him a Guinea, at least, for a chumsey Panegyrick; which very often proves a lasting Bait upon the Family.

I promis'd my self better Usage from this Century, as being a Brother of the Stage; and he having the Reputation of a Period Doctor, thought of making my Exit with the *Bulfe Sublime*.

WITH what Vows did he bind himself to me the last Stage-Day? By my Shout, I fancy he has got a knack of Swearing and Abjuring, rather for Spleen or Diversion, according to the laudable Method of his Brother *Scaramouches*.

HIS Gay Coach being Sold; his Conscience made over to *Lucifer*, with a Promise of never being disturb'd in that Quarter, he told me, with an Incommunicable Confidence, That he would bring me off Clean, and Fire the Audience up to the same Blaze as he and his Fellow-Labourers did, in that Speech they Compos'd for *Bungey*.

I, with a true *Irish* Simplicity, believ'd this assuming Quack, and resign'd up to him all the Notes I could steal out of the private Office, within *Harry's* Surgery; but when I came for Instructions, I found him counting over Groats, and Sixpences with a Coin commonly call'd, the *Hangman's* *Wage*.

GREAT *Esculapius*, says I, is this *Scaramouch* turn'd Usurer? How came you by these Fees, good Doctor?

Doctor: Not the result of your Skill, I presume: It should be Poor's Money, by the small Pieces.

MY Curiosity led me further, and I saw an Account of *Stage Prizes*, and *Roms* for Places on Scaffolds, from Twelve to Four Deep, no Money return'd to the *Invited*, who broke either Leg or Arm in the Fall.

THIS was entirely out of my Element, and I began to Query with him about my Stage Speech, when he, with a stiffer Air than what he Mounts in the little Sanctuary, told me, That a certain Patient of his, call'd *Mammon*, must be prefer'd to all other Obligations, Sacred or Civil.

YOU will believe I had just reason to utter in my Resentments with an *Ara G—d*, &c. But Checking my self, I told him, very mildly, That I could, upon second Thoughts, in some measure, forgive him for Non performance, considering how much he was troubled with an Overflowing of the Gall last *Wednesday*.

I pity'd thee, poor *Frank*, in that uneasy Station, says I, it was worse than a Sweating-Tub, to be oblig'd to give those Ensigns of Dignity to another, which thou hadst reserv'd for young *Jacob*.

HERE I was interrupted; and *Frank* lowering his Crest a little, told me, I was an incompetent Judge of his Heart; That he own'd what had pass'd between us, when the *Stage* was in its full Glory, should always be the Standard of his Judgment. But there are such Unsanctify'd Things, as *Premunures*, (says he) which I don't much care for Incurring: I have been a little busy heretofore, and am

narrowly Watch'd by Twelve *Regulars*, who Pre-
scribe all Term-Time in *Westminster-Hall*. I don't
much care for forfeiting Person, Goods, and Chat-
tels to the *President*, unless upon an extraordinary
Call.

Y O U know, in my private Thoughts, I own no
Jurisdiction superior to my Cloath and Colour:
But Doctors differ.

D E A R Honey, now, reply'd I, Was not you
Piqu'd to the Quick last *Wednesday*? Prethee, *Frank*,
be plain with me; How did you like the most polite
and learned Physician of *Oxford* on that Day?

D O E S not he stick pretty close to the Region of
your *Spleen*? That Harangue of his to the *President*
and *Censors*, has work'd upon all the Furies in your
Breast. I know, honest *Frank*, you are not so good
at laying, as raising a Devil.

T O be so far out-done upon your own Ground,
must be very Mortifying. Where are your *Periods*
now? Your fine *Diction*, *Proprieties*, and a Thou-
sand other Graces of Language you boasted of? Faith,
Frank, I think we must e'en keep thee to School at
Westminster the whole Year, instead of going three
Days in the Month of *May*, according to Custom.
The *Oxford* Doctor has distanc'd you, beyond ever
coming in with him.

T H E tenderest Arraignment of *Frank Scammony's*
Parts, you must understand, Fires him beyond the
blackest Charge of *Atheism*: And, if poor *Bungey's*
Anathema's had not been expos'd to the last Degree
of Contempt, I am persuaded he would have taken

up a couple of large Keys, and flourish'd them about my Ears.

FRANK, to make short, was very cleverly dash'd, and my Irish Impudence weigh'd down the Scale. By my Shoul, I find if one strips a *Scaramouch* of his assum'd and stiff Airs, and brings him to talk up to the Standard of us modern Gentlemen, he has little to say for himself, or support him, but a forked Tongue, and a Fund of Venom in the Gums.

IF Frank had been suffer'd to Harangue the *President*, the Scene would have been diverting enough. To have heard him cry up the *Supreme Power* of the *Scaramouches*, above the *Great President*, had prov'd a good Farce; and nothing but his own Book, of the *Scaramouches* Authority of riding a Wife, or a Daughter, could be a better.

YOU will not wonder at my being so much incens'd against *Scammony*, when you have the Grasp of the Secret: Before my Departure, I thought it proper to give you a short History of the *Rise, Progress, and Consummation of Stage-Practice*. This Frank undertook, in order to give a *Coup de Eclat* to the *Operators*, and make the *Stage* bright in its declension.

UPON his failure, the Brothers of the *Stage* left it to me; a sure Sign of an abandon'd Cause, when a notorious Juggle of four Years is to be supported by Irish Blunders. If I may be allow'd to give my confus'd Notions of the *Stage* in Epitome, take these.

WE, in the first Place, set forth upon the Nar-

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rowest Bottom, scarce known to each other, but by a Sympathetick Wickedness, divided in all Principles, but that of *Publick Robbery*. In short, the most Motley Confederacy that ever United: The Chief of us from the *Bogs*, and the *Highlands*; our Proselytes made up of *Renegado Regulars*, *Roman Operators*, *Siaramouches*, and *Fire-Men* of the same Complexion; the Leader of this Blessed Society, a Creature so despicable, that nothing but Fate could ever have given us up to his Direction; always Fearful, and Watching the Turn of the Scale; the Bravoe *Harry* ever Drinking, and ever Melting; *Rub* always Bowling; *Cassus* affecting Wickedness, for the sake of Blue Leading Strings; *Wildfire* always dividing Legs, from whence his Fruitful Brains struck on Schism; *Scammony* making Gun-Powder; *Rangey*, and his Brother *Stokers*, filling up the Stage Rockets, and Firing them. From such a Union, great Father of Cheats deliver us!

N. B. The Stage being Dismantled, and Operators Disbanded, upon the Score of Insufficiency and Infamy, I determine to Mount others less Obnoxious; go into more General Life in my next Volume, and only take in the Brothers of the Past Stage occasionally, as they offend.



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